# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII SEPTEMBER, 1907 NO. 3

## SIENA

By Arthur Symons

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

INFLEXIBLE Siena, St. Catherine's, is a fierce eyrie for visions, yet, planted so firmly on its rock, almost every house still at need a fortress, is as if fortified permanently against enemies. The country comes right up to its gates, and is beaten back there; the ancient walls are like a rampart, and inside them all the houses climb upward, crowding and tightening about the cathedral, until their roofs and walls almost merge into its structure. They climb to it and cling like peasants about a queen, dressed in their homely brown and soiled white, and with all the patches of poverty; and the queen stands royally attired in the supreme distinction of black and white. This concentration of the city upon itself, these close streets which twist around one another, cross and recross, and rise so high in order that they may not need to extend widely, this complete detachment from everything outside the walls which mark the city's limit, must certainly have helped the growth of that instinct from which it sprang, the instinct of proud aloofness. Siena is like a little China, and its city walls mark the bounds of what it chooses to keep from strangers. The image of the Middle Ages still persists in its streets, and the character of its people remains unchanged. Customs never die in Siena, and change has no temptation for the Sienese. White oxen still walk in the streets, drowsing in couples, their wide horns almost touching the walls on either side; and they drag wicker carts shaped like Roman chariots.

The modern spirit has spoiled Rome, and is daily destroying there. It is more slowly, but not less certainly, destroying Venice, with a literal, calculated destruction. Florence has let in the English, who board there, and a new spirit, not destructive, reverent of past things but superficial with new civilization, has mingled the Renaissance with the commonplace of the modern world. But Siena is content to remain itself, neither ambitious nor dejected, busying itself with its old industries (the smell of the tanneries, as in the days of St. Catherine, never out of its streets), keeping its beautiful old things quietly, not trying to make new things like them; content with the old limits, and with all old things as they were.

And the splendor and dignity of its past still live nobly in all the walls of Siena. Its history is written there in stone, and with a lasting beauty, on the walls of all its palaces. Palaces line the streets, Gothic and Renaissance, all flat, severe, built with gray stone cut into square blocks, with here and there a reminiscence of the less simple and admirable Florentine manner of building with partly unhewn blocks. The palaces join walls with private houses, and ask for no more space in these equalizing streets, to which they add force and beauty. They accommodate themselves to the street, and turn with it, in a kind of democracy of pride. Towers, structures like prisons, gloomy remnants, which stand at street-corners or between shop and shop, come into the pattern naturally, without incongruity. All

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Siena is of one piece, and at night sleeps together with the same tranquil sleep.

There is in the streets at night a curious sense of quiet, not the quiet of suspense or desolation, but rather of people who prefer to stay indoors, in their own homes, with walls and windows between them and other people, in a quite friendly aloofness. The streets do not call to them, as they call to people in the South; they are corridors to walk through, not alleys to linger in, and the Sienese are not lingerers. Even by day few people stand idle in the streets; the church square, on its height, is no meeting-place. Siena works quietly by day, and at night sleeps quietly. And, in the deserted streets, dimly lighted by gas lamps at rare intervals, you seem to walk through some mysterious excavation, with precipitous descents on every side of you, going down, you know not whither, into some lower part of the earth or of the night.

## II

THE streets in Siena are high and narrow, and they plunge upward and downward, under dark arches, as if tunnelled out of solid rock, with walls built straight from pavement to roof, every window flat to the wall, without ledge or cornice or balcony. The streets are built to let in the wind and to keep out the sun, and around all the squares, vast and empty, walls are built against the sky and square thin towers climb straight to the stars, each to a separate star in the stretched and many-lighted canopy. The streets are set at all angles; the walls seem to meet overhead, they plunge into invisible depths. There are streets which go downhill so rapidly that one is obliged to lean back on every step, and then straight uphill again at almost an acute angle, rarely a street which goes far on one level, and never a street which goes far in one direction without turning. One looks down from the street where one is walking upon another which passes under it, or strikes out at right angles at the bottom of a long flight of steps. One peers through an archway on a piazza of which one sees no more than a pavement and the foundation of the houses; or looks upward through an archway above a flight of steps, and sees only the tops of the houses.

In the heart of Siena there is a square, the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, which is shaped like the inside of a shell, and curves upward from the Palazzo Communale, with its high tower, La Mangia, which rises into the sky, red and white, with only less than the supreme elegance of the dragon's neck of Florence, the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The square is surrounded by tall, irregular houses, built of red brick, with green wooden shutters; narrow lanes lead out of it upward and downward, and as you look through an archway you see feet walking above your head, and heads moving below your feet. The middle of the square is paved with red brick, and one walks on it as on alps; all around are short white stone pillars, set at intervals, and beyond a strip of gray stone pavement, round which the horses race every year in the sport of the Palio, which has survived in Siena since the Middle Ages.

Religion, too, in Siena, is a part of tradition, like the Palio, and the whole population can be seen going all one way, like a Spanish city on the day of a bull-fight, when the sermon is to end the "forty hours" at S. Domenico. In that Church of St. Catherine, where Sodoma has painted her famous agony, one sees a great crowd of townsfolk and peasants assembling gravely and standing patiently to listen to the sermon, which is spoken monotonously from the pulpit, all on one note, with pauses for rest between each division. It is an old usage, and the people follow it with a natural obedience. And in the same way, with simplicity, not with fervor, they observe their feast-days. I was in Siena on the day of St. Joseph, and as I went toward the little mean church of S. Giuseppe, in its high corner, a kind of fair seemed to be going on. On both sides of the two steep streets, S. Giovanni Dupre and S. Agata, little wooden toys that ran on wheels made of fir-cones were being sold, and the people went up and down the two streets, dressed in their best clothes, the flapping Leghorn hats garlanded with flowers nodding grotesquely, as with an affectation of youth, on aged heads. Very soon one distinguished that these people were on their way to the church where mass was being said, and they poured in through the middle door and out through the two side-doors, and everyone dropped a coin into the money-box on

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Street in Siena.

the table inside the door and received in exchange a leaflet with an image of St. Joseph, and kissed it with pious gravity. It is only on *festa*-days that Siena seems completely to waken, and it is only a few streets that are alive at any one time.

What is still most living in Siena is the memory of St. Catherine. Every child in the street offers to take you to see her house, which stands half-way down the hill leading to the valley of the tanners and dyers, and to Fontebranda, the fountain which Dante remembered in hell. St. Catherine's head, a ghastly relic (of which I saw only the copy in her house, beautiful in the mortal pallor of the wax), is still kept in a shrine in S.



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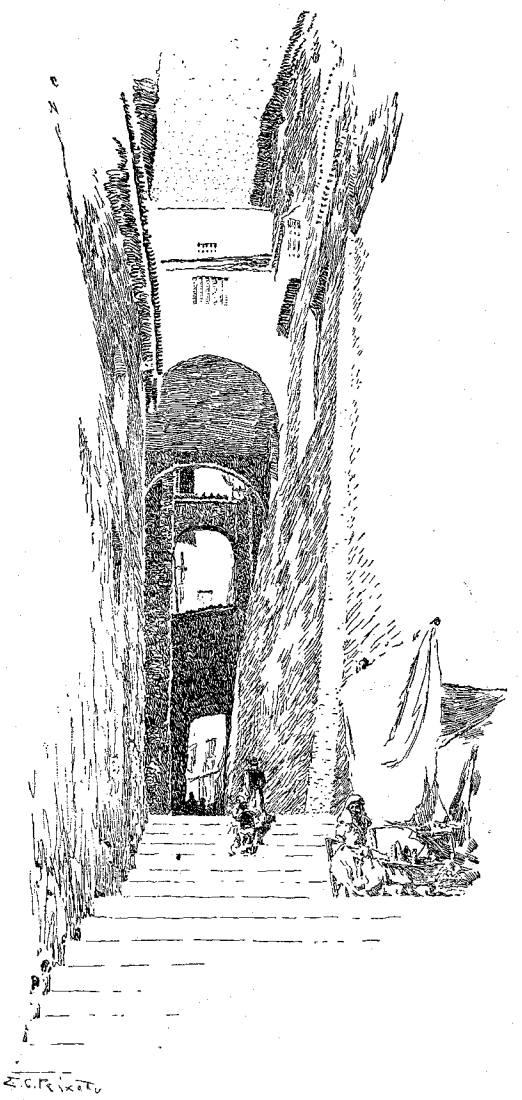
Domenico under the altar of the chapel which Sodoma painted in her honor. It is for the sake of this relic, and because St. Catherine used to come to this church to pray, that S. Domenico is still the favorite church in Siena, though the main part of the building has been turned into a barrack. The vast Gothic structure, built of red brick, massive and imposing in its simplicity, is one of the landmarks of Siena. It is on the edge of a gulf, over against the cathedral; and on the other side of the gulf brown and white houses climb, roof above roof, like a cluster of rocks, grouped there naturally; with, high over them, long, slender, striped in long and slender lines of black and white marble, the cathedral, like a flower which has raised itself out of the gross red earth and its rocks.



Under the Arches.

## III

THE cathedral is a house of light, and all its form and ornament are meant for the sun. Only the façade is in part disappointing, where, in the upper half, the modern mosaics bring a distracting tangle into what would have been the splendid design of the lower half. Seen from S. Domenico, on its hill, it has a clear, almost transparent beauty, a slim and supple and striped elegance in line, with its tower, so delicately symmetrical, its small gray dome supported on small and dainty pillars. Inside, what discretion, how undisfigured, how simply and harmoniously decorated for divine uses! Severity unites with sumptuousness in this distinguished inner covering of black and white marble on walls and pillars. Under the dome there are tall black and white pillars, bearing gilt statues; gold and blue (with the rarest traces of red) are the two colors which for the most part supplement and enrich this severe coloring. Around the roof, under the cornice of the windows, there is a fantastic series of busts of the Popes, each a mitred head, with its faint smile or closed eyes, in its separate niche, with the name, Formosus, Sivicius, or Zosimus, painted in black below. The gold on the mitres and on the lappets of the copes adds faint touches of color, and the walls below and the roof above are covered with fanciful patterns, and, on the roof, gold stars are set on a background of blue sky. In the choir, with its lovely carved wood and intarsia, stands the pulpit of the Pianos, with its little carved worlds of men and the homely life of its beasts. Donatello's St. John stands in one of the side

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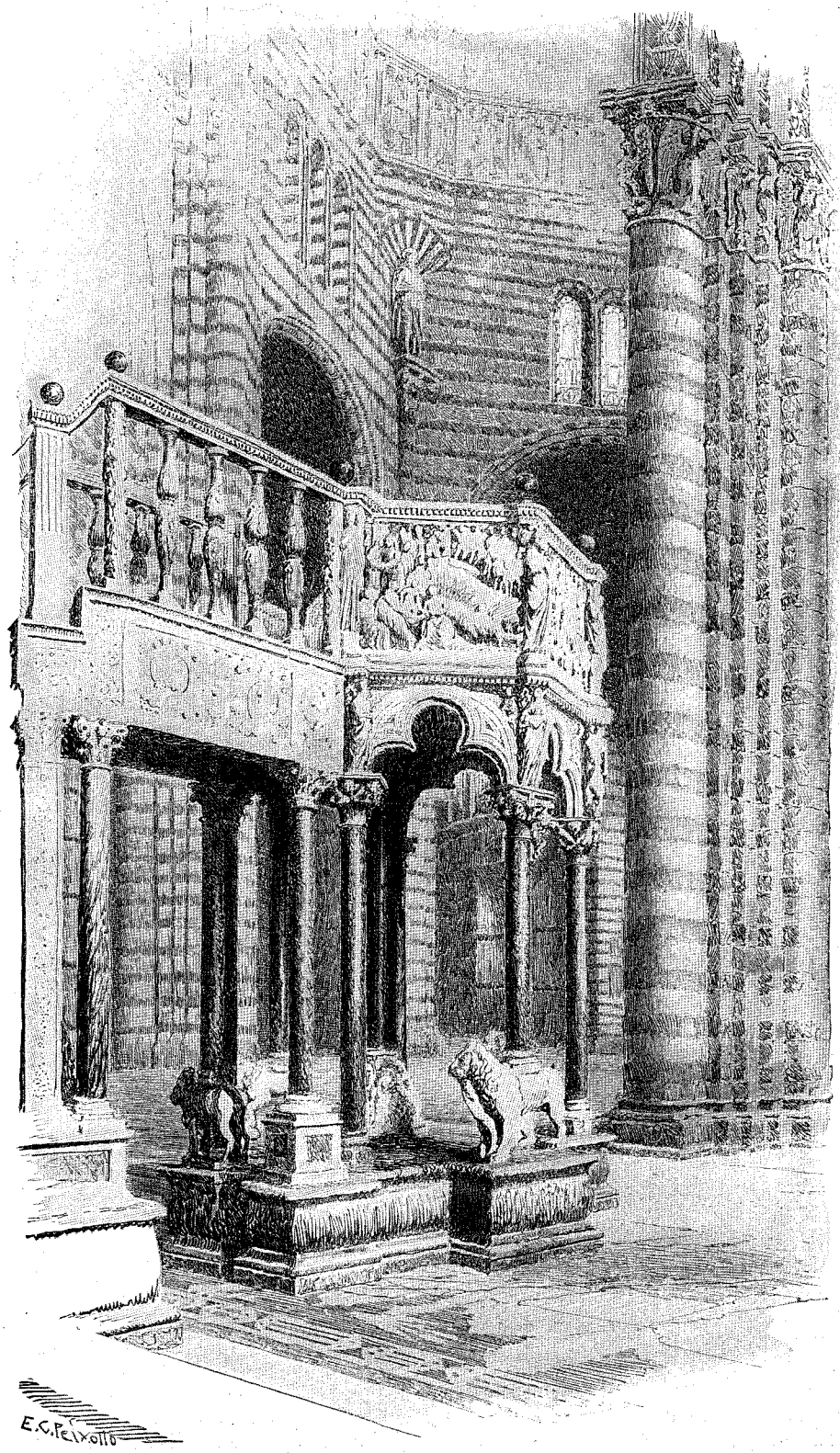


*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

Nicolo Pisano's Pulpit.



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chapels named after the saint, and the five small frescoes of Pinturicchio have faded to a discreet dimness, in which one sees, not too distinctly, lovely landscapes of grass and trees and hills; and there is a fresco of Pinturicchio over an altar.

The library of the cathedral, where the sculptured Three Graces used to stand, when Raphael saw them, is at first sight too dazzling, and the ten frescoes seem to have been painted by Pinturicchio yesterday. The splendor strikes harshly, and it is some time before we can accustom our eyes to the new aspect of this room, which is like a missal turned fresco. It is to avoid the sinking of the paint into the plaster, and that dulness which is in itself so attractive in fresco-painting, that Pinturicchio uses so much gold, whenever it can be used, on vestments, ceilings, canopies, altar-frames, on the bridles of horses, on belts, chains, and brooches, using stucco to give salience to the gold. He paints in clear, crude colors, with little shading, and he uses some astonishing reds and greens and blues, which cry out like trumpets from the midst of these pomps and ceremonies. The Raphaelesque air of these gracious young men and of these elegant old men would bring a new quality into painting at Siena, with all that Pinturicchio chose out of the actual world, these decorative yet actual crowds, these knights on horseback, these Popes in benediction, these white-cowled monks and grave Easterners in turbans. But in his gold and brightness and love of beautiful ornament he was but following in the tradition of the Sienese painters; he was but realizing some of their dreams, not without even a little of the hardness which with them went with their brightness, though with a purely human quality, a delighted sense of the earth, to which the growths and ornaments of the earth could give entire satisfaction.

Saint Catherine's house.

Nothing so bright was ever put on a wall as the picture of that room in which Æneas Sylvius is made cardinal; that ceiling of gold embossed in gold, that red and green of canopy and curtain, that gold altar-front and the gold frame of the altar-piece, with the glowing white marble of the altar-slab and of the floor and of the steps to the throne. It is as if the wall opened, and the room, not the picture of it, the actual room and crowd, were there.

But what is most individual in the beauty of the cathedral decoration lies underfoot. The whole centre of the floor is carefully covered with wood, and it is only in the aisles that one can see the pictures cut out in thin outline, as if engraved in the stones, which is the art peculiar to Siena. Battles are fought out with lances, there are figures of the Sibyls with elaborate robes, friezes of winged lions, with scenes and stories of a great energy of movement; as in the many-colored "Massacre of the Innocents" by Matteo di Giovanni (his favorite subject) with its border of laughing children looking down from windows and balconies, the helpless women with their babies, the merciless swordsmen, woven into a lovely decoration of tossing arms and swords, and babies

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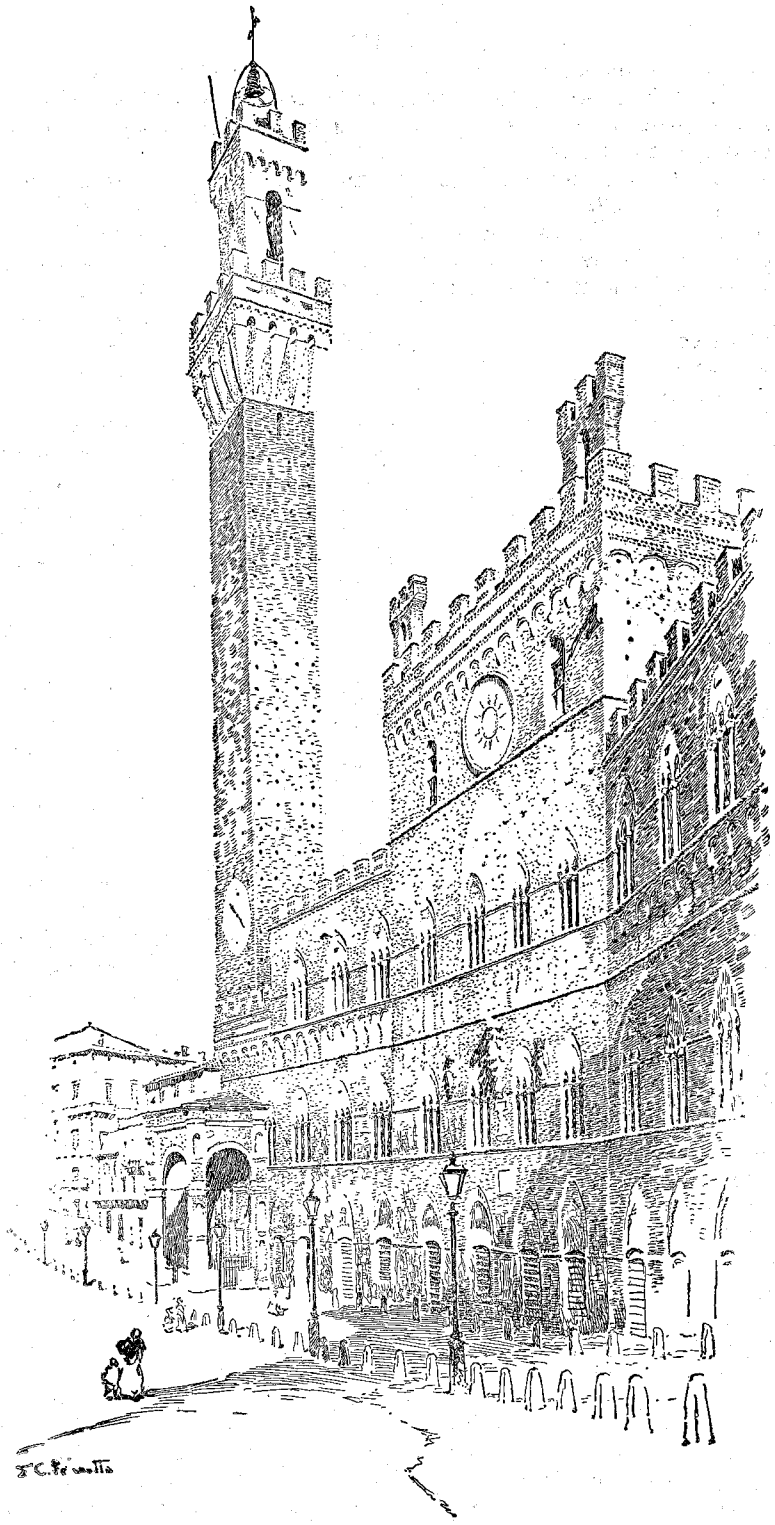

*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

Palazzo Communale. Siena.

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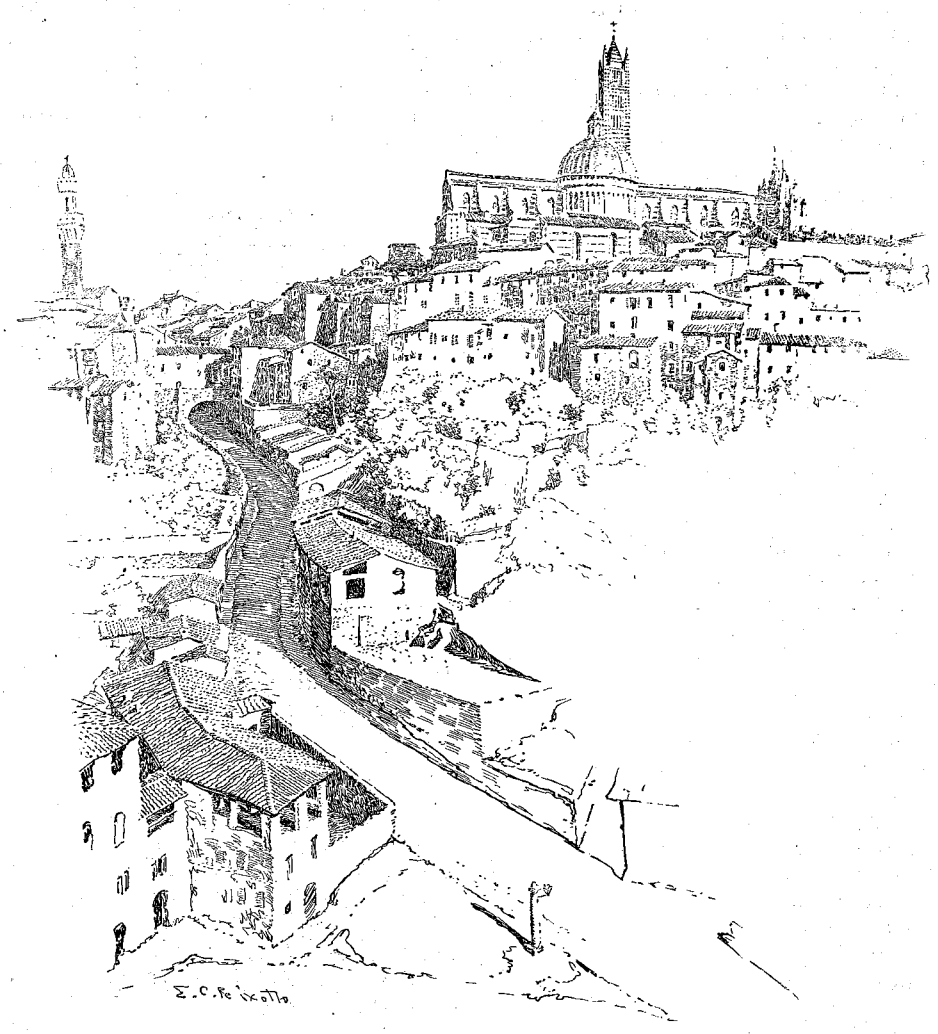

Siena and cathedral from San Domenico.

brandished in the air. Nowhere else has stone so flowered into daintiness, into so delicate an image of life; not, as elsewhere, detached, in the great art of sculpture, but like pictures, like drawings (as indeed they are called, *graffiti*), like scratchings on slate. The Sienese love of minute finish in decoration is seen not only in their early paintings, but in tiny patterns cut into stone over doorways, like engraved work, in the painting of the under part of their jutting roofs, and, above all, in this manner of engraving stones, as others carved wood, choosing the hardest material for its difficulty and making it, by the patience of their skill, a sumptuous thing. It is a way of turning the hard pavement under one's feet into a painted carpet.

## IV

In early Sienese art, so Byzantine in manner, one is struck by its elaborate finish, and by a love of rich ornament, of bright, pure color, which is, however, grave and gentle, and at first used only to paint the beauty of heaven and of the angels, and then the earthly splendor of the popes, and lastly, the divine humanity of St. Catherine and S. Bernardino, the two people of genius whom Siena gave to the angels. Duccio paints



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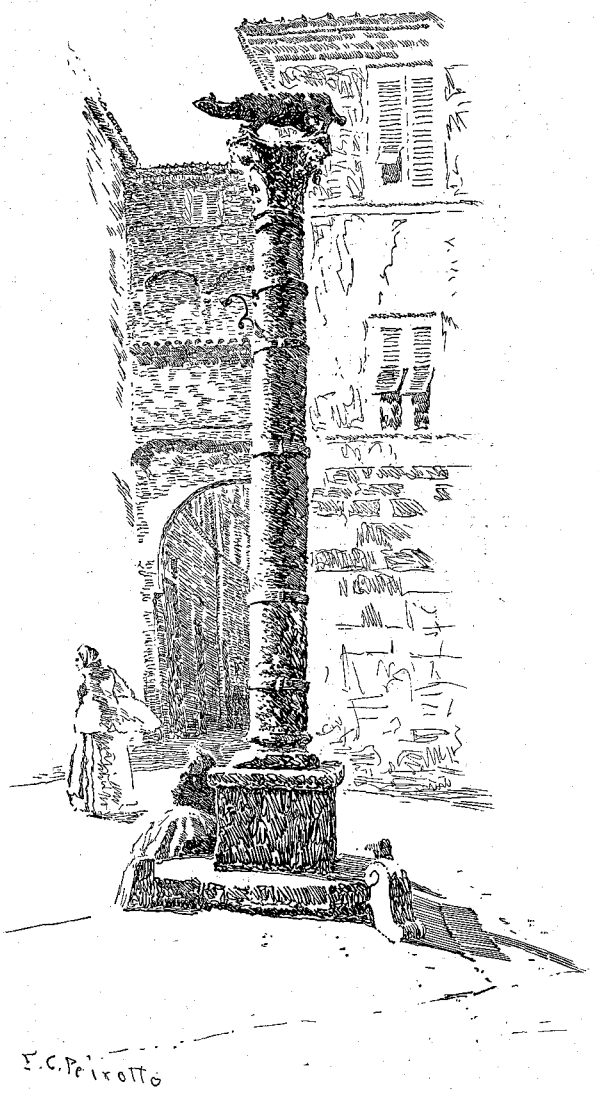
the faces of his Madonnas green, in order to suggest a superhuman countenance in which there is none of the human ruddiness of flesh. With St. Catherine another human pallor comes into painting, and Sodoma, with his new, more accomplished means, strives to paint ecstasy, and once, in the swoon of St. Catherine in S. Domenico, renders marvellously that death in life. In Sodoma Sienese painting begins to become self-conscious, and he leads the way to the worst and feeblest extravagances of Beccafumi and Pacchiarotto. He is never quite sincere, or wholly given up to the thing he is doing, and he lets his feelings or his rhetoric or his skill carry him in many directions. But before he destroyed Sienese art he left at least this one example of how, what the early painters had been trying to do by pious formulas, the rendering of superhuman ecstasies could be done, quite literally, by sheer painting.

What is really most profound, personal, and exquisite in Sienese painting is to be found in Duccio, who in his earliest work is purely Byzantine, and in all his work purely mediæval. His vast altar-piece in the Opera del Duomo, the "Majestas," is hieratic, formal, conventionally bright, but what warm personal feeling there is in even what is least individualized in the figures of the Madonna and Child, with their gold halos and the pattern of gold on their scarcely faded robes, the burnished blue robe of the Virgin, and the bright robes of the attendant saints, each with gold halo distinct against a background of ruddier gold! And what sense of drama, how many kinds of beauty, what delicate feeling, in the numberless little scenes out of the Gospel, broken up into arbitrary squares and sections in what was once the back of the picture! It is all much more realized than in many Sienese paintings in compartments, painted with no more than a child's notion of what



The she-wolf (the arms) of Siena.

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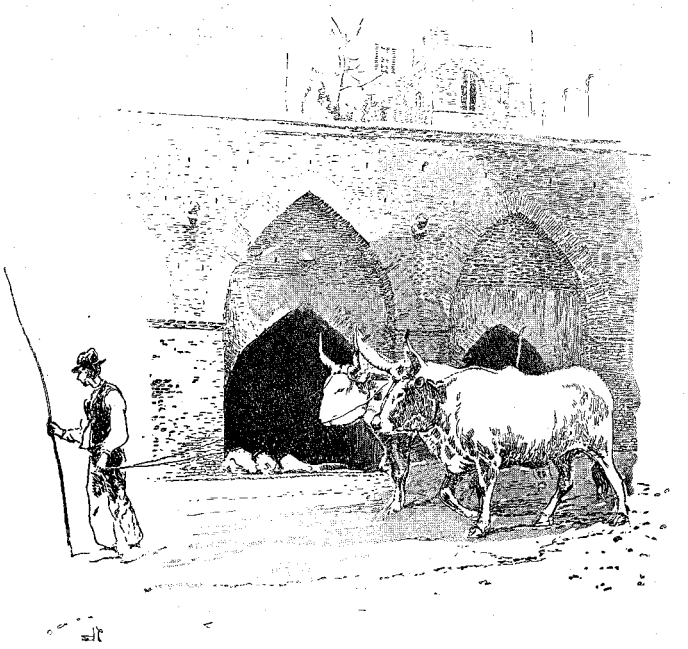
reality ought to be. Yet it is still to some extent image-making. But between this image-making and the modern rhetoric of Sodoma there is an art more vital than Sodoma's and not wholly aloof from the decorative reality of the earlier work. Matteo di Giovanni and Sodoma are to be seen in a single chapel in S. Agostino. The "Massacre of the Innocents" has a violent loveliness which is rarer and more penetrating than anything which Sodoma ever attained. The packed, angry crowd is, as it were, squeezed together, every face individually alive, the grim swordsmen, the mocking Jew, Herod, who sits enthroned in the very midst of the slaughter, the agonized women, the father who kneels beside his wife and stretches out his arms tenderly over the dead child in her lap. And the gestures are terrible: the sword thrust into the mouth of the babe as the mother all but escapes with it, the gold-hilted daggers gripped hard high in the air, the clutching hands, and feet trampling on the dead, the strange decorative rim of dead babies set symmetrically along the floor in the front of the picture, the older children who look in through pillared windows, laughing idly. And this painter has a like care for the beauty of dresses worked with gold and falling in lovely folds, and for the scrupulous coils of hair and falling curls, and for the gold ornaments over Herod's throne, and for the squares and circles of *cosimato* work in the floor stained with little, sufficient stains of blood. Over the altar Sodoma has painted an "Adoration of the Magi," and it is full of all the obviousness of beauty, of lyrical cries of color, from here, from there; this crowned youth with a face in which the Leonardo smile has deepened to consciousness, this kneeling king with his effective, manly grace, the effective violence of the negro king standing by his side, the doll-like Virgin and Child, St. Joseph posed for the display of a muscular bare arm; and beyond, a cavalcade, trees, rocks, a shadowy castle on a hill, glimpses of a faint valley; all made of conscious charm, of a beauty not organic, an applied beauty.

Elsewhere, as in S. Bernardino, where the really fine Sodoma is the Coronation of the Virgin, there is more of this wildly luxurious color and languid form, nudes of romantic softness, strange spots of feverish color, as in the leopard-skin and purple girdle of St. John, and in the melting white drapery of the Virgin, and in the ruddy hair and beard of Christ. But what all this leads to is to be seen tragically on another wall, in Beccafumi's "Death of the Virgin," where the fever of Sodoma passes into delirium, and splashes in colored waves all over the picture.

## V

THERE is in the ardent and concentrated beauty of Siena something almost artificial, as a city on a hill in an old picture. From



Fontebrande.

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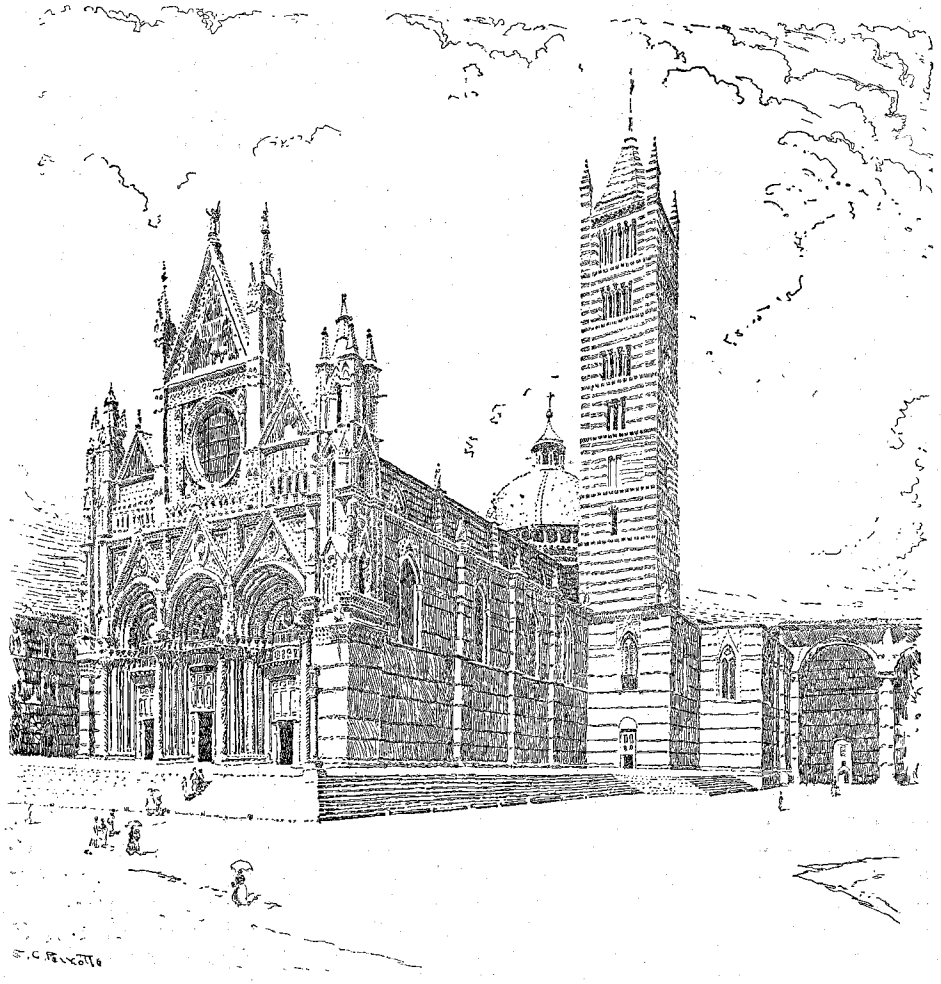

The cathedral, Siena.

the fortifications one can see the whole city, the houses set tightly side by side, flat, many-windowed, brown and white, brown-roofed, tier above tier, without visible space between; all clustered together, as if for safety or friendliness, and all leading up to the long and narrow cathedral, with its dome and tower, which seems to draw all this irregular mass into a single harmony. All around it is the peace of a green world, falling into valleys where there are red earth and dark and pointing cypresses and the gray mist of olives, and rising into little hills where bells swing on the roofs of brown monasteries. As the valley dips and rises the colors darken, and, beyond the valley, hills begin, pale green and gray, and then, against the sky lighted at sunset, a luminous dark blue, like the color of storm-clouds. Far off the hills seem to break like quiet waves, in long curved lines, against the white shore of sky. Seen after sunset, it is as if a great missal, painted by Sienese artists, had been set upright between earth and sky; a sky rose-colored and blue and gold, the outlines of the hills drawn sharply against a gold background, purple-black, with depths of color glowing through darkness and lighted at the edges with miraculous gold.

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# LEVIATHAN

## By Henry van Dyke

THE village of Samaria in the central part of the State of Connecticut resembled the royal city of Israel, after which it was named, in one point only. It was perched upon the top of a hill, encircled by gentle valleys which divided it from an outer ring of hills still more elevated, almost mountainous. But, except this position in the centre of the stage, you would find nothing theatrical or striking about the little New England hill-town: no ivory palaces to draw down the denunciations of a minor prophet, no street of colonnades to girdle the green eminence with its shining pillars, not even a dirty picturesqueness such as now distinguishes the forlorn remnant of the once haughty city of Omri and of Herod.

Neat, proper, reserved, not to say conventional, the Connecticut Samaria concealed its somewhat chilly architectural beauties beneath a veil of feathery elms and round-topped maples. It was not until you had climbed the hill from the clump of houses and shops which had grown up around the railway station,—a place of prosperous ugliness and unabashed modernity,—that you perceived the respectable evidences of what is called in America "an ancient town." The village green and perhaps a half dozen of the white wooden houses which fronted it with their prim porticoes were possibly a little more than a hundred years old. The low farmhouse, which showed its gambrel-roof and square brick chimney a few rods down the northern road, was a relic of colonial days. The stiff white edifice with its pointed steeple, called in irreverent modern phrase the "Congo" church, claimed an equal antiquity; but it had been so often repaired and "improved" to suit the taste of various epochs, that the traces of Sir Christopher Wren in its architecture were quite confused by the admixture of what one might describe as the English Sparrow style.

The other buildings on the green, or within sight of it along the roads north, south, east, and west, had been erected or built-over at different periods, by prosperous inhabitants or returning natives who wished to have a summer cottage in their birthplace. These structures, although irreproachable in their moral aspect, indicated that the development of the builder's art in Samaria had not followed any known historical scheme, but had been conducted along sporadic lines of imitation, and interrupted at least once by a volcanic outbreak of the style named, for some inscrutable reason, after Queen Anne. On the edges of the hill, looking off in various directions over the encircling vale, and commanding charming views of the rolling ridges which lay beyond, were the houses of the little summer colony of artists, doctors, lawyers and merchants. Two or three were flamboyant, but for the most part they blended rather gently with the landscape, and were of a modesty which gave their owners just ground for pride.

The countenance of the place was placid. It breathed an air of repose and satisfaction, a spirit which when it refers to outward circumstances is called contentment, and when it refers to oneself is called complacency. The Samaritans, in fact, did not think ill of themselves, and of their village they thought exceeding well. There was nothing in its situation, its looks, its customs which they would have wished to alter; and when a slight change came, a new house, a pathway on the other side of the green, an iron fence around the graveyard, a golf links in addition to the tennis-courts, a bridge-whist afternoon to supplement the croquet club, by an unconscious convention its novelty was swiftly eliminated and in a short time it became one of the old traditions. Decidedly a place of peace was Samaria in Connecticut,—a place in which "the struggle for life" and the rivalries and contests of the great outside world were known only by report. Yet, being human, it had its own inward strifes; and of one of these I wish to tell the tale.

In the end this internal conflict centred



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about Leviathan; but in the beginning I believe that it was of an ecclesiastical nature. At all events it did not run its course without a manifest admixture of the *odium theologicum*, and it came near to imperilling the cause of Christian unity in Samaria.

The Episcopal Church was really one of the more recent old institutions of the village. It stood beside the graveyard, just around the corner from the village green; and the type of its wooden architecture, which was profoundly early Gothic and was painted of a burnt-umber hue sprinkled with sand to imitate brownstone, indicated that it must have been built in the Upjohn Period, about the middle of the nineteenth century. But Samaria, without the slightest disloyalty to the principles of the Puritans, had promptly adopted and assimilated the Episcopal form of worship. The singing by a voluntary quartette of mixed voices, the hours of service, even the sermons, were all of the Samaritan type. The old rector, Dr. Snodgrass, a comfortably stout and evangelical man, lived for forty years on terms of affectionate intimacy with three successive ministers of the Congregational Church, the deacons of which shared with his vestrymen the control of the village councils.

The summer residents divided their attendance impartially between the two houses of worship. Even in the distribution of parts in the amateur theatricals which were given every year by the villagers in the town hall at the height of the season, no difference was made between the adherents of the ancient faith of Connecticut and the followers of the more recently introduced order of Episcopacy. When old Dr. Snodgrass died and was buried, the Rev. Cotton Mather Hopkins, who was an energetic widower of perhaps thirty-five years, made an eloquent address at his funeral, comparing him to the prophet Samuel, the apostle John, and a green bay tree whose foundations are built upon the rock. In short, all was tranquil in the ecclesiastical atmosphere of Samaria. There was not a cloud upon the horizon.

The air changed with the arrival of the new rector, the Rev. Willibert Beauchamp Jones, B.D., from the Divinity School of St. Jerome at Oshkosh. He was a bachelor, not only of divinity but also in the social sense; a plump young man of eight and twenty summers, with an English accent, a low-crowned black felt hat, blue eyes, a cherubic smile, and very high views on liturgics. He was full of the best intentions toward the whole world, a warm advocate of the reunion of Christendom on his platform, and a man of sincere enthusiasm who regarded Samaria as a missionary field and was prepared to consecrate his life to it. The only point in which he was not true to the teachings of his professors at St. Jerome's was the celibacy of the parish clergy. Here he held that the tradition of the Greek Church was to be preferred to that of the Roman, and felt in his soul that the priesthood and matrimony were not inconsistant. In fact, he was secretly ambitious to prove their harmony in his own person. He was also a very social young man, and firm in his resolution to be kind and agreeable to everybody, even to those who were outside of the true fold.

Mr. Hopkins called on him without delay and was received with cordiality amounting to *empressement*. The two men talked together in the friendliest manner of interests that they had in common, books, politics, and out-of-door sports, to which both of them were addicted. Mr. Jones offered to lend Mr. Hopkins any of the new books, with which his library was rather well stocked, and promised to send over the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which he was a subscriber, every week. Mr. Hopkins told Mr. Jones the name of the best washerwoman in the village, one of his own new parishioners, as it happened, and proposed to put him up at once for membership in the Golf Club. In fact the conversation went off most harmoniously.

"It was extraordinarily kind of you to call so early, my dear friend," said Jones as he followed his guest to the door of the little rectory. "I take it as a mark of Christian brotherhood; and naturally, as a clergyman, I want to be as close as possible to every one who is working in any way for the good of the place where my parish lies."

"Of course!" answered Hopkins. "That's all right. I guess you won't have any trouble about Christian brotherhood in Samaria. Good-bye till Monday afternoon."

But as he walked across the green, the skirts of his black frock-coat flapping in



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the September breeze, and his brown Fedora hat set at a reflective angle on the back of his head, he pondered a little over the precise significance of his *confrère's* last remark, which had not altogether pleased him. Was there a subtle shade of difference between those who were working "in any way" for the good of Samaria, and the "clergyman" who felt bound to be on good terms with them?

On Monday afternoon they had appointed to take a country walk together, and Hopkins, who was a lean, long-legged, wiry fellow, with a deep chest, gray eyes, and a short, crisp brown beard and moustache, led the way at a lively pace over hill and dale, around Lake Marapaug and back,—fourteen miles in three hours. Jones was rather red when they returned to the front gate of the rectory about five o'clock, and he wiped his beaded forehead with his handkerchief as he invited his comrade to come in and have a cup of tea.

"No, thank you," said Hopkins, "I'm just ready for a bit of work in my study, now. Nice little stroll, wasn't it? I want you to know the country about here, and the people too. You mustn't feel strange in this Puritan region where my church has been established so long. We'll soon make you feel at home. Good-bye."

An hour later, when Jones had sipped his tea, he looked up from an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and began to wonder whether Hopkins had meant anything in particular by that last remark.

"He's an awfully good chap, to be sure, but just a bit set in his way. I fancy he has some odd notions. Well, perhaps I shall be able to put him right, if I am patient and friendly. It is rather plain that I shall have a lot of missionary work to do here among these Dissenters."

So he turned to his bookshelves and took down a volume on *The Primitive Diaconate and the Reconstruction of Christendom.* Meantime Hopkins was in his study making notes for a series of sermons on "The Scriptural Polity of the Early New England Churches."

Well, you can see from this how the great Leviathan conflict began. Two men meeting with good intentions, both anxious, even determined, to be the best of friends, yet each unconsciously pressing upon the other the only point of difference between them. Now add to this a pair of consciences aggravated by the sense of official responsibilities, and a number of ladies who were alike in cherishing for one or the other of these two men a warm admiration, amounting in several cases, shall I say, to a sentimental adoration, and you have a collection of materials not altogether favorable to a peaceful combination.

My business, however, is with Leviathan, and therefore I do not propose to narrate the development of the rivalry between these two excellent men. How Mr. Jones introduced an early morning service, and Mr. Hopkins replied with an afternoon musical vespers: how a vested choir of boys was installed in the brown church, and a cornet and a harp appeared in the gallery of the white church: how candles were lighted in the Episcopalian apse, (whereupon Erastus Whipple resigned from the vestry because he said he knew that he was "goin' to act ugly"), and a stereopticon threw illuminated pictures of Palestine upon the wall behind the Congregational pulpit (which induced Abijah Lemon to refuse to pass the plate the next Sunday, because he said he "wa'nt goin' to take up no collection for a peep-show in meetin'"): how a sermon beside the graveyard on "the martyrdom of King Charles I," was followed, on the green, by a discourse on "the treachery of Charles II": how Mrs. Slicer and Mrs. Cutter crossed each other in the transfer of their church relations, because the Slicer boys were not asked to sing in the vested choir, and because Orlando Cutter was displaced as cornetist by a young man from Hitchfield: how the Jonesites learned to speak of themselves as "churchmen" and of their neighbors as "adherents of other religious bodies," while the Hopkinsians politely inquired as to the hours at which "mass was celebrated" in the brown edifice and were careful to speak of their own services as "Divine worship": how Mr. Jones went so far, in his Washington's Birthday Speech, as to compliment the architectural effect of "the old meeting-house on the green, that venerable monument of an earnest period of dissent," to which Mr. Hopkins made the retort courteous by giving thanks, in his prayer on the same occasion, for "the gracious memories of fraternal intercourse which still hallowed the little brown chapel beside the

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cemetery": how all these strokes and counterstrokes were given and exchanged in a decorous and bloodless religious war which enlivened a Samaritan autumn and winter almost to the point of effervescence: and how they were prevented from doing any great harm by the general good feeling and the constitutional sense of humor of the village, it is not my purpose, I say, to relate in detail.

The fact is, the incipient fermentation passed away almost as naturally and suddenly as it began. Old Cap'n Elihu Gray, who had made a tidy fortune in his voyages to the East Indies and retired to enjoy it in a snug farmhouse beside the Lirrapaug River, a couple of miles below the village, was reputed to be something of a free-thinker, but he used to come up, every month, to one or other of the two churches to taste a sermon. His summary of the controversy which threatened the peace of Samaria, seemed to strike the common-sense of his fellow-townsmen in the place where friendly laughter lies.

"Wa'al," said he, puffing a meditative pipe, "I've seen folks pray to cows and jest despise folks 'at prayed to elephants. 'N I've seen folks whose r'ligion wouldn't 'low 'em to eat pig's meat fight with folks whose r'ligion wouldn't 'low 'em to eat meat 't all. But I never seen reel Christians dispise other reel Christians for prayin' at seven in the mornin' 'stead of at eleven, nor yet fight 'bout the difference 'tween a passel o' boys singin' in white nightgowns an' half-a-dozen purty young gals tunin' their voices to a pipe-organ an' a harp o' sollum saound. I don't 'low there is eny devil, but ef ther' wuz, guess that's the kind o' fight 'd make him grin."

This opinion appeared to reach down to the fundamental saving grace of humor in the Samaritan mind. The vestry persuaded the Reverend Willibert that the time was not yet ripe for candles; and the board of deacons induced the Reverend Cotton Mather to substitute a course of lectures on the Women of the Bible for the stereopticon exhibitions. Hostilities gently frothed themselves away and subsided. Decoration Day was celebrated in Samaria according to the Hitchfield *Gazette*, "by a notable gathering in the Town Hall, at which the Rev. Jones offered an eloquent extemporaneous prayer and the Rev. Hopkins pronounced an elegant oration on the Civil War, after which the surviving veterans partook of a banquet at the Hancock Hotel."

But the rivalry between the two leaders, sad to say, did not entirely disappear with the peaceful reconciliation and commingling of their forces. On the contrary, it was as if a general engagement had been abandoned and both the opposing companies had resolved themselves into the happy audience of a single combat. It was altogether a friendly and chivalrous contest, you understand,—nothing bitter or malicious about it,—but none the less it was a *duel à outrance*, a struggle for the mastery between two men whom nature had made rivals, and for whom circumstances had prepared the arena in the double sphere of love and angling.

Hopkins had become known, during the seven years of his residence at Samaria, as the best trout-fisherman of the village, and indeed of all the tributary region. With the black bass there were other men who were his equals, and perhaps one or two, like Judge Ward, who spent the greater part of his summer vacation sitting under an umbrella in a boat on Lake Marapaug, and Jags Witherbee, the village ne'er-do-weel, who were his superiors. But with the delicate, speckled, evasive trout he was easily first. He knew all the cold, foaming, musical brooks that sang their way down from the hills. He knew the spring-holes in the Lirrapaug River where the schools of fish assembled in the month of May, waiting to go up the brooks in the warm weather. He knew the secret haunts and lairs of the large fish where they established themselves for the whole season and took toll of the passing minnows. He knew how to let his line run with the current so that it would go in under the bushes without getting entangled, and sink to the bottom of the dark pools, beneath the roots of fallen trees, without the hook catching fast. He knew how to creep up to a stream that had hollowed out a way under the bank of a meadow, without shaking the boggy ground. He had a trick with a detachable float, made from a quill and a tiny piece of cork, that brought him many a fish from the centre of a mill-pond. He knew the best baits for every season,—worms, white grubs, striped minnows, miller's thumbs,

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bumble-bees, grasshoppers, young field-mice,—and he knew where to find them.

For it must be confessed that Cotton Mather was a confirmed bait-fisherman. Confession is not the word that he would have used with reference to the fact; he would have called it a declaration of principles, and would have maintained that he was a follower of the best, the most skilful, the most productive, the fairest, the truly Apostolic method of fishing.

Jones, on the other hand, was not a little shocked when he discovered in the course of conversation that his colleague, who was in many respects such a good sportsman, was addicted to fishing with bait. For his own angling education had been acquired in a different school,—among the clear streams of England, the open rivers of Scotland, the carefully preserved waters of Long Island. He had been taught that the artificial fly was the proper lure for a true angler to use.

For coarse fish like perch and pike, a bait was permissible. For middle-class fish, like bass, which would only rise to the fly during a brief and uncertain season, a trolling-spoon or an artificial minnow might be allowed. But for fish whose blood, though cold, was noble,—for game fish of undoubted rank like the salmon and the trout, the true angler must use only the lightest possible tackle, the most difficult possible methods, the cleanest and prettiest possible lure,—to wit, the artificial fly. Moreover he added his opinion that in the long run, taking all sorts of water and weather together, and fishing through the season, a man can take more trout with the fly than with the bait,—that is, of course, if he understands the art of fly-fishing.

You perceive at once that here was a very pretty ground for conflict between the two men, after the ecclesiastical battle had been called off. Their community of zeal as anglers only intensified their radical opposition as to the authoritative and orthodox mode of angling. In the close season, when the practice of their art was forbidden, they discussed its theory with vigor; and many were the wit-combats between these two champions, to which the Samaritans listened in the drug-store-and-post-office that served them in place of a Mermaid Tavern. There was something of Shakspere's quickness and elegance in Willibert's methods; but Cotton Mather had the advantage in learning and in weight of argument.

"It is unhistorical," he said, "to claim that there is only one proper way to catch fish. The facts are against you."

"But surely, my dear fellow," replied Willibert, "there is one best way, and that must be the proper way on which all should unite."

"I don't admit that," said the other, "variety counts for something. Besides, it is up to you to prove that fly-fishing is the best way."

"Well," answered Willibert, "I fancy that would be easy enough. All the authorities are on my side. Doesn't every standard writer on angling say that fly-fishing is the perfection of the art?"

"Not at all," Cotton Mather replied, with some exultation, "Izaak Walton's book is all about bait-fishing, except two or three pages on the artificial fly, which were composed for him by Thomas Barker, a retired confectioner. But suppose all the books were on your side. There are ten thousand men who love fishing and know about fishing, to one who writes about it. The proof of the angler is the full basket."

At this Willibert looked disgusted. "You mistake quantity for quality. It's better to take one fish prettily and fairly than to fill your basket in an inferior way. Would you catch trout with a net?"

Cotton Mather admitted that he would not.

"Well, then, why not carry your discrimination a little farther and reject the coarse bait-hook, and the stiff rod, and the heavy line? Fly-tackle appeals to the æsthetic sense,—the slender, pliant rod with which you land a fish twenty times its weight, the silken line, the gossamer leader, the dainty fly of bright feathers concealing the tiny hook!"

"Concealing!" broke in the advocate of the bait, "that is just the spirit of the whole art of fly-fishing. It's all a deception. The slender rod is made of split cane that will bend double before it breaks; the gossamer leader is of drawn-gut carefully tested to stand a heavier strain than the rod can put upon it. The trout thinks he can smash your tackle, but you know he can't, and you play with him half-an-hour to convince him that you are right. And after all, when you've landed him, he hasn't

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had even a taste of anything good to eat to console him for being caught,—nothing but a little bunch of feathers which he never would look at if he knew what it was. Don't you think that fly-fishing is something of a piscatorial immorality?"

"Not in the least," answered Willibert, warming to his work, "it is a legitimate appeal, not to the trout's lower instinct, his mere physical hunger, but to his curiosity, his sense of beauty, his desire for knowledge. He takes the fly, not because it looks like an edible insect, for nine times out of ten it doesn't, but because it's pretty and he wants to know what it is. When he has found out, you give him a fair run for his money and bring him to basket with nothing more than a pin-prick in his lips. But what does the bait-fisher do? He deceives the trout into thinking that a certain worm or grub or minnow is wholesome, nourishing, digestible, fit to be swallowed. In that deceptive bait he has hidden a big, heavy hook which sticks deep in the trout's gullet and by means of which the disappointed fish is forcibly and brutally dragged to land. It lacks refinement. It is primitive, violent, barbaric, and so simple that any unskilled village lad can do it as well as you can."

"I think not," said Cotton Mather, now on the defensive, "just let the village-lad try it. Why, the beauty of real bait-fishing is that it requires more skill than any other kind of angling. To present your bait to the wary old trout without frightening him; to make it move in the water so that it shall seem alive and free"; ("deception," murmured Willibert), "to judge the proper moment after he has taken it when you should strike, and how hard; to draw him safely away from the weeds and roots among which he has been lying; all this takes quite a little practice and some skill,—a good deal more, I reckon, than hooking and playing a trout on the clear surface of the water when you can see every motion."

"Ah, there you are," cried Willibert, "that's the charm of fly-fishing! It's all open and above-board. The long, light cast of the fly, 'fine and far off,' the delicate drop of the feathers upon the water, the quick rise of the trout and the sudden gleam of his golden side as he turns, the electric motion of the wrist by which you hook him,—that is the magic of sport."

"Yes," replied the other, "I'll admit there's something in it, but bait-fishing is superior. You take a long pool, late in the season; water low and clear; fish lying in the middle; you can't get near them. You go to the head of the pool in the rapids and stir up the bottom so as to discolor the water a little——

"Deceptive," interrupted Willibert, "and decidedly immoral!"

"Only a little," continued Cotton Mather "a very little! Then you go down to the bottom of the pool with a hand-line——"

"A hand-line!" murmured the listener, half-shuddering in feigned horror.

"Yes, a hand-line," the speaker went on firmly, "a long, light hand-line, without a sinker, baited with a single, clean angle-worm, and loosely coiled in your left hand. You cast the hook with your right hand, and it falls lightly without a splash, a hundred feet up stream. Then you pull the line in very gently, just fast enough to keep it from sinking to the bottom. When the trout bites, you strike him and land him by hand, without the help of rod or landing-net or any other mechanical device. Try this once, and you will see whether it is easier than throwing the fly. I reckon this was the way the Apostle Peter fished when he was told to 'go to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up.' It is the only true Apostolic method of fishing."

"But, my dear fellow," answered the other, "the text doesn't say that it was a bait-hook. It may have been a fly-hook. Indeed the text rather implies that, for it speaks of the fish as 'coming up,' and that means rising to the fly."

"Wa'al," said Cap'n Gray, rising slowly and knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the edge of his chair, "I can't express no jedgment on the merits of this debate, seein' I've never been much of a fisher. But ef I wuz, my fust ch'ice 'd be to git the fish, an' enny way that got 'em I'd call good."

The arrival of the Springtime, releasing the streams from their imprisonment of ice, and setting the trout to leaping in every meadow-brook and all along the curving reaches of the swift Lirrapaug, transferred this piscatorial contest from the region of discourse to the region of experiment. The rector proved himself a competitor worthy of the minister's mettle. Although at first

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he was at some disadvantage on account of his slight acquaintance with the streams, he soon overcame this by diligent study; and while Hopkins did better work on the brooks that were overhung with trees and bushes, Jones was more effective on the open river and in the meadow-streams just at sundown. They both made some famous baskets that year, and were running neck and neck in the angling field, equal in success.

But in the field of love, I grieve to say, their equality was of another kind. Both of them were seriously smitten with the beauty of Lena Gray, the old Captain's only daughter, who had just come home from Smith College, with a certificate of graduation, five charming new hats, and a considerable knowledge of the art of amateur dramatics. She was cast for the part of leading lady in Samaria's play that summer, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Hopkins were both secretly ambitious for the post of stage-manager. But it fell to Orlando Cutter, who lived on the farm next to the Grays. The disappointed candidates consoled themselves by the size of the bouquets which they threw to the heroine at the close of the third act. One was of white roses and red carnations; the other was of pink roses and lilies of the valley. The flowers that she wore when she answered the final curtain-call, curiously enough, were damask roses and mignonette. A minute observer would have noticed that there was a fine damask rose-bush growing in the Cutter's back garden.

There was no dispute of methods between Jones and Hopkins in the amatorial realm, like that which divided them in matters piscatorial. They were singularly alike in attitude and in procedure. Both were very much in earnest; both expressed their earnestness by offerings presented to the object of their devotions; both hesitated to put their desires and hopes into words, because they could not do it in any but a serious way, and they feared to invite failure by a premature avowal. So, as I said, they stood in love upon an equal footing, but not an equality of success; rather one of doubt, delay and dissatisfaction. Miss Gray received their oblations with an admirable impartiality. She liked their books, their candy, their earnest conversation, their mild clerical jokes, without giving any indication which of them she liked best. As her father's daughter she was free from ecclesiastical entanglements; but of course she wanted to go to church, so she attended the Episcopal service at eleven o'clock and became a member of Mr. Hopkins's Bible Class which met at twelve thirty. Orlando Cutter usually drove home with her when the class was over.

You can imagine how eagerly and gravely Cotton Mather and Willibert considered the best means of advancing their respective wishes in regard to this young lady; how they sought for some gift which should not be too costly for her to accept with propriety, and yet sufficiently rare and distinguished to indicate her supreme place in their regards. They had sent her things to read and things to eat; they had drawn upon Hitchfield in the matter of flowers. Now each of them was secretly casting about in his mind for some unique thing to offer, which might stand out from trivial gifts, not by its cost, but by its individuality, by the impossibility of any other person's bringing it, and so might prepare the way for a declaration.

By a singular, yet not unnatural, coincidence, the solution presented itself to the imagination of each of them (separately and secretly of course) in the form of Leviathan.

I feel that a brief word of explanation is necessary here. Every New England village that has any trout-fishing in its vicinity has also a legend of a huge trout, a great-grandfather of fishes, præternaturally wise and wary, abnormally fierce and powerful, who lives in some particular pool of the principal stream, and is seen, hooked, and played by many anglers but never landed. Such a traditional trout there was at Samaria. His lair was in a deep hole of the Lirrapaug, beside an overhanging rock, and just below the mouth of the little spring-brook that divided the Gray's farm from the Cutter's. But this trout was not only traditional, he was also real. Small boys had fished for him, and described vividly the manner in which their hooks had been carried away,—but that does not count. Jags Witherbee declared that he had struggled with him for nearly an hour, only to fall exhausted in the rapids below the pool while the trout executed a series of somersaults in the direction of Sims-

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ville,—but that does not count. What really counts is that two reputable clergymen testified that they had seen him. He rose once to Jones's fly when he was fishing up the river after dusk, and Hopkins had seen him chase a minnow up the brook just before sunrise. The latter witness averred that the fish made a wake like a steam-boat, and the former witness estimated his weight at a little short of five pounds,—both called him Leviathan, and desired to draw him out with a hook.

Now the thought that secretly occurred to each of these worthy young men, as I say, not unnaturally, but with a strange simultaneousness which no ordinary writer of fiction would dare to invent, was this: *Catch Leviathan on the last day of the trout-season and present him to Miss Gray. That will be a famous gift, and no one else can duplicate it.*

The last day of the season was July 31st. Long before daybreak the Rev. Cotton Mather Hopkins stole away from the manse, slipping through the darkness noiselessly, and taking the steep path by Bushy Brook towards the valley of the Lirrapaug. In one pocket was his long, light, hand-line, carefully coiled, with a selected sneck-bend hook of tempered steel made fast to the line by the smallest and firmest of knots. In the other pocket was a box of choice angle-worms, dug from the garden two days before, and since that time kept in moss and sprinkled with milk to make them clean and rosy. It was his plan to go down stream a little way below the rock-pool, wait for daylight, and then fish up the pool slowly until he reached Leviathan's lair and catch him. It was a good plan.

The day came gently and serenely; a touch of gray along the eastern horizon; a fading of the deep blue overhead, a paling of the stars, a flush of orange in the east; then silver and gold on the little floating clouds, and amber and rose along the hill-tops; then lances of light showing over the edge of the world and a cool flood of diffused radiance flowing across field and river. It was at this moment, before there was a shadow to be found in the scene, that the fisherman stepped into the rapid below the pool and began to wade slowly and cautiously upward along the eastern bank. Not a ripple moved before him; his steps fell on the rocky bottom as if he had been shod with velvet. The long line shot out from his swinging hand and the bait fell lightly on the pool,—too far away yet to reach the rock. Another cast follows, and still another, but without any result. The rock is now reached, but the middle of it projects a little into the pool, and makes a bend or bay which is just out of sight from the point where the fisherman stands. He gathers his line in his left hand again and makes another cast. It is a beauty. The line uncoils itself without a hitch and the bait curves around the corner, settling down beside the rock as if a bit of sand had fallen from the top of the bank.

But what is that dark figure kneeling on the eastern bank at the head of the pool, seventy feet above the rock? It is the form of Willibert Beauchamp Jones, B.D. He has assumed this attitude of devotion in order that Leviathan may not see him from afar; but it also serves unconsciously to hide him from the fisherman at the foot of the pool. Willibert is casting the fly very beautifully, very delicately, very accurately, across the mouth of the spring-brook towards the upper end of the rock. The tiny royal coachman falls like a snowflake on the water, and the hare's ear settles like a bit of thistledown two feet beyond it. Nearer and nearer the flies come to the rock, until at last they cover the place where the last cast of the hand-line fell. There is a flash of purple and gold in the water, a great splash on the surface,—Leviathan has risen; Willibert has struck him; the royal coachman is fast in his upper lip.

At the same instant the fisherman at the lower end of the pool feels a tightening of his line. He gives it a quick twitch with his right hand, and prepares to pull in with his left. Leviathan has taken the bait; Cotton Mather has struck; the hook is well fastened in the roof of the fish's mouth and the sport begins.

Willibert leaps to his feet and moves towards the end of the point. Cotton Mather, feeling the heavy strain on his line, wades out towards the deeper part of the pool. The two fishermen behold each other, in the moment of their common triumph, and they perceive what lies between them.

"Excuse me," said Hopkins, "but that is my fish. He must have taken my bait

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before he rose to the fly, and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll let go of him."

"I beg your pardon," replied Jones, "but it's quite evident that he rose to my fly before you felt him bite at your bait; and as I struck him first and hooked him first, he is my fish and I'll thank you to leave him alone."

It was a pretty situation. Each fisherman realized that he was called upon to do his best and yet unable to get ahead of the other without danger to his own success,—no time for argument surely! Yet I think they would have argued, and that with fierceness, had it not been for a sudden interruption.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" said the voice of Orlando Cutter, as he stepped from the bushes at the mouth of the brook, with a landing-net in his hand. "I see you are out early to-day. I came down myself to have a try for the big fish, and Miss Gray was good enough to come with me."

The rosy, laughing face of the girl emerged from the willows. "Good morning, good morning," she cried. "Why it's quite a party, isn't it? But how wet you both are, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones,—did you fall in the water? And you look vexed, too! What is the matter? Oh, I see, both your lines are caught fast in the bottom of the pool,—no, they are tangled together—(at this the fish gave a mighty splash and a rush towards the shore,)—oh, Orlando, it's a fish, and such a beauty!"

The trout, bewildered and exhausted by the double strain upon him, floundered a little and moved into the shallow water at the mouth of the brook. Orlando stepped down and quietly slipped the landing-net under him.

"I see it is a fish," he said, "and it seems to be caught with a bait and a fly, but it certainly is landed with a net. So in that case, gentlemen, as your claims seem to be divided, I will take the liberty of disengaging both your hooks, and of begging Miss Gray to accept this Leviathan, as—may I tell them?—she has just accepted me."

By this time the newly risen sun was shining upon the ripples of the Lirrapaug River and upon the four people who stood on the bank shaking hands and exchanging polite remarks. His glowing face was bright with that cheerful air of humorous and sympathetic benevolence with which he seems to look upon all our human experiences of disappointment and success.

The weary anglers found some physical comfort, at least, in the cool glasses of milk which Miss Gray poured for them as they sat on the verandah of the farm-house. On their way up the hill, by the pleasant path which followed Bushy Brook, these two brethren who were so much of one mind in their devotion to their fishing and who differed only in regard to the method to be pursued, did not talk much, but they felt themselves nearer to each other than ever before. Something seemed to weave between them the delicate and firm bonds of a friendship strengthened by a common aim and chastened by a common experience of disappointment. They could afford to be silent together because they were now true comrades. I shall always maintain that both of them received a great benefit from Leviathan.

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# Campbell Corot.

By — Francis Cotton —
Drawings by — J. L. F. Williams.

THE Academy reception was approaching a perspiring and vociferous close when the Antiquary whispered an invitation to the Painter, the Patron, and the Critic. A Scotch woodcock at "Dick's" weighs heavily, even against the more solid pleasures of the mind, so terminating four conferences on as many tendencies in modern art, and abandoning four hungry souls, we four hungry bodies bore down an avenue toward "Dick's" smoky realm, where we found a quiet corner apart from the crowd. It is a place where one may talk freely or even foolishly—one of those rare oases in which an artist, for example, may venture to read a lesson to an avowed patron of art.

All the way down the Patron had bored us with his new Corot, which he described at tedious length. Now the Antiquary barely tolerated anything this side of the eighteenth century, the Painter was of Courbet's sturdy following, the Critic had been writing for a season that the only hope in art for the rich was to emancipate themselves from the exclusive idolatry of Barbizon. Accordingly the Patron's rhapsodies fell on impatient ears, and when he continued his importunities over the Scotch woodcock and ale, the Painter was impelled to express the sense of the meeting.

"Speaking of Corot," he began genially, "there are certain misapprehensions about him which I am fortunately able to clear up. People imagine, for instance, that he haunted the woods about Ville d'Avray. Not at all. He frequented the gin-mills in Cedar Street. We are told he wore a peasant's blouse and sabots; on the contrary, he sported a frock-coat and congress gaiters. His long clay pipe has passed into legend, whereas he actually smoked a tilted Pittsburg stogy. We speak of him by the operatic name of Camille; he was prosaically called Campbell. You think he worked out of doors at rosy dawn; he painted habitually in an air-tight attic by lamplight."

As the Painter paused for the sensation to sink in, the Antiquary murmured soothingly, "Get it off your mind quickly, old man," the Critic remarked that the Campbells were surely coming, and the Patron asked with nettled dignity how the Painter knew.



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"Know?" he resumed, having had the necessary fillip. "Because I knew him, smelled his stogy, and drank with him in Cedar Street. It was some time in the early '70s, when a passion for Corot's opalescences (with the Critic's permission) was the latest and most knowing fad. As a realist I half mistrusted the fascination, but I felt it with the rest, and whenever any of the besotted dealers of that rude age got in an 'Early Morning' or a 'Dance of Nymphs,' I was there among the first. For another reason, my friend Rosenheim, then in his modest beginnings as a marchand-amateur, was likely to appear at such private views. With his infallible tact for future salability, he was already unloading the institute, and laying in Barbizon. Find what he's buying now, and I'll tell you the next fad."

The Critic nodded sagaciously, knowing that Rosenheim, who now poses as collecting only for his pleasure, has already begun to affect the drastic productions of certain clever young Spanish realists.

"Rosenheim," the Painter pursued, "really loved his Corot quite apart from prospective values. I fancy the pink silkiness of the manner always appeals to Jews, recalling their most authentic taste, the eighteenth-century Frenchmen. Anyhow, Rosenheim took his new love seriously, followed up the smallest examples religiously, learned to know the forgeries that were already afloat—in short, was the best informed Corotist in the city. It was appropriate, then, that my first relations with the poet-painter should have the sanction of Rosenheim's presence."

Lingering upon the reminiscence, the Painter sopped up the last bit of anchovy paste, drained his toby, and pushed it away. The rest of us settled back comfortably for a long session, as he persisted.

"Rosenheim wrote me one day that he had got wind of a Corot in a Cedar Street auction room. It might be, so his news went, the pendant to the one he had recently bought at the Bolton sale. He suggested we should go down together and see. So we joggled down Broadway in the 'bus, on what looked rather like a wild-goose chase. But it paid to keep the run of Cedar Street in those days; one might find anything. The gilded black walnut was pushing the old mahogany out of good houses; Wyant and Homer Martin were occasionally raising the wind by ventures in omnibus sales; then there were old masters which one cannot mention because nobody would believe. But that particular morning the Corot had no real competitor; its radiance fairly filled the entire junk-room. Rosenheim was in raptures. As luck would have it, it was indeed the companion-piece to his, and his it should be at all costs. In Cedar Street, he reasonably felt, one might even hope to get it cheap. Then began our *duo* on the theme of atmosphere, vibrancy, etc.—brand new phrases, mind you, in those innocent days. As Rosenheim for a moment carried the burden alone, I stepped up to the canvas and saw, with a shock, that the paint was about two days old. Under what conditions I wondered—for did I not know the tricks of paint—could a real Corot have come over so fresh? I more than scented trickery. A sketch overpainted—for it seemed above the quality of a sheer forgery—or was the case worse than that? Meanwhile not a shade of doubt was in Rosenheim's mind. As I canvassed the possibilities his *sotto-voce* ecstasies continued, to the vast amusement, as I perceived, of a sardonic stranger, who hovered unsteadily in the background. This ill-omened person was clad in a statesmanlike black frock-coat with trousers of similar funereal shade. A white lawn tie, much soiled, and congress gaiters, much frayed, were appropriate details of a costume inevitably topped off with an army slouch hat that had long lacked the brush. He was immensely long and sallow, wore a drooping mustache vaguely blonde, between the unkempt curtains of which a thin cheroot pointed heavenward. As he walked nervously up and down, with a suspiciously stilted gait, he observed Rosenheim with evident scorn and the picture with a strange pride. He was not merely odd, but also offensive, for as Rosenheim whispered '*Comme ç'est beau!*' there was an unmistakable snort; when he continued, '*Mais c'est exquis!*' the snort broadened into a mighty chuckle; while as he concluded 'Most luminous!' the chuckle became articulate, in an 'Oh, shucks!' that could not be ignored.

"'You seem to be interested, sir,' Rosenheim remarked. 'You bet!' was the terse response. 'May I inquire the cause of your concern?' Rosenheim continued placidly. With a most exasperating air of willingness

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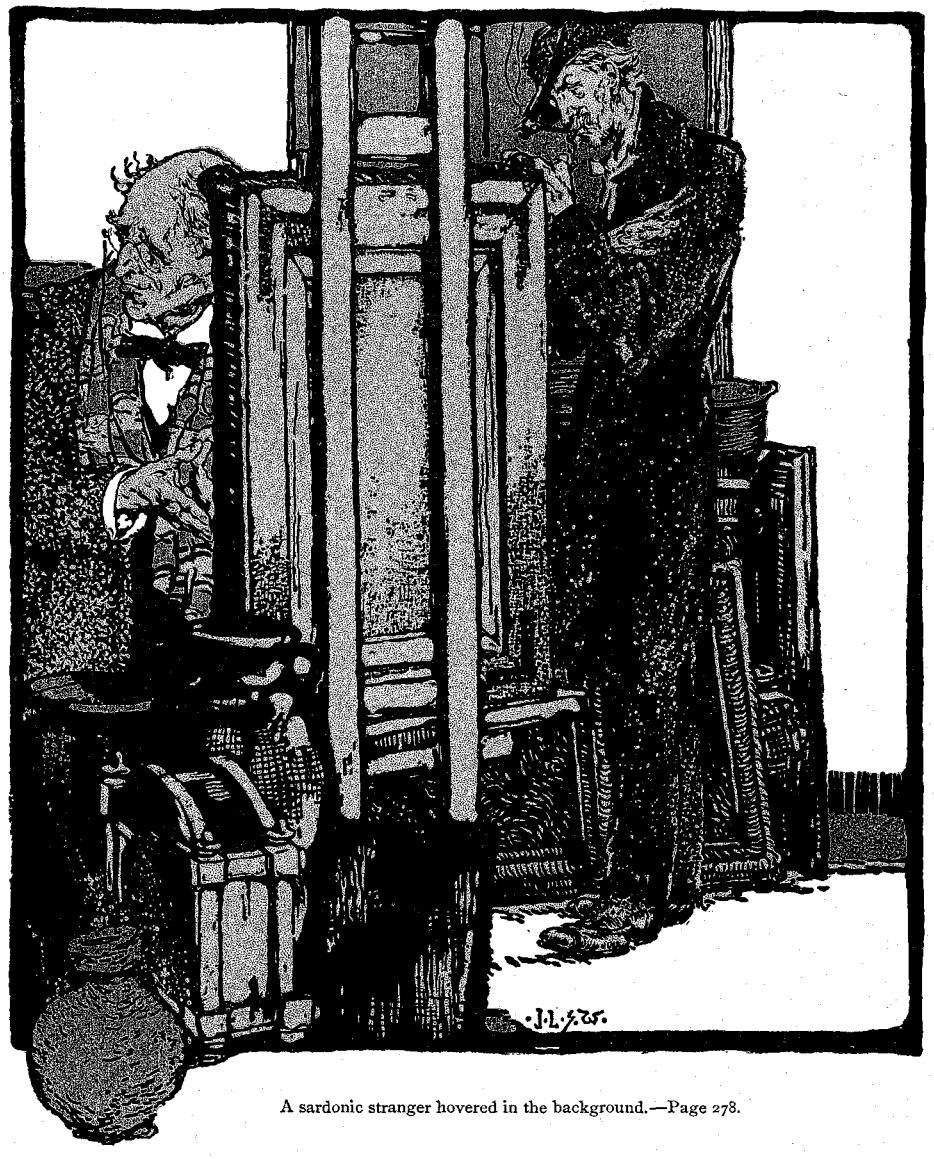

A sardonic stranger hovered in the background.—Page 278.

to please, the stranger rejoined: 'Why, I jest took a simple pleasure, sir, in seeing an amachoor like you talking French about a little thing I painted here in Cedar Street.' For a moment Rosenheim was too indignant to speak, then he burst out with: 'It's an infernal lie; you could no more paint that picture than you could fly.' 'I did paint it, jest the same,' pursued the stranger imperturbably, as Rosenheim, to make an end of the insufferable wag, snapped out sarcastically, 'Perhaps you painted its mate, then, the Bolton Corot.' 'The one that sold for three thousand dollars last week? Of course I painted it; it's the best nymph scene I ever done. Don't get mad, mister; I paint most of the Corots. I'm glad you like 'em.'

"For a moment I feared that little Rosenheim would smite the lank annoyer dead in his tracks. 'For heaven's sake be careful!' I cried. 'The man is drunk or crazy or he may even be right; the paint on this picture isn't two days old.' 'Correct,' declared the stranger. 'I finished it day before yesterday for this sale.' Then a marked change



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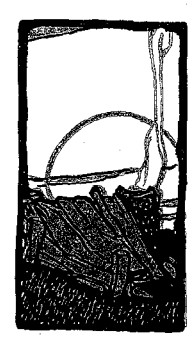
came over Rosenheim's manner. He grew positively deferential. It delighted him to meet an artist of talent; they must know each other better. Cards were exchanged, and Rosenheim read with amazement the grimy inscription '*Campbell Corot, Landscape Artist.*' 'Yes, that's my painting name,' Campbell Corot said modestly; 'and my pictores are almost equally as good as his'n, but not quite. They do for ordinary household purposes. I really hate to see one get into a big sale like the Bolton; it don't seem honest, but I can't help it; nobody'd believe me if I told.' Rosenheim's demeanor was courtly to a fault as he pleaded an engagement and bade us farewell. Already apparently he divined a certain importance in so remarkable a gift of mimicry. I stayed behind, resolved on making the nearer acquaintance of Campbell Corot."

"Rosenheim clearly understands the art of business," interrupted the Antiquary. "And the business of art," added the Critic. "Could your seedy friend have painted my Corot?" said the Patron in real distress. "Why not?" continued the Painter remorselessly. "Only hear me out, and you may judge for yourself. Anyhow, let's drop your Corot; we were speaking of mine."

"To make Campbell Corot's acquaintance proved more difficult than I had expected. He confided in me immediately that he had been a durn fool to give himself away to my friend, but talk was cheap, and people never believed him, anyway. Then gloom descended, and my professions of confidence received only the most surly responses. He unbent again for a moment with, 'Painter feller, you knowed the pesky ways of paint, didn't yer?' but when I followed up this promising lead and claimed him as an associate, he repulsed me with, 'Stuck up, ain't yer? Parley French like your friend? 'Spose you've showed in the Saloon at Paris.' Giving it up, I replied simply: 'I have; I'm a landscape painter, too, but I'd like to say before I go that I would be glad to be able to paint a picture like that.' Looking me in the eye and seeing I meant it, 'Shake!' he replied cordially. As we shook his breath met me fair: it was such a breath as was not uncommon in old-time Cedar Street. Gentlemen who affect this aroma are, I have noticed, seldom indifferent to one sort of invitation, so I ventured hardily: 'You know Nickerson's Glengyle, sir; perhaps you will do me the favor to drink a glass with me while we chat.' Here I could tell you a lot about Nickerson's." "Don't," begged the Critic, who is abstemious. "I will only say, then, that Nickerson's, then an all-night refuge, closes now at three—desecration has made it the yellow marble office of a teetotaler in the banking line—and the Glengyle, that blessed essence of the barley, heather, peat, and mist of Old Scotland, has been taken over by an exporting company, limited. Sometimes I think I detect a little of it in the poisons that the grocers of Glasgow and Edinburgh send over here, or perhaps I only dream of the old taste. Then it was itself, and by the second glass Campbell Corot was quite ready to soliloquize. You shall have his story about as he told it, but abridged a little in view of your tender ages and the hour.



"John Campbell had grown up contentedly on the old farm under Mount Everett until one summer when a landscape painter took board with the family. At first the lad despised the gentle art as unmanly, but as he watched the mysterious processes he longed to try his hand. The good-natured Düsseldorfian willingly lent brushes and bits of millboard upon which John proceeded to make the most lurid confections. The forms of things were, of course, an obstacle to him, as they are to everybody. 'I never could drore,' he told me, 'and I never wanted to drore like that painter chap. Why he'd fill a big canvas with little trees and rocks and ponds till it all seemed no bigger than a Noah's ark show. I used to ask him, "Why don't you wait till evening when you can't see so much to drore?"' To

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John Campbell began the artist's life afresh with high hopes.—Page 283.

such criticism the painter naturally paid no attention, while John devoted himself to sunsets and the tube of crimson lake. From babyhood he had loved the purple hour, and his results, while without form and void, were apparently not wholly unpleasing, for his master paid him the compliment of using one or two such sketches as backgrounds, adding merely the requisite hills, houses, fences, and cows. These collaborations were mentioned not unworthily beside the sunsets of Kensett and Cropsey next winter at the Academy. From that summer John was for better or worse a painter.

"His first local success was curiously enough an historical composition, in which the village hose company, almost swallowed up by the smoke, held in check a conflagration of Vesuvian magnitude. The few visible figures and Smith's turning-mill, which had heroically been saved in part from the flames, were jotted in from photographs. Happily this work, for which the Alert Hose Company subscribed no less than twenty-five dollars, providing also a fifty-dollar frame, fell under the appreciative eye of the insurance adjuster who visited the very ruins depicted. Recognizing immediately an uncommonly available form of artistic talent, this gentleman pro-



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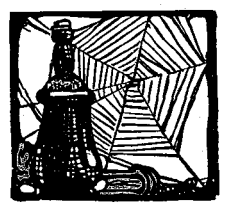
cured John a commission as painter in ordinary to the Vulcan, with orders to come at once to town at excellent wages. By his twentieth year, then, John was established in an attic chamber near the North River with a public that, barring change in the advertising policy of the Vulcan, must inevitably become national. For the lithographers he designed all manner of holocausts; at times he made tours through the counties and fixed the incandescent mouth of Vulcan's forge, the figures within being merely indicated, on the face of a hundred ledges. That was a shame, he freely admitted to me; the rocks looked better without. In fact, John Campbell's first manner soon came to be a humiliation and an intolerable bondage. He felt the insincerity of it deeply. 'You see, it's this way,' he explained to me, 'you don't see the shapes by firelight or at sunset, but you have seen them all day and you know they're there. Nobody that don't have those shapes in his brush can make you feel them in a picture. Everybody puts too little droring into sunsets. Nobody paints good ones, not even Inness [we must remember it was in the early '70s], except a Frenchman called Roosoo. He takes 'em very late, which is best, and he can drore some too.'"

"A very decent critic, your alcoholic friend," the Critic remarked.

"He was full of good ideas, as you shall see," the story-teller replied. "I quite agree with you, if the bad whiskey could have been kept away from him he might have shone in your profession. Anyhow, he had the makings of an honest man in him, and when the Vulcan enlarged its cliff-painting programme he cut loose bravely. Then followed ten lean years of odd jobs, with landscape painting as a recreation, and the occasional sale of a canvas on a street corner as a great event. When his need was greatest he consented to earn good wages composing symbolical door designs for the Meteor Coach Company, but that again he could not endure for long. Later in the intervals of coloring photographs, illuminating window-shades, or whatever came to hand, he worked out the theory which finally led him to the feet of Corot. It was, in short, that the proper subject for an artist deficient in linear design is sunrise.



"He explained the matter to me with zest. 'By morning you've half forgotten the look of things. All night you've seen only dream that don't have any true form, and when the first light comes nothing shows solid for what it is. The mist uncovers a little here and there, and you wonder what's beneath. It's all guesswork and nothing sure. Take any morning early when I look out of my attic window to the North River. There's nothing but a heap of fog, gray or pink, as there's more or less sun behind. It gets a little thick over toward Jersey, and that may be the shore, or again it mayn't. Then a solid bit of vi'let shows high up, and I guess it's Castle Stevens, but perhaps it ain't. Then a pale-yellow streak shoots across the river farther up and I take it to be the Palisades, but again it may be jest a ray of sunshine. You see there really ain't no earth; it's all air and light. That's what a man that can't drore ought to paint; that's what my namesake, Cameel Corot, did paint better than any one that ever lived.'

"At this point of his confession John Campbell glared savagely at me for assent, and set down a sadly frayed and noxious stogy on Nickerson's black walnut. I hastened to agree, though much of the doctrine was heresy to a realist, only objecting: 'But one really has to draw a scene such as you describe just like any other. In fact, the drawing of atmosphere is the most difficult branch of our art. Many very good painters, like my master, Courbet, have given it up.' 'Corbet!' he replied contemptuously; 'he didn't give it up; he never even seen it. But don't I know it's hard, sir? For years I tried to paint it, and I never got nothing but the fog; when I put in more I lost that. They're pretty, those sketches—like watered silk or the scum in the docks with the sun on it; but, Lord, there ain't nothing into 'em, and that's the truth. At last, after fumbling around for years, I happened to walk into Vogler's gallery one day and

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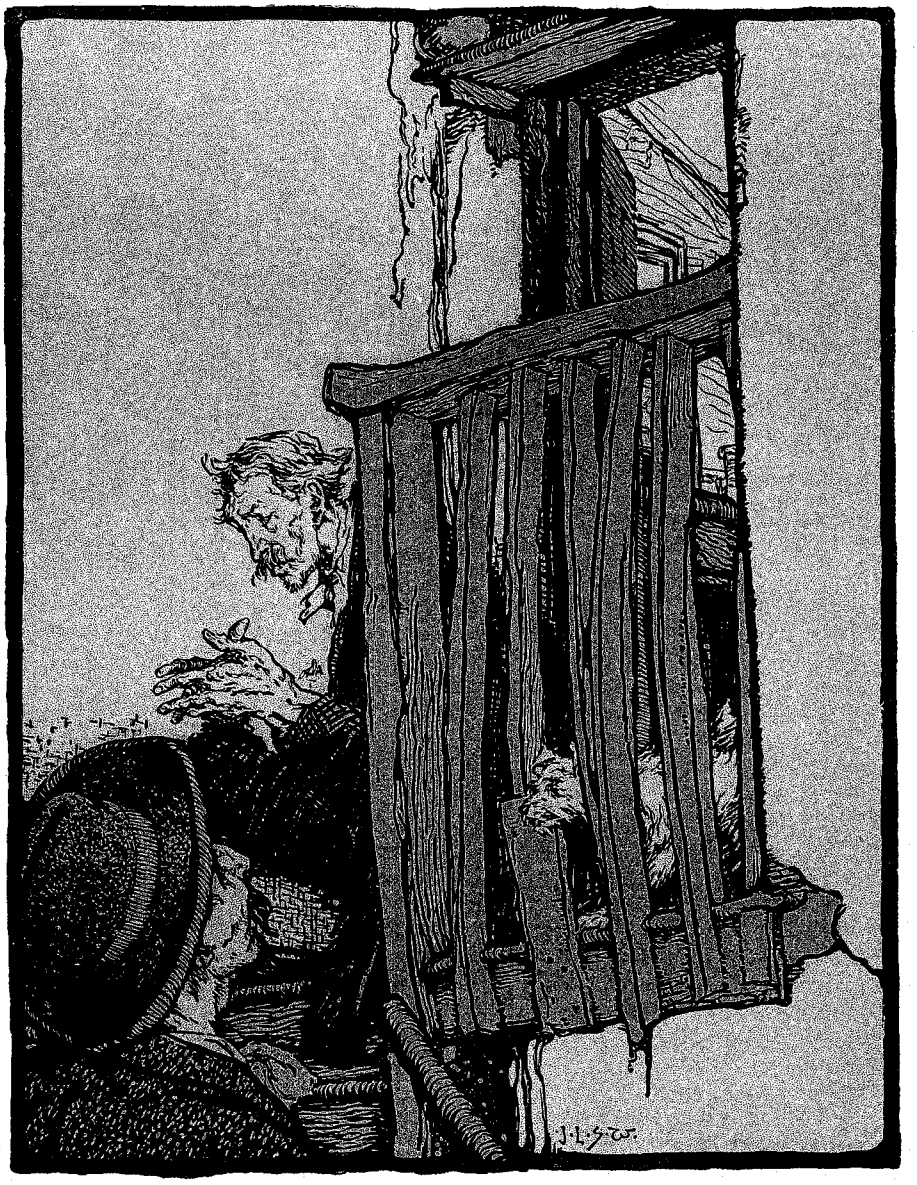

I deposited him before his attic door.—Page 285.

saw my first Corot. Ther' it was—all I had been trying for. It was the kind of droring I knew ought to be, where a man sets down more what he feels than what he knows. I knew I was beginning too late, but I loved that way of working. I saw all the Corots I could, and began to paint as much as I could his way. I got almost to have his eye, but of course I never got his hand. Nobody could, I guess, not even an educated artist like you, or they'd all a don' it.'

After this awakening John Campbell began the artist's life afresh with high hopes. His first picture in the sweet new style was honestly called "Sunrise in Berkshire," though he had interwoven with his own reminiscences of the farm several mo-



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The three locked arms for the stroll downtown.—Page 286.

tives from various compositions of his great exemplar. He signed the canvas Campbell Corot, in the familiar capital letters, because he didn't want to take all the credit; because he desired to mark emphatically the change in his manner, and because it struck him as a good painting name justified by the resemblance between his surname and the master's Christian name. It was a heartfelt homage in intention. If the disciple had been familiar with Renaissance usages he would undoubtedly have signed himself John of Camille.

"'Sunrise in Berkshire' fetched sixty dollars in a down-town auction room, the highest price John had ever received; but this was only the beginning of a bewildering rise in values. When John next saw the picture Campbell had been deftly removed, and the landscape, being favorably noticed in the press, brought seven hundred dollars in an uptown salesroom. John happened on it again in Beilstein's gallery, where the price had risen to thirteen hundred dollars —a tidy sum for a small Corot in those early days. At that figure it fell to a noted collector whose walls it still adorns. Here Campbell Corot's New England conscience asserted itself. He insisted on seeing Beilstein in person and told him the facts. Beilstein treated the visitor as an impostor and showed him the door, taking his address, however, and scornfully bidding him make good his story by painting a similar picture, unsigned. For this, if it was worth anything, the dealer promised he should be liberally paid. Naturally Campbell Corot's professional dander was up, and he produced in a week a Corotish 'Dance of Nymphs,' if anything, more specious than the last. For this Beilstein gave him twenty-five dollars, and within a month you might have seen it under the skylight of a country museum, where it is still reverently explained to successive generations of school-children.

"If Campbell Corot had been a stronger character he might have made some stand against the fraudulent success his second manner was achieving. But unhappily, in those experimental years he had acquired an experimental knowledge of the whiskey of Cedar Street. His irregular and spendthrift ways had put him out of all lines of employment. Besides, he was consumed by an artist's desire to create a kind of picture that he could not hope to sell as his own. Nor did the voice of the tempter, Beilstein,



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fail to make itself heard. He offered an unfailing market for the little canvases at twenty-five or fifty dollars, according to size. There was a patron to supply unlimited colors and stretchers, a pocket that never refused to advance a small bill when thirst or lesser need found Campbell Corot penniless. Almost inevitably he passed from occasional to habitual forgery, consoling himself with the thought that he never signed the pictures and, before the law at least, was blameless. But signed they all were somewhere between their furtive entrance at Bielstein's basement and their appearance on his walls or in the auction rooms. Of course it wasn't the blackguard Beilstein who forged the five magic letters; he would never take the risk. 'Blast his dirty soul!' cried Campbell Corot aloud, as he seethed with the memory of his shame. He rose as if for summary vengeance, to the amazement of the quiet topers in the room. For some time his utterance had been getting both excited and thick, and now I saw with a certain chagrin that the Glengyle had done its work only too well. It was a question not of hearing his story out, but of getting him home before worse befell. By mingled threats and blandishments I got him away from Nickerson's, and after an adventurous passage down Cedar Street I deposited him before his attic door, in a doubtful frame of mind, being alternately possessed by the desire to send Beilstein to hell and to pray for the welfare of the only genuine Corot."

"You certainly make queer acquaintances," ejaculated the Patron uneasily.

"Hurry up and tell us the rest; it's growing late," insisted the Antiquary, as he beckoned for the bill.

"I saw Campbell Corot only once more, but occasionally I saw his work, and it told a sad tale of deterioration. The sunrises and nymphals no longer deceived anybody, having fallen nearly to the average level of auction-room impressionism. I was not surprised, then, when running into him near Nickerson's one day I felt that drink and poverty were speeding their work. He tried to pass me unrecognized, but I stopped him, and once more the invitation to a nip proved irresistible. My curiosity was keen to learn his attitude toward his own work and that of his master, and I attempted to draw him out with a crass compliment. He denied me gently. 'The best things I do, or rather did, young feller, are jest a little poorer than his worst. Between ourselves, he painted some pretty bum things. Some I suppose he did, like me, by lamplight. Some he sketched with one hand while he was lighting that there long pipe with the other. Sometimes, I guess, he was in a hurry for the money. Now, when I'm painting my level best, like I used to could, mine are about like that. But people don't know the difference about him or about me; and mine, as I told your Jew friend, are plenty good enough for every-day purposes. Used to be, anyway. Nobody can paint like his best. Think of it, young feller, you and me is painters and know what it means—jest a little dirty paint on white canvas, and you see the creeping of the sunrise over the land, the breathing of the mist from the fields, and the twinkling of the dew in the young leaves. Nobody but him could paint that, and I guess he never knowed how he done it; he jest felt it in his brush, it seems to me.'

"After this outburst little more was to be got from him. In a word, he had gone to pieces and knew it. Beilstein had cast him off; the works in the third manner hung heavy in the auction places. Leaning over the table, he asked me, 'Who was the gent that said, "My God, what a genius I had when I done that!"?' I told him that the phrase was given to many, but that I believed Swift was the gent. 'Jest so,' Campbell Corot responded; 'that's the way I felt the last time I saw Beilstein. He'd been sending back my things and, for a joke, I suppose, he wrote me to come up and see a real Corot, and take the measure of the job I was tackling. So up to the avenue I went, and Beilstein first gave me my dressing down and then asked me into the red-plush private room where he takes the big oil and wheat men when they want a little art. There on the easel was a picture. He drew the cloth away and said: "Now, Campbell, that's what we want in our business." As sure

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as you're born, sir, it was a "Dance of Nymphs" that I done out of photographs eight years ago. But I can't paint like that no more. I know the way your friend Swift felt; only I guess my case is worse than his.'

"The mention of photographs gave me a clue to Campbell Corot's artistic methods. It appeared that Beilstein had kept him in the best reproductions of the master. But on this point the disciple was reticent, evading my questions by a motion to go. 'I'm not for long probably,' he said, as he refused a second glass. 'You've been patient while I've talked—I can't to most—and I don't want you to remember me drunk. Take good care of yourself, and, generally speaking, don't start your whiskey till your day's painting is done.' I stood for some minutes on the corner of Broadway as his gaunt form merged into the glow that fell full into Cedar Street from the setting sun. I wondered if the hour recalled the old days on the farm and the formation of his first manner.

"However that may be, his premonition was right enough. The next winter I read one morning that the body of Campbell Corot had been taken from the river at the foot of Cedar Street. It was known that his habits were intemperate, and it was probable that returning from a saloon he had walked past his door and off the dock. His cards declared him to be a landscape painter, but he was unknown in the artistic circles of the city. I wrote to the authorities that he was indeed a landscape painter and that the fact should be recorded on his slab in Potter's Field. I was poor and that was the only service I could do to his memory."

The Painter ceased. We all rose to go and were parting at the doorway with sundry hems and haws when the Patron piped up anxiously, "Do you suppose he painted my Corot?" "I don't know and I don't care," said the Painter shortly. "Damn it, man, can't you see it's a human not a picture-dealing proposition?" sputtered the Antiquary. "That's right," echoed the Critic, as the three locked arms for the stroll downtown, leaving the bewildered Patron to find his way alone to the Park East.

# QUATRAIN

## By W. F. Schmitz

WHAT then—your little candle-flame blown out,
And all the world in darkness for a minute?
Why, even so? The stars still shine, no doubt.
Enough to strike a match by—and God's in it.

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# POE AND THE DETECTIVE STORY

By Brander Matthews

## I

IN one of those essays which were often as speculative and suggestive as he claimed, the late John Addington Symonds called attention to three successive phases of criticism, pointing out that the critics had first set up as judges, delivering opinions from the bench and never hesitating to put on the black cap; that then they had changed into showmen, dwelling chiefly on the beauties of the masterpieces they were exhibiting; and that finally, and only very recently, they had become natural historians, studying "each object in relation to its antecedents and its consequences" and making themselves acquainted "with the conditions under which the artist grew, the habits of his race, the opinions of his age, his physiological and psychological peculiarities." And Symonds might have added that it is only in this latest phase, when the critics have availed themselves of the methods of the comparative biologists, that they are concerned with the interesting problems connected with the origin of the several literary species.

All over the world to-day devoted students are working at the hidden history of the lyric, for example, and of certain subdivisions of this species, such as the elegy, as it flowered long ago in Greece and as it has flourished in most of the literatures of modern Europe. To the "natural historian" of literary art, these subdivisions of a species are becoming more and more interesting, as he perceives more clearly how prone the poets have always been to work in accord with the pattern popular in their own time and to express themselves freely in the form they found ready to their hands. The student of the English drama is delighted when he can seize firmly the rise and fall of the tragedy of blood for one example, of the comedy of humors for another, and of sentimental comedy for a third; just as the investigator into the history of fiction is pleased to be able to trace the transformations of the pastoral, of the picaresque romance, and of the later short story.

The beginnings of a species, or of a subspecies, are obscure more often than not; and they are rarely to be declared with certainty. "Nothing is more difficult than to discover who have been in literature the first inventors" of a new form, so M. Jules Lemaître once asserted, adding that innovations have generally been attempted by writers of no great value, and not infrequently by those who failed in those first efforts, unable to profit by their own originality. And it is natural enough that a good many sighting shots should be wasted on a new target before even an accomplished marksman could plump his bullet in the bull's-eye. The historical novel as we know it now must be credited to Scott, who preluded by the rather feeble "Waverly," before attaining the more boldly planned "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering." The sea tale is to be ascribed to Cooper, whose wavering faith in its successful accomplishment is reflected in the shifting of the successive episodes of the "Pilot" from land to water and back again to land; and it was only when he came to write the "Red Rover" that Cooper displayed full confidence in the form he was the first to experiment with. But the history of the detective story begins with the publication of the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," a masterpiece of its kind, which even its author was unable to surpass; and Poe, unlike most other originators, rang the bell the very first time he took aim.

## II

THE detective story which Poe invented sharply differentiates itself from the earlier tales of mystery, and also from the later narratives in which actual detectives figure incidentally. Perhaps the first of these tales of mystery is Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," which appears to us now clumsy enough, with its puerile attempts to excite terror. The romances of Mrs. Radcliffe are scarcely more solidly built—indeed, the fa-



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tigue of the sophisticated reader of to-day when he undertakes the perusal of these old-fashioned and long-winded chronicles may be ascribed partly to the flimsiness of the foundation which is supposed to support the awe-inspiring superstructure. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" is far more firmly put together; and its artful planning called for imagination as well as mere invention. In the "Edgar Huntley" of Charles Brockden Brown the veil of doubt skilfully shrouds the unsuspected and unsuspecting murderer who did the evil deed in his sleep—anticipating the somnambulist hero of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone."

The disadvantages of this mystery-mongering have been pointed out by Poe with his wonted acuteness in his criticism of "Barnaby Rudge." After retelling the plot of Dickens's contorted narrative, and after putting the successive episodes into their true sequence, Poe asserted that "the thesis of the novel may thus be regarded as based upon curiosity," and he declared that "every point is so arranged as to perplex the reader and whet his desire for elucidation." He insisted "that the secret be well kept is obviously necessary," because if it leaks out "against the author's will, his purposes are immediately at odds and ends." Then he remarked that although "there can be no question that . . . many points . . . which would have been comparatively insipid even if given in full detail in a natural sequence, are endued with the interest of mystery; but neither can it be denied that a vast many more points are at the same time deprived of all effect, and become null, through the impossibility of comprehending them without the key." In other words, the novelist has chosen to sacrifice to the fleeting interest which is evoked only by wonder the more abiding interest which is aroused by the clear perception of the interplay of character and motive. Poe suggested that even "Barnaby Rudge"—in spite of its author's efforts to keep secret the real springs of action which controlled the characters—if taken up a second time by a reader put into possession of all that had been concealed, would be found to possess quadruple brilliance, "a brilliance unprofitably sacrificed at the shrine of the keenest interest of mere mystery."

Dickens was not the last novelist of note to be tempted and to fall into this snare. In the "Disciple," and again in "André Cornélis," M. Paul Bourget was lured from the path of psychologic analysis into the maze of mystery-mongering; but he had the tact to employ his secrets to excite interest only in the beginning of what were, after all, studies from life, each of them setting forth the struggle of a man with the memory of his crime. In "The Wreckers" Stevenson and his young collaborator attempted that "form of police novel or mystery story which consisted in beginning your yarn anywhere but at the beginning, and finishing it anywhere but at the end." They were attracted by its "peculiar interest when done, and the peculiar difficulties that attend its execution." They were "repelled by that appearance of insincerity and shallowness of tone which seems its inevitable drawback," because "the mind of the reader always bent to pick up clews receives no impression of reality or life, rather of an airless, elaborate mechanism; and the book remains enthralling, but insignificant, like a game of chess, not a work of human art." They hoped to find a new way of handling the old tale of mystery, so that they might get the profit without paying the price. But already in his criticism of "Barnaby Rudge" had Poe showed why disappointment was unavoidable, because the more artfully the dark intimations of horror are held out, the more certain it is that the anticipation must surpass the reality. No matter how terrific the circumstances may be which shall appear to have occasioned the mystery, "still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed."

Even Balzac, with all his mastery of the novelist's art, lost more than he gained when he strove to arouse the interest of his readers by an appeal to their curiosity. His mystery-mongering is sometimes perilously close to blatant sensationalism and overt charlatanry; and he seems to be seeking the bald effect for its own sake. In the "Chouans," and again in the "Ténébreuse Affaire," he has complicated plots and counterplots entangled almost to confusion, but the reader "receives no impression of reality or life" even if these novels cannot be dismissed as empty examples of "airless, elaborate mechanism."

The members of the secret police appear-

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ing in these stories have all a vague likeness to Vidocq, whose alleged memoirs were published in 1828, a few years before the author of the "Human Comedy" began to deal with the scheming of the underworld. Balzac's spies and his detectives are not convincing, despite his utmost effort; and we do not believe in their preternatural acuteness. Even in the conduct of their intrigues we are lost in a murky mistiness. Balzac is at his best when he is arousing the emotions of recognition; and he is at his worst when he sinks to evoking the emotions of surprise.

## III

In the true detective story as Poe conceived it in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," it is not in the mystery itself that the author seeks to interest the reader, but rather in the successive steps whereby his analytic observer is enabled to solve a problem that might well be dismissed as beyond human elucidation. Attention is centred on the unravelling of the tangled skein rather than on the knot itself. The emotion aroused is not mere surprise, it is recognition of the unsuspected capabilities of the human brain; it is not a wondering curiosity as to an airless mechanism, but a heightening admiration for the analytic acumen capable of working out an acceptable answer to the puzzle propounded. In other words, Poe, while he availed himself of the obvious advantages of keeping a secret from his readers and of leaving them guessing as long as he pleased, shifted the point of attack and succeeded in giving a human interest to his tale of wonder.

And by this shift Poe transported the detective story from the group of tales of adventure into the group of portrayals of character. By bestowing upon it a human interest, he raised it in the literary scale. There is no need now to exaggerate the merits of this feat or to suggest that Poe himself was not capable of loftier efforts. Of course the "Fall of the House of Usher," which is of imagination all compact, is more valid evidence of his genius than the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," which is the product rather of his invention, supremely ingenious as it is. Even though the detective story as Poe produced it is elevated far above the barren tale of mystery which preceded it and which has been revived in our own day, it is not one of the loftiest of literary forms, and its possibilities are severely limited. It suffers to-day from the fact that in the half century and more since Poe set the pattern it has been vulgarized, debased, degraded by a swarm of imitators who lacked his certainty of touch, his instinctive tact, his intellectual individuality. In their hands it has been bereft of its distinction and despoiled of its atmosphere.

Even at its best, in the simple perfection of form that Poe bestowed on it, there is no denying that it demanded from its creator no depth of sentiment, no warmth of emotion, and no large understanding of human desire. There are those who would dismiss it carelessly, as making an appeal not far removed from that of the riddle and of the conundrum. There are those again who would liken it rather to the adroit trick of a clever conjurer. No doubt, it gratifies in us chiefly that delight in difficulty conquered, which is a part of the primitive play impulse potent is us all, but tending to die out as we grow older, as we lessen in energy, and as we feel more deeply the tragi-comedy of existence. But inexpensive as it may seem to those of us who look to literature for enlightenment, for solace in the hour of need, for stimulus to stiffen the will in the never-ending struggle of life, the detective tale, as Poe contrived it, has merits of its own as distinct and as undeniable as those of the historical novel, for example, or of the sea tale. It may please the young rather than the old, but the pleasure it can give is ever innocent; and the young are always in the majority.

## IV

In so far as Poe had any predecessor in the composing of a narrative, the interest of which should reside in the application of human intelligence to the solution of a mystery, this was not Balzac, although the American romancer was sufficiently familiar with the "Human Comedy" to venture an unidentified quotation from it. Nor was this predecessor Cooper, whom Balzac admired and even imitated, although Leatherstocking in tracking his redskin enemies revealed the tense observation and the faculty of deduction with which Poe was to endow his Dupin. The only predecessor with

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a good claim to be considered a progenitor is Voltaire, in whose "Zadig" we can find the method which Poe was to apply more elaborately. The Goncourts perceived this descent of Poe from Voltaire when they recorded in their "Journal" that the strange tales of the American poet seemed to them to belong to "a new literature, the literature of the twentieth century, scientifically miraculous story-telling by A + B, a literature at once monomaniac and mathematical, Zadig as district attorney, Cyrano de Bergerac as a pupil of Arago."

Voltaire tells us that Zadig by study gained "a sagacity which discovered to him a thousand differences where other men saw only uniformity"; and he describes a misadventure which befell Zadig when he was living in the kingdom of Babylon. One day the chief eunuch asked if he had seen the Queen's dog. "It is a female, isn't it?" returned Zadig; "a spaniel, and very small; she littered not long ago; she is lame of the left fore foot; and she has very long ears." "So you have seen her?" cried the eunuch. "No," Zadig answered; "I have never seen her; and I never even knew that the Queen had a dog."

About the same time the handsomest horse in the king's stables escaped; and the chief huntsman, meeting Zadig, inquired if he had not seen the animal. And Zadig responded: "It is the horse that gallops the best; he is five feet high; his shoe is very small; his tail is three and a half feet long; the knobs of his bit are of twenty-three carat gold; and he is shod with eleven-penny silver." And the chief huntsman asked, "Which way did he go?" To which Zadig replied: "I have not seen him; and I have never heard anything about him."

The chief eunuch and the chief huntsman naturally believed that Zadig had stolen the queen's dog and the king's horse; so they had him arrested and condemned, first to the knout, and afterward to exile for life in Siberia. And then both the missing animals were recovered; so Zadig was allowed to plead his case. He swore that he had never seen either the dog of the queen nor the horse of the king. This is what had happened: He had been walking toward a little wood and he had seen on the sand the track of an animal, and he judged that it had been a dog. Little furrows scratched in the low hillocks of sand between the footprints showed him that it was a female whose teats were pendent, and who therefore must have littered recently. As the sand was less deeply marked by one foot than by the three others, he had perceived the queen's dog to be lame.

As for the larger quadruped, Zadig, while walking in a narrow path in the wood, had seen the prints of a horse's shoes, all at an equal distance; and he had said to himself that here was a steed with a perfect stride. The path was narrow, being only seven feet wide, and here and there the dust had been flicked from the trees on either hand, and so Zadig had made sure that the horse had a tail three and a half feet long. The branches crossed over the path at the height of five feet, and as leaves had been broken off, the observer had decided that the horse was just five feet high. As to the bit, this must be of gold, since the horse had rubbed it against a stone, which Zadig had recognized as a touchstone and on which he had assayed the trace of precious metal. And from the marks left by the horse's shoes on another kind of stone Zadig had felt certain that they were made of eleven-penny silver.

Huxley has pointed out that the method of Zadig is the method which has made possible the incessant scientific discovery of the last century. It is the method of Wellington at Assaye, assuming that there must be a ford at a certain place on the river, because there was a village on each side. It is the method of Grant at Vicksburg, examining the knapsacks of the Confederate soldiers slain in a sortie to see if these contained rations, which would show that the garrison was seeking to break out because the place was untenable. It is also the method of Poe in the "Gold Bug" and in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

In his application of this method, not casually, playfully, and with satiric intent, as Voltaire had applied it, but seriously and taking it as the mainspring of his story, Poe added an ingenious improvement of his own devising. Upon the preternaturally acute observer who was to control the machinery of the tale, the American poet bestowed a companion of only an average alertness and keenness; and to this commonplace companion the romancer confided the telling of the story. By this seemingly simple device Poe doubled the effectiveness of his work, because this unobservant and unimagina-

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tive narrator of the unravelling of a tangled skein by an observant and imaginative analyst naturally recorded his own admiration and astonishment as the wonder was wrought before his eyes, so that the admiration and astonishment were transmitted directly and suggestively to the readers of the narrative.

In the "Gold Bug" the wonder worker is Legrand, and in both the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and the "Purloined Letter" he is M. Dupin; and in all three tales the telling of the story is entrusted to an anonymous narrator, serving not only as a sort of Greek chorus to hint to the spectators the emotions they ought to feel, but also as the describer of the personality and peculiarities of Legrand and Dupin, who are thus individualized, humanized, and related to the real world. If they had not been accepted by the narrator as actual beings of flesh and blood, they might otherwise retain the thinness and the dryness of disembodied intelligences working in a vacuum.

This device of the transmitting narrator is indisputably valuable; and, properly enough, it reappears in the one series of detective tales which may be thought by some to rival Poe's. The alluring record of the investigations of Mr. Sherlock Holmes is the work of a certain Dr. Watson, a human being but little more clearly characterized than the anonymous narrators who have preserved for us the memory of Legrand and Dupin. But Poe here again exhibited a more artistic reserve than any of his imitators, in so far as he refrained from the undue laudation of the strange intellectual feats which are the central interest of these three tales. In the "Gold Bug" he even heightens his suspense by allowing the narrator to suggest that Legrand might be of unsound mind; and in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" the narrator, although lost in astonishment at the acuteness of Dupin, never permits his admiration to become fulsome; he holds himself in, as though fearing that overpraise might provoke a denial. Moreover, Poe refrained from all exhibitions of Dupin's skill merely for its own sake—exhibitions only dazzling the spectators and not furthering his immediate purpose.

Nothing could be franker than Sir Conan Doyle's acknowledgment of his indebtedness. "Edgar Allen Poe, who, in his carelessly prodigal fashion, threw out the seeds from which so many of our present forms of literature have sprung, was the father of the detective tale, and covered its limits so completely that I fail to see how his followers can find any fresh ground which they can confidently call their own. For the secret of the thinness and also of the intensity of the detective story is that the writer is left with only one quality, that of intellectual acuteness, with which to endow his hero. Everything else is outside the picture and weakens the effect. The problem and its solution must form the theme, and the character drawing is limited and subordinate. On this narrow path the writer must walk, and he sees the footmarks of Poe always in front of him. He is happy if he ever finds the means of breaking away and striking out on some little side-track of his own."

The deviser of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes hit on a happy phrase when he declared that "the problem and its solution must form the theme." This principle was violated by Dumas, who gave us the solution before the problem, when he showed how d'Artagnan used the method of Zadig to deduce all the details of the duel on horseback, in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," after the author had himself described to us the incidents of that fight. But when he was thus discounting his effect Dumas probably had in mind, not Poe, but Cooper, whose observant redskins he mightily admired and whom he frankly imitated in the "Mohicans of Paris."

## V

Although Poe tells these three stories in the first person, as if he was himself only the recorder of the marvellous deeds of another, both Legrand and Dupin are projections of his own personality; they are characters created by him to be endowed with certain of his own qualifications and peculiarities. They were called into being to be possessed of the inventive and analytical powers of Poe himself. "To be an artist, first and always, requires a turn for induction and analysis"—so Mr. Stedman has aptly put it; and this turn for induction and analysis Poe had far more obviously than most artists. When he was a student he excelled in mathematics; in all his other

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tales he displays the same power of logical construction; and he delighted in the exercise of his own acumen, vaunting his ability to translate any cipher that might be sent to him and succeeding in making good his boast. In the criticism of "Barnaby Rudge," and again in the explanation of the Maelzel chess-player, Poe used for himself the same faculty of divination, the same power of seizing the one clue needful, however tangled amid other threads, which he had bestowed upon Legrand and Dupin.

If we may exclude the "Marie Roger" narrative in which Poe was working over an actual case of murder, we find him only three times undertaking the "tale of ratiocination," to use his own term; and in all three stories he was singularly happy in the problem he invented for solution. For each of the three he found a fit theme, wholly different from that employed in either of the others. He adroitly adjusted the proper accessories, and he created an appropriate atmosphere. With no sense of strain, and no awkwardness of manner, he dealt with episodes strange indeed, but so simply treated as to seem natural, at least for the moment. There is no violence of intrigue or conjecture; indeed Poe strives to suggest a background of the commonplace against which his marvels may seem the more marvellous. In none of his stories is Poe's consummate mastery of the narrative art, his ultimate craftsmanship, his certain control of all the devices of the most accomplished story-teller, more evident than in these three.

And yet they are but detective stories, after all; and Poe himself, never prone to underestimate what he had written, spoke of them lightly and even hinted that they had been overpraised. Probably they were easy writing—for him—and therefore they were not so close to his heart as certain other of his tales over which he had toiled long and more laboriously. Probably also he felt the detective story to be an inferior form. However superior his stories in this kind might be, he knew them to be unworthy of comparison with his more imaginative tales, which he had filled with a thrilling weirdness and which attained a soaring elevation far above any height to be achieved by ingenious narratives setting forth the solving of a puzzle.

It is in a letter to Philip Pendleton Cooke, written in 1846, that Poe disparaged his detective stories and declared that they "owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key. I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious—but people think them more ingenious than they are—on account of their method and *air* of method. In the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the express purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story." Here, surely, Poe is overmodest; at least he overstates the case against himself. The ingenuity of the author obviously lies in his invention of a web which seemingly cannot be unravelled and which nevertheless one of the characters of the tale, Legrand or Dupin, succeeds in unravelling at last. This ingenuity may be, in one way, less than that required to solve an actual problem in real life; but it is also, in another way, more, for it had to invent its own puzzle and to put this together so that the secret seemed to be absolutely hidden, although all the facts needed to solve it were plainly presented to the reader.

In the same letter to Cooke, Poe remarked on the "wide diversity and variety" of his tales when contrasted one with another; and he asserted that he did not consider any one better than another. "There is a vast variety of kinds, and in degree of value these kinds vary—but each tale is equally good *of its kind*." He added that "the loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination." For this reason only he considered that "Ligeia" might be called the best of his stories. Now, after a lapse of threescore years, the "Fall of the House of Usher," with its "serene and sombre beauty," would seem to deserve the first place of all. And among the detective stories, standing on a lower plane as they do, because they were wrought by invention rather than by the interpreting imagination, the foremost position may be given to the "Murders in the Rue Morgue." In this tale Poe's invention is most ingenious and his subject is selected with the fullest understanding of the utmost possibilities of the detective story. At the core of it is a strange, mysterious, monstrous crime; and M. Anatole France was never wiser than when he declared the un-

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failing interest of mankind in a gigantic misdeed "because we find in all crimes that fund of hunger and desire on which we all live, the good as well as the bad." Before a crime such as this we seem to find ourselves peering into the contorted visage of primitive man, obeying no law but his own caprice.

The superiority of the poet who wrote the first detective story over all those who have striven to tread in the trail he blazed is obvious enough. It resides not only in his finer workmanship, his more delicate art, his finer certainty of execution, his more absolute knowledge of what it was best to do and of the way best to do this; it is to be seen not only in his command of verisimilitude, in his plausibility, in his faculty of enwrapping the figures of his narrative in the atmosphere most fit for them; it is not in any of these things or in all of them that Poe's supremacy is founded. The reason of that supremacy must be sought in the fact that, after all, Poe was of a truth a poet, and that he had the informing imagination of a poet, even though it was only the more prosaic side of the faculty divine which he chose to employ in these tales of ratiocination.

It is by their possession of poetry, however slight their portion might be, that Fitzjames O'Brien and M. Jean Richepin and Mr. Rudyard Kipling were kept from rank failure when they followed in Poe's footsteps and sought to imitate, or at least to emulate his more largely imaginative tales in the "Diamond Lens" of the Irish-American, in the "Morts Bizarres" of the Frenchman, and in half a dozen tales of the Anglo-Indian. But what tincture of poesy, what sweep of vision, what magic of style, is there in the attempts of the most of the others who have taken pattern by his detective stories? None, and less than none. Ingenuity of a kind there is in Gaboriau's longer fictions, and in those of Fortuné de Boisgobey, and in those of Wilkie Collins; but this ingenuity is never so simply employed, and it is often artificial and violent and mechanical. It exists for its own sake, with little relation to the admitted characteristics of our common humanity. It stands alone, and it is never accompanied by the apparent ease which adds charm to Poe's handling of his puzzles.

Consider how often Gaboriau puts us off with a broken-backed narrative, taking up his curtain on a promising problem, presenting it to us in aspects of increasing difficulty, only at last to confess his impotence by starting afresh and slowly detailing the explanatory episodes which happened before the curtain rose. Consider how frequently Fortuné de Boisgobey failed to play fair. Consider how juiceless was the documentary method of Wilkie Collins, how mechanical and how arid, how futilely complicated, how prolonged, and how fatiguing. Consider all the minor members of the sorry brood hatched out of the same egg, how cheap and how childish the most of them are. Consider all these; and we are forced to the conclusion that if the writing of a good detective story is so rare and so difficult, if only one of Poe's imitators has been able really to rival his achievement, if this single success has been the result of an acceptance of Poe's formula and of a close adherence to Poe's practice, then, what Poe wrought is really unique; and we must give him the guerdon of praise due to an artist who has accomplished the first time of trying that which others have failed to achieve even after he had shown them how.

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# THE HARSH WORD

By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by W. J. Aylward

MARTIN CARR had come forward for his usual mug-up before turning in. Piling down after him came his bunk-mate, almost his shadow, little Eddie Foy. "M-m—but it's some cold on deck!" ejaculated Eddie ere yet his feet hit the forec'sle floor.

"Yes," assented Martin, taking a coffee mug from off a nail in the grub-locker the meanwhile, "yes, a man astray to-night in a dory he'll cert'nly thrash his arms across his breast afore mornin'." And then directing his voice toward the cook, "Louder, boy, louder."

For a New Year's gift somebody had given the cook an advertising calendar, one of those thick pad-like affairs with each date in large numerals on a separate sheet. At the foot of each in small type were various praiseworthy sentiments, and it was from these that the cook, in an almost inaudible voice, was reading. As he finished one he would tear it off with a flourish and pass on to the next. Martin, now leisurely pouring the hot coffee from the boiler on the stove, had again to admonish the cook: "Louder, Charlie, louder. Let's us all hear."

"Ah-h—to hell with 'em!" suddenly exploded the cook. "Look, Martin—you can't have two days runnin' of them, the things worth readin', and gran' sayin's some of them, when the third day'll come a lot of stuff about their ottermobiles. People who'd play that on you will make machines, I'll bet, that'd break down just when you was countin' most on 'em—goin' down a steep hill or maybe with a gully a thousand fathom deep to your rail."

"'Mind a man of the weather, wouldn't it?" put in Eddie Foy, "which'll come along fair and promisin' for a few days, till you come to put trust in it, and then one day you get caught out——"

"G-g-g—" gasped the cook—"G-g-g—" and took to tearing off the sheets rapidly. "Two, three, four—who the hell wants to hear about their old machines?—nine, ten, e-leven. I s'pose I might's well set it for t'morrer. There—twelve. Feb'uary the twelfth."

"Hah?" Martin, who had seated himself in neighborly fashion on the locker next the cook's bunk, now slewed his body half around to take heed of the cook. "The twelfth, did y' say, Charlie?" and after peering into the bunk to see for himself, said softly, "Sure enough, the twelfth." And yet more softly, gazing abstractedly into his steaming mug of coffee while he spoke, "February the twelfth—a year to-morrow," and, turning to his chum, "D'y' mind it, Eddie?"

For an instant Eddie looked in puzzlement at Martin, and then he, too, with the tender tone, answered, "Aye, Martin, so 'tis—a year to-morrow. Poor Bushie!"

There were those to whom the whole truth was not known, and so the story told this winter's night by Martin Carr in the brightness and warmth of the schooner's forec'sle.

"A boy to love was Bushie; but from that very first summer trip he made he did things that 'd go to show he was never intended for a fisherman. 'Twasn't alone that matter of the sword-fish. That was when we were single-dory trawling on Le Have, and there was Bushie all by himself, nobody to advise him, when he runs foul of this great creature—just got a peek at him when down he goes, half a tub of trawls tangled up with him, and Lord knows how many fathom down, before Bushie waked up to it he's hooked anything at all. And when he, poor boy, never any great hand with an oar, sets out to tow him to the vessel, two miles against wind and tide. For hours we c'd see him comin', and while he was yet a cable's length away we could hear him hollerin'. 'The taykle! the taykle!" he kept yellin'. 'What is it?' we called out. 'A sword-fish,' he answers. 'I see the twin fins of him—a



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monster—all of a thousand pound. A good afternoon's work—sword-fish ten cents a pound when we left home—the taykle! the taykle!' and such pride was there in his face and voice that 'twas a joy just to look and listen to him. And when he come alongside we put the dory tackle to the tangled trawls and begins to hoist, and sure enough, up comes something half as long as a dory. But when the gang gets a fair look at what it was!

"'A sword-fish?' says one. 'A sword-fish?' roars another. And the skipper—'He cert'nly looks to weigh a thousand pounds,' says the skipper, 'but we won't stop to weigh him.' And everyone that could grabs a fork or a gaff or a deck-broom and begins to welt that sword-fish over the nose. A sword-fish? No; but as ugly a hammer-headed shark as ever a man laid eyes on, and poor Bushie hadn't a word to say, but stood by with tears 'most in his eyes, while the gang walloped his great ketch till they got tired.

"Bushie was the kind that took little things like that to heart, and some of 'em poked so much fun at him, especially two chaps, Addicks and Indry, that he didn't follow up that first trip on the *Cygnet*. And it was six months or more again before we, or most of us, anyway, saw him again, and then it was plain what was drivin' him. He was starvin', for in the cold weather, d' y' see, there wasn't so much doin' for Bushie around the docks, and so one day he came down to our vessel—he'd heard we were a man short—got his courage up and came down, summer underclothes still on him, to see if he could get a chance on the *Cygnet*. Poor boy, his stomach was bending in for the want of good food, and his teeth were clicking with the cold. Well, he didn't get an over and above average encouragement, everybody knowin' what a poor hand he was in a dory; and there was this Addicks 'specially that couldn't abide him at all. 'H-m,' he says, 'the lad that caught the sword-fish. Give *him* a chance? Why, he's about as much use as a passenger. Maybe he'll get another sword-fish and be roaring, "The taykle! the taykle!" again. "All of a thousand pound; I see the twin fins of him!"' and Addicks starts to roarin', and everybody roars. And yet 'twarn't so black a mark against a green man.

"'Well,' the skipper says, 'what d' y' think, Martin?' and I said—God forgive me, now, but I meant well—I says, 'Give the poor boy a chance,' and the skipper, a good-hearted man, after a while said: 'All right; get your bag and come aboard,' but he jumped aboard as he was. Bag? He didn't have a second undershirt to his back. Of course we helped him out—one a shirt, another drawers; here a pair of mitts, and there an oilskin. But when he was all fitted out he lacked a lot of bein' properly protected again' the cold of winter fishin'!

"Now, there was a little something else behind Addicks and Indry's opposition, only it didn't come out till later. This lad, you see, Bushie, had the most takin' way with him. You'd laugh at him and you'd lecture him, but you couldn't help likin' him. The girls 'specially, took the greatest fancy to him. And that was the case with a couple that Indry and Addicks had been tryin' to get to wind'ard of for a long time. Addicks and Indry 'd be makin' great headway with 'em till Bushie 'd come along, and then 'twould be all off. The girls 'd forget that the other two was in the room at all. How do I account for that? Well, in the case of Addicks and his partner maybe 'twas easy enough. They were hard as flint, always lookin' for the best of it.

"Well, on the run out to the grounds this trip Bushie he cert'nly won everybody's heart. That's after he got two or three good meals into him. He'd coil up in his bunk of an evenin', about the time everybody 'd be feelin' rested and contented, and in the right mood for it, and he'd get out his little harmonica. And man! maybe 'd there'd be an easterly swishin' and a cross-sea poundin', and maybe on deck 'twould he half a foot of snow, and the watch slushin' around in it, wearin' their eyes out tryin' to see into what mortal eyes weren't meant to see into, and maybe we c'd hear 'em call out from one to the other. But Bushie he'd cuddle that little mouth-organ in the palm and fingers of his left hand, and the palm and fingers of his right hand he'd coil around on the outside of them again, like he was afraid somebody was goin' to steal it from him, and he'd curl his lips around the music side of it, and then, his shoulders hunched and his head to one side, he'd begin. And in five minutes you'd forget all about a nothe-easter, another five and you couldn't 'a' said

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whether you were to sea or in a duck-pond. Five more and you'd be back to home and wife, and if 'twarn't for the oilskins and jackboots hangin' up by the stove to dry, you'd swear you could see the babies rollin' 'round the floor. Yes, sir; and when he wasn't too tired with his day at the trawls and dressin' down afterward—he warn't overstrong, the poor boy, and the work used to tire him out terribly some days—when there was any little let-up so there was a chance to rest up, man, you could see him fattenin' under your eyes, and then he'd joke and laugh till, if 'twas at table, you'd most forget to eat. He had a quick eye and brain, y' see, for odd happenings. Maybe that used up his strength same as so much hard work, that brain and eye of his that never rested, but in this life allowance, of course, is seldom made for that.

"Well, winter fishin', no gainsaying it, is hard sometimes, and one day this trip leavin' the vessel it was pretty rough, and—you mind the day, Eddie?"

"I do, Martin; and a damn sight rougher afore we got aboard again."

"It was. And the first man to get aboard that day was Bushie. Before anybody else 'd hauled his first tub this lad Bushie was aboard. 'Twas plain his trouble—the fright of the sea was on him. I've seen it a score o' times and on many a man that made a good fisherman later. It's a great help, bein' born to a thing, but there's a lot, too, in bein' trained to it. And besides the fright in Bushie's case there was the exhaustion, too, this day. It tried the toughest of us that day. Well, Bushie, cut his gear and came aboard. I knew he cut it—I saw him when he did it. And he must 've known I saw him, 'cause I was next dory to him, his lines and mine all but tangled. But he knew, I s'pose, that I'd never say anything, he and me bein' very friendly; and he was hopin', no doubt, that nobody else 'd find it out. He accounted for coming aboard so early by sayin' he got hung up and parted his gear, and it bein' a rough bottom, too, that would 'a' sounded plausible enough comin' from some men. But this Addicks repeats, 'Parted his gear! and d' y' believe that shrimp had the strength to part a sixteen-pound ground-line?' and rushes up and overhauls the poor boy's tub of trawls, and there, sure enough, finds where it 'd been cut clean with a knife. And he brings what was left of the tub down into the forec's'le, where the first gang was to supper, and shows the mark of the knife. He showed it to you, Eddie?"

"He did."

"And to me; though I made out I was too busy to look. Well, it was a hard thing to have to face across the lighted supper-table, the forec's'le filled with angry men; for, while the gang started out by rather not wantin' to know about it, they warmed up, between Indry's and Addicks's talk, by feelin' that they hadn't been treated right. Addicks heaves the tub of trawls through the bulkhead door and into the forehold; and Indry, who was like a thumb to Addicks's fingers, he turns to take it up. 'And this man comes aboard here and expects to get a full share,' says Indry, 'a *man's* share, at the end of this trip—and for all the fish he'll bring aboard! And heaves away gear besides; and who'll pay for the lost gear? Will he? No; but it's the crew, and not them who cuts, who pays for lost gear. Yes, we'll do well by *him!*'

"Well, if the Lord was to condemn me for my sins, the last punishment I'd want would be to be set up before a gang of trawlers, maybe a little less good-natured than usual after a long, hard day in the dories; and perhaps half of 'em who hadn't wanted me aboard in the first place, and they passin' judgment on me after it 'd been proved I was a man that shirked my work, and that ran away from danger; that cut his gear, and put for the vessel when there was no need of it; and his shipmates, not himself alone, havin' to suffer for it. Don't you say the same—isn't that hard, Eddie?"

"Aye, Martin, that's purgatory, sure enough."

"Purgatory? It's hell. And I guess Bushie must 've thought so that night. He sat there on the port lockers, the second man from the peak at the table—just sat there, denyin' nothing once they'd seen the cut line, not even movin' for the cook to clear off the dishes; but just sat there, his head down; never looking up to meet a single eye, and not a blessed word out of him till just before he turned in. You mind him then, Eddie?"

"I do, Martin; and what he said before he climbed into the peak to turn in, before he laid himself in his bunk."

"Yes; we'll none of us forget *that*. He

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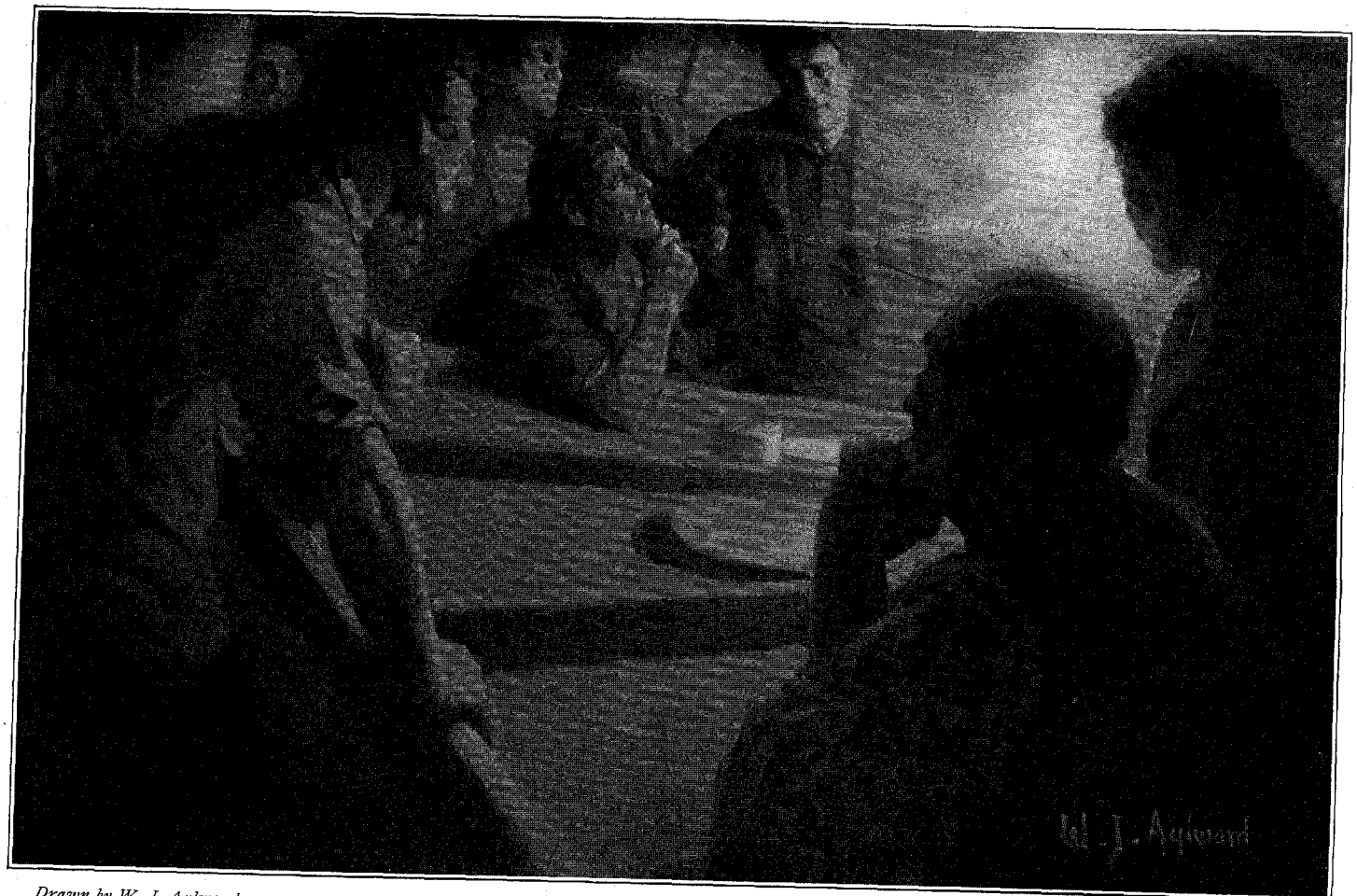

*Drawn by W. J. Aylward.*

"I'll bet there'll be none of you hang on any longer than I do."—Page 298.

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stood there where the samson-post is; and standin' there, the light of the samson-lamp was strikin' his face sidewise, and the light of the forem'st lamp on him full—standin' there he faced them all and said, 'Well, next time I'll bet there'll be none of you hang on any longer than I do.' Just that—just like a boy that's ready to burst into tears—and turned his back and disappeared into the darkness of the peak; he had the top peak bunk. And this Addicks roared in pretended amazement after him, and so did Indry; but nobody else said anything. Them two, Indry and Addicks, were big, able men, with no lack of shortcomings themselves; but good fishermen both, no denyin' it—good trawlers, the pair of them.

"'He hang on!' sneers Addicks after Bushie 'd gone; 'he will if somebody makes him.'

"'I'll bet if we was to stand up by his bunk now we'd find him cryin',' adds this Indry.

"Well, I have small love for people that have always the harsh word, that can never make allowance for people different from themselves, and that made me mad. 'Maybe he is cryin',' I breaks in. 'Good men, better men than either of you, have cried like girls in their time; shut up!' I says.

"Aye, Martin, and more than that you said." Eddie Foy pounded the locker with his mug for emphasis. "'Blast you,' says Martin to them, 'no more of it, or I'll heave you both where you, Addicks, hove that tub of trawls to-night.'" Eddie Foy gazed about in pride of his big mate. "And maybe he wouldn't 'a' hove them if they hadn't shut up!"

"Next morning," continued Martin, "when we turned out, it was too rough to put the dories over; but by the middle of the afternoon it moderated, so the skipper thought he'd try it. Some might 'a' said it was poor judgment orderin' the dories over that afternoon; but Lord, if men want to bring home the fish they've got to take chances sometimes. So over we went; and Bushie bein' the first aboard the afternoon before, was, of course, the last out this day, and next to him was Addicks. The pair of 'em were almost together up to wind'ard when the vessel came about to run down the string again.

"Well, after lettin' the trawls set for an hour or so the signal went from the vessel to haul. It was coming on gray and chill then, looking like snow, and pretty cold, with the wind in the east. And so it stayed till nigh dark, when the air cleared and the wind began to back around to the west'ard. It was slow work haulin', owing to the rough bottom. Long before I had my first tub in I misdoubted we'd make the vessel before dark. And we didn't. No dory got aboard till well after what should have been sunset; which there wasn't any that evenin'. I was the first on board that evenin', and after pitchin' my fish on deck I went into the rigging with a torch flaring over my head—the skipper keepin' the horn goin' meantime.

"'The next two or three men aboard had a report of two dories far down to le'ward drifting away before the tide; and the tide was then settin' before the westerly breeze at a great clip. But as the skipper said, 'Them two to le'ward can hear the horn, while them to wind'ard can't; and besides, it's eight dories against two!' And that was good judgment, too.

"It might 've been eight o'clock then, and lookin' bad for all of 'em; but like a hundred other times we see it lookin' bad it didn't turn out so bad. One after the other we picked up them eight wind'ard dories, but the last of 'em not till after eleven o'clock, gettin' them by the sound of their voices while they were still half a mile away because of the strong wind was blowin'. The missing two were Bushie and Addicks, and Addicks we picked up along about midnight.

"'See anything of Bushie?' inquired the skipper, when Addicks was alongside.

"'Not since just after dark,' answers Addicks. 'When the wind hauled and we were left to le'ward I started for the vessel. He was then haulin' his trawls and slidin' off before wind and tide.'

"'Wonder you wouldn't give him a lift.'

"'Me? Give him—that boasted he'd hang out long's anybody? Besides, I had enough to do to take care of myself.'

"'I'll bet,' says Eddie there to me, but loud enough so Addicks could hear him, 'that Bushie and him had it out, and Bushie made him quit.'

"And I guess that was so; because Addicks, gen'rally ready enough to explain himself, had no answer to that.

"Well, we expected to see Bushie come

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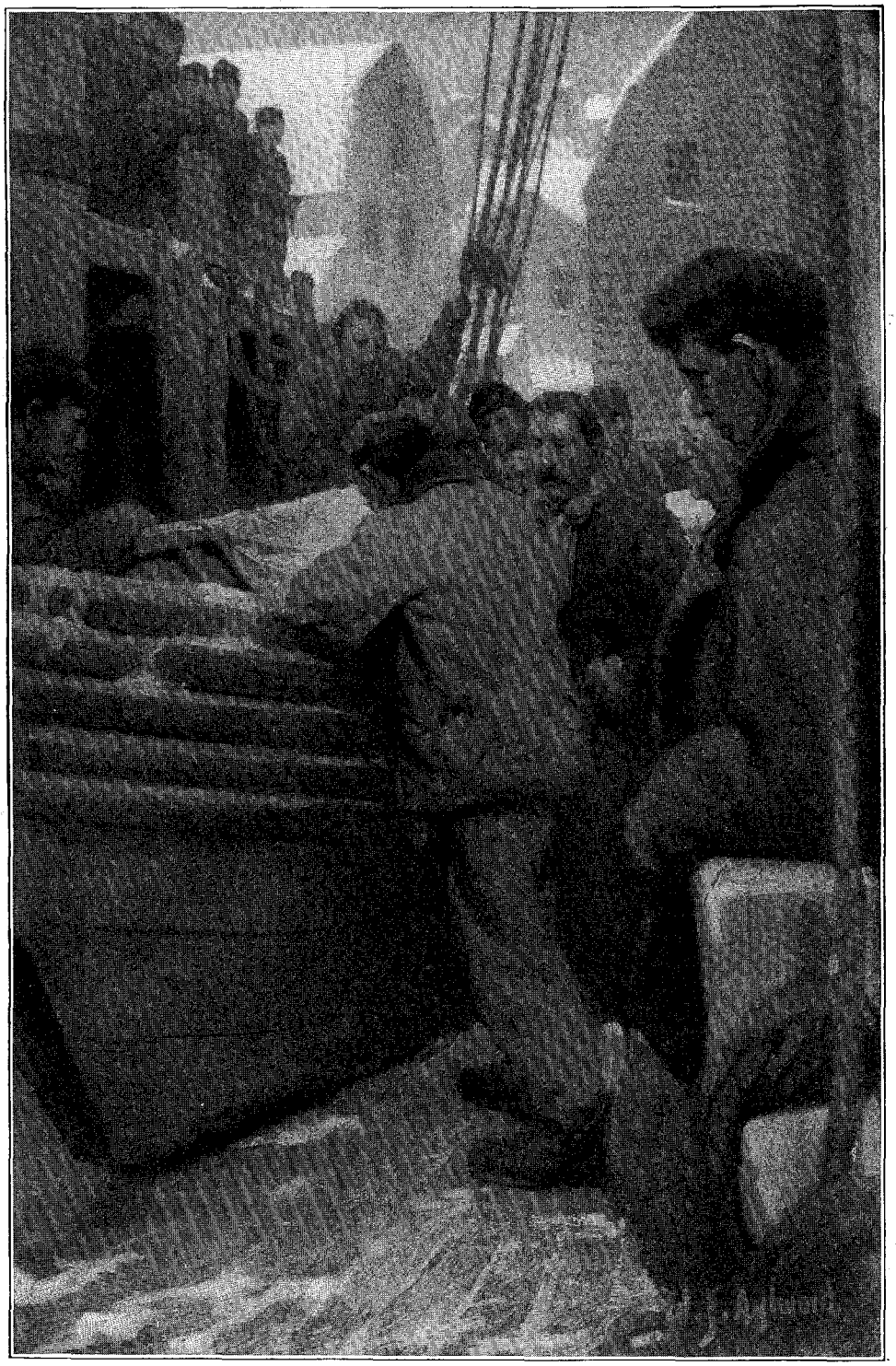

*Drawn by W. J. Aylward.*

"Our skipper leaned, weak as water, over the dory-gunnel."—Page 300.

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aboard afore mornin', for it was a fine clear night overhead, though also, as you might expect of a westerly at that time of year, cold as hell. Well, a dory's but a small object on the wide ocean, and in the mornin' we got no sight of Bushie, nor during all that day—and a cold day it was—and the night that followed. On the second morning neither was he to be seen, and then we worried sure enough, for a winter nor'-wester on the Atlantic it's the coldest wind there is on any ocean.

"We didn't find Bushie; and a week later, having filled her up, we put for home. Maybe, we said, somebody's picked her up; but didn't believe it. And two days more saw us in Gloucester, with our flag to half-mast as we sailed past the Point.

"You know how we have to shoot in around the end of the wharf and up into the slip, with that tall smoke-house hidin' whatever's layin' in to the firm's wharf till you're in yourself. There in the slip before us was the *Parker*, Billie Simms, and her flag was to half-mast, and every sign was that she'd only just got in, too. 'Well,' says we; 'we're not the only unfortunates,' and the skipper hails Billie himself when we shot alongside. And he steps aboard the *Parker* from our rails to hers, as did half a dozen of us, soon as we made fast across his deck.

"'Hard luck, Billie,' says our skipper. 'Who is it?'

"'Nobody I know,' says Billie; 'but I know the dory. And maybe you'll know it too, when you see it,' and lifts the canvas from off the bow of the top one of the nest of dories, and there we saw it, the name *Cygnet*.'

"'My dory,' says our skipper. 'I was hopin' he'd be picked up, but'—and looked to Billie's half-masted flag—'not like this. You got him, too?'

"'Yes; we got him.' For just a second when Billie said that, I had a hope that Bushie was alive, but only for a second. Billie rolls the canvas back further, and there we all saw him, the poor frozen body, the oilskins covered with ice; but the face warn't ice-covered, nor marked in any way. Calm and smooth and natural as life, poor Bushie's frozen face was starin' up to the sky.

"The skipper looked down on him. We all looked down on him, and Billie Simms, touchin' the breast of the oil-jacket, said: 'No wonder. Under these he hadn't clothes enough to warm a cat.' And one of us there touched the poor forehead, and then another, and 'Poor Bushie!' says two or three.

"Our skipper leaned, weak as water, over the dory-gunnel, and from there he didn't move till Billie Simms replaced the canvas over the body. 'Hard lines,' says Billie. 'And I s'pose 'twill be you will have to tell his folks?'

"Our skipper comes to himself then. 'No, not me, Billie; I'll be damned if I do,' and wheeling and pointing his woolen mitt at Addicks and Indry, 'One of you, damn you, go up and tell them.'

"As for myself, that liked the boy so well, I couldn't do anything. I s'pose I ought to've crushed the pair of 'em, but I couldn't have crushed a fly, I felt that bad; but Eddie there——"

"Aye, me," agreed Eddie, "I goes up to Addicks and repeats the skipper's words. 'Yes, you,' I repeats; and with no more notion of doing it before I did do it than I have of jumping on Martin now, 'You hound!' I says, and leaps at him and smashes him to the deck. Yes, big Addicks, that was big enough to eat me, and when he stands up I smashes him again. And then I turns and smashes Indry. 'You hounds o' hell!' I shrieks; 'go up and tell them!'"

"And nobody," continued Martin, "seemed very much surprised at Eddie either; and without a word, without even stoppin' to wipe the blood from their faces—and their faces, not havin' been shaved for two weeks, the blood was crawling in and out of their beards—they swung themselves into the *Parker's* riggin', and from there to the stringpiece, and hurries up the wharf on their errand. They didn't even stop long enough to get a drink in a saloon on the way up, but kept on toward Main Street, and never a look behind to see if we were watchin' them or no.

"Yes, sir, they went on up. And never came back—not to the *Cygnet*, anyway. And next day we took their bags, slipshods, bedding and diddy-boxes, and everything else in their bunks, and hove 'em into the harbor. One of 'em, Addicks, didn't need the gear, anyway; he never went fishing again."

Here, while Martin paused to stare into the bottom of his empty mug, the cook

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queried, "And is that the Addicks, Martin, that——"

"The same man. Working ashore, a day now and a day again, when he c'n find anybody to give him a day's work and he's sober enough, for from that day to this he's drawn but few sober breaths."

"And the same Indry, Martin, that was washed off the deck of the *Independence* off Bacalieu—she making a passage—last winter?"

"The same chap. 'Twas a month after Bushie was lost—in broad light—and maybe you'll remember nobody jumped overboard after *him*. Indeed, there were those who said that the man to the wheel was in no great hurry even to bring the vessel to."

During the silence which ensued, Martin stood up and looked toward the coffee kettle, as if contemplating another mug-up; but moderation, as ever, prevailing with him, he eventually, though with a lingering shake of the head, replaced his mug in the grub-locker, even as a half-sigh and a "O-ho, I guess it's time to be turnin' in" escaped him. "Come, Eddie, what d' y' say to goin' aft?"

"'Bout time, Martin, I guess," and trod after Martin.

"February the twelfth, a year to-morrow—poor Bushie!" muttered Martin, and mounted the ladder.

"Poor Bushie!" echoed Foy, and climbed after him.

The cook listened while the scrapings of their slip-shods could be heard on the deck, and then "Poor Bushie!" he, too, echoed, and "Poor Bushie!" again. "And Indry—he only got what was comin' to him. But Addicks!" Suddenly he dashed his fist into the figures of the calendar. "Addicks, you hound o' hell!" and hung the calendar on its nail.

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# INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN MARRIED IN FRANCE AND ITALY

By Mary King Waddington

ONE hears them so much discussed in these days when so many English and American girls are marrying foreigners that it is rather interesting to study the question from an impartial point of view. I think Americans are by far the most numerous in this category, and at a first glance one would think that nothing in an American girl's training and habits would fit her to become a member of an old-fashioned, narrow-minded, conventional French or Italian family; but I think she adapts herself far better than the English girl to the absolute change of life and surroundings, and in a certain way the French husband helps his wife. With a Frenchman's logical mind, he knows quite well that his American wife, brought up in the careless freedom of her father's house, hearing all sorts of things discussed quite openly—politics, books, social questions, social scandals even—having and expressing opinions of her own on all matters, is quite a different person from his convent-bred sister, whose girlhood is carefully shut in and protected from everything that could contaminate her young mind or prepare her in any way for the realities or disillusions of married life.

The American, too, has seen boys, young men—her brothers' friends, her girl friends' brothers—all her life quite easily and naturally. They have walked and ridden and danced together. The girl has measured the boy's intelligence, energy, and moral qualities perfectly well, and is quite able to make her own choice when the time comes for her to marry, without depending entirely upon what people tell her about the man. In Europe a girl hardly sees a young man until some matrimonial project is started.

Some years ago I had at my house a singing class once a week, boys and girls, their



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ages ranging from nineteen to twenty-five. There was a professor of the Conservatoire, a young lady who accompanied, and I, of course, was always present. All the mammas brought their daughters, and remained all the evening. Once or twice they were unable to come, and then a governess appeared. One of my friends had offered to bring a young fellow, very good-looking and attractive in every way. He came of very good stock on both sides, but there had been a slight irregularity in his parents' marriage, and the boy's position was difficult. He had a charming tenor voice, and would have been a great addition to the choruses, but all the mammas objected. I was talking it over with one of my friends, a very clever old lady, with great experience, and she was quite of the same opinion.

"You do already what is very dangerous —you bring boys and girls together most intimately."

"But where is the harm? They only come to sing. I am always there. They sit in rows of gilt chairs in the drawing-room, their mammas opposite to them."

"A marriage might easily come out of such familiar intercourse."

"Again where is the harm? All these young people are perfectly well known, sons of your friends; all of them men your daughters would certainly meet in society, at all the balls and parties of the season."

"Marriages are not made in that way in France; such reunions are most unusual."

It was the more curious, as some of the young men were extremely good *partis*, and if the father in his frock-coat and top-hat had gone to make a formal demand for any one of the girls, I think his proposition would have been accepted with pleasure. The result is that no foreign girl ever knows anything of the man she marries. The marriage has usually been arranged by two families of the same world, or coterie, and the same fortune, and very often the same part of the country. In France, in some of the big provincial towns, Bordeaux or Rouen, the bride's family make it a point that the young couple should live in the same town.

When the American girl marries a Frenchman it is quite different. She adapts herself very easily and quickly to her new surroundings, criticises freely whatever she doesn't like, expresses her opinion about everything, discusses religious and political matters quite simply, not being hampered by family traditions and the fear of being *mal vue* in her new family. She is always ready to interest herself in her husband's career, whatever it may be, and willing and anxious to help him; but she must help in her own way, not follow the lines laid down by long years of habit and influence.

The religious question is sometimes a delicate one, when the wife is Protestant and the husband Catholic, particularly if the children must be brought up Catholics. I know Protestant mothers who superintend the children's religious education most conscientiously, even going to mass with them. The French father is quite satisfied; he knows his wife will keep the promise she has made, to bring the children up Catholics, and will never attempt to influence them toward her own faith. As a rule, Frenchmen, even those who are not very ardent Catholics, hold enormously to having their children brought up in their own religion. It is strange how many become lukewarm, if not absolutely indifferent, when they have passed their examinations, and learned to think for themselves. I don't know if it is peculiar to France, or the Roman Catholic religion. I rather think it is the same now in all countries. A spirit of doubt and criticism seems in the air; no one believes anything that can't be proved.

The Frenchman is generally proud of his foreign wife's intelligence and quick perceptions, learns to value her opinion, sees that she is unlike his female relations, lacking very often in some of their good qualities. The American is often a careless housekeeper, and to the French mind always a careless mother, leaving her children, boys particularly, too much to themselves. She is, too, much less exact in social duties, is not pursued by the idea that she must pay visits on reception days, and must be very deferential to all the old ladies of her acquaintance. I think one of the prettiest things in France is the respect for age.

Italian marriages are quite different. Many English and American girls have married in Italy, but the life there is not at all the same as in France. Italians are just as easy-going with their wives as with anything else in their lives. They don't in the least wish them to be very intelligent, or very cultivated, or to take a great interest

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in their career. As a rule, they haven't any career except politics and diplomacy (the army is not considered at all the brilliant career it is in other countries—the pay is small and promotion slow). It is becoming a very difficult question now in Italy how to occupy the young men—I am speaking, of course, of the upper classes. As long as the wife is amiable, nice to her husband's family and friends, makes his home pleasant, and doesn't expect too much from him in the way of attention or great intellectual effort, he is quite satisfied. He is generally perfectly indifferent to the religious question, feels that his children ought to be brought up Catholic, but also feels that as soon as they get to man's estate they will judge for themselves. Religion and politics are so closely interwoven in Italy that it is difficult to be a modern Italian, interested or actively occupied, in all the social and popular movement, without becoming almost a free-thinker. The Italian is usually a good husband and father. This is, again, his easy, kindly nature. He is also fond of animals. It is amusing to hear them, of all classes, talking to their dogs and horses.

I believe that most of the English and American women married in Italy are very happy and contented in their lives; but I think the beginnings must sometimes have been difficult. I can imagine nothing so unlike an Italian as an Englishman or an American. What makes the Italian's great attraction, the absolute lack of self-consciousness, the vivacity, exuberance of speech and gesture, quick changes of feeling most forcibly expressed, great artistic sensibility to sounds and color, and *au fond* an extraordinary insouciance (not absolute indifference) to what goes on around him, is such a perfect contrast to the practical, unartistic, self-controlled, self-contained Anglo-Saxon, that one wonders how such perfectly different elements ever merge into anything harmonious—but they do.

Certainly the children of Italian fathers and English and American mothers are very good specimens. Some (not many) of the young Italians in those conditions, a dual nationality, are now being educated in Germany and England. It will be interesting to see the result of such education. Theoretically, I think it must be wrong. Children, boys especially, should grow up in their own country, and among the people they are destined to live with. It seems to me it is not wise to allow a boy's first years, when impressions are easily made and habits formed, to be passed in a foreign country. The very friendships he makes at school would be of no use to him in after-life, and he must feel a stranger with his own people, disposed to criticise everything that is not exactly as he has been accustomed to see it.

The answer to that is that one wants new blood and new ideas in old Italy. International marriages have done much, but if the boys are to be educated at Jesuit colleges, kept under strict surveillance, allowed very little liberty and outdoor sport—lead, in fact, the regular life of Italian school-boys—that habit, example, and association will completely obliterate all trace of the northern blood, and the present generation will be exactly like what their fathers and grandfathers were before them.

I think Englishwomen are far less adaptable than Americans. Every day it strikes me more forcibly. I know so many married abroad who have remained just as British as if they had never been off their island. The Englishwoman begins by believing firmly (and asserting it rather aggressively) that everything in England is better than anything on the Continent. The men are bigger and stronger, the women more virtuous, all English boys speak the truth (the inference is obvious for the rest of the world), the tradespeople are more honest, the statesmen, ministers, etc., more patriotic, the literature more elevated in tone. One can't help respecting such absolute conviction that England is the only country in the world, but then one mustn't marry a foreigner, who naturally thinks that his country offers a great deal that is attractive. It is really curious how the English impose their customs and opinions wherever they are. I am thinking of a little town on the Italian Riviera, not far from Genoa. There are several Italian palaces, and quite a large Italian *bourgeois* society, but all the villas are owned by English. The two hotels are filled with English; they have their church, their reading-room, their tennis, their club, and they have almost ousted the Italians from their own place. They do it quite unconsciously. They can't live without all that makes their lives comfortable. The Italians don't like it, but they

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see that the town is improved, more money spent, many more people come there; so they stand aloof and look on at all the changes, never modifying in the least their own customs.

Of course, it has its good side. The Englishwoman married on the Continent tries at once to improve the condition of the people, especially in the country, organizes outdoor games, sewing classes, mothers' meetings, etc. (this last an entire novelty in France certainly). I was once in a chateau where the mistress of the house, an Englishwoman born, was quite at a loss to know what to read to the mothers. The hour that the poor women spent in sewing she always read them something. The choice was not easy. It was difficult for her to judge what could interest that class of peasant. She told me they listened with great attention when the choice pleased them, remembering from week to week exactly where she had left off, even the last word in the sentence. The book that had had the greatest success was a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She had read it to them twice.

Some Englishwomen never conform to French habits and hours. I know of one couple, the husband French, the wife English, who have really become estranged over different hours. The wife lived *à l'Anglaise*, —had her solid English breakfast, with mutton chops, eggs, hot bread, and orange marmalade every day at 9.30 with her children; her luncheon also the traditional English luncheon, finishing with a tart or a pudding, at 1.30. The husband had his coffee and *croissant* (little crescent-shaped roll, which forms part of every *petit déjeuner* in France) at eight, in his room, and his breakfast, also a solid meal, *à la fourchette* at twelve o'clock, the usual French hour.

In a French marriage contract all sorts of conditions and details are gone into, but I don't ever remember hearing hours of meals mentioned.

The Anglo-Saxon married abroad brings a strong individuality, almost always a strong physique, great independence of judgment, a great wish to adapt herself to her new life, and to be popular with her husband's family and friends. She finds in her foreign home a strong family feeling that will never fail her (once a girl is married in France or Italy she is adopted by all the members of the family), a great pride of race, a high sense of honor, and in people of rank and fortune a very strong feeling of the obligations and responsibilities of their position, which is well expressed by the old French diction, *Noblesse oblige*, in its best sense.

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# TO MY UNKNOWN NEIGHBOR

## By C. A. Price

Last night I sat beside my window late,
As one who watches at his prison bars,
Sick of the day's innumerable jars,
Clogged with dull Earth and all her grievous weight
Of tears and mute despairs and pitiless wars
That know no cause, the brood and spawn of Hate.
Above me bent the skies compassionate;
I longed for the companionship of stars.

But sudden, O, what reconciling strain,
Making earth one again with heaven, and whole,
Rose on the midnight, all the discords changing!
Lo, in a moment, lightened of my pain
And every fear forgot, I felt my soul
With Schubert through the empyrean ranging.

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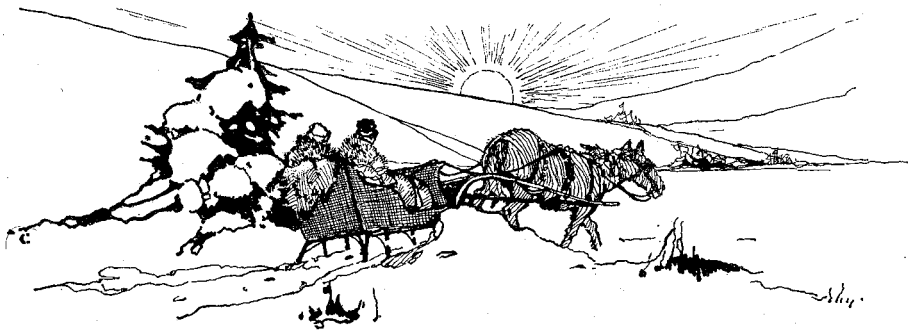

# THE CULLER

By
CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

*Illustrations by the Author*

"*UN homme capable!* Bah!" Moïse shrugged his shoulders angrily and filled his pipe in silence.

The air lay thick and heavy in the little cabin. The rancid steam from drying clothes which hung about the stove mixed with the curling smoke of "shag" (*Tabac Canadien*) stifled, and choked, and made one's eyes smart well. Even the solitary lantern gasped and sputtered for a breath of air.

Pulling on moccasins and toque, I stepped out into the snow, flooded with moonlight. The forest, black and menacing, towered on every side, and through the still, cold air the smoke rose up with scarce a twist or turn.

Now trembling through the silence came from far away the long-drawn howl of the timber wolf—"Wooo-woo-woo-woo-woo"—sharply at first, but melting slowly into the heavy stillness as it died away. A weird, unearthly wail, which brings a tingling to the scalp at first, a quickened pulse, a horrid fear and dread of loneliness. Then from off the mountain near at hand an answering wail, and then again, again. At the clearing edge upon the hill a shadow moved and stole across the snow. Once more, and this time loud and clear, the leader called. I stumbled to the door. "*Vite Moïse! les loups!*" but Moïse himself had heard, and came, cramming his gun with cartridges. A little closer now, there was a shifting mass of gaunt gray shadows, maybe ten. I caught a glimpse of Delphine's frightened face as Moïse, her man, came out behind me. Then again that piercing cry, which ended in quick yelps of pain, as the gun crashed twice, three times. A scramble, and they shot into the black woods beyond; and with the crackling of broken twigs the quiet settled down. "By gar, hees got away dat tam. Dar's wan don' feel so good lak wat befor'." But Delphine closed the little door and placed a heavy bar across, without a word, while Moïse smiled down and put his arm about her. "You don't need be so scare', Delphine, dey don' got you so long I been here too."

She could not but recall the stories Joe had told last night. How at the Wabassee the year before the wolves had broken down a pork-house near the camp and dragged away their stock of winter's meat; or, when the times were bad, and the wolves were mad with hunger, the Turpins' shanty door was broken in at night, and Luc Turpin had fought them singly with an axe until dragged down and torn to pieces. Such were the thoughts which now ran through her head, and though not quite assured, she smiled and took her work again.

We were alone. The men had walked off after dinner to a neighboring camp four miles across the lake to play pedro and borrow some *tabac*.

Soon they came pounding at the door, laughing and shouting out, "*Ouvrez la porte! Ouvrez la porte!*" Moïse drew out the bar and in they stamped, shaking and



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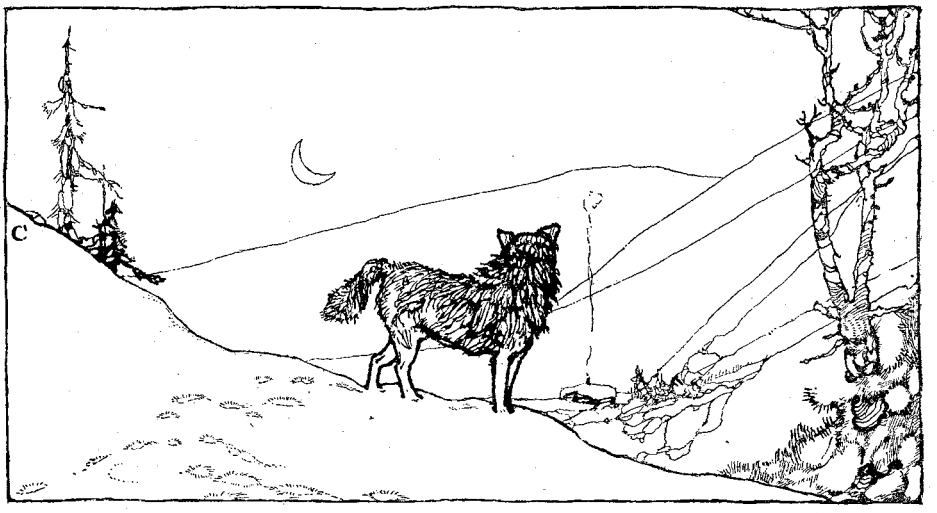

scraping off the snow. "*Pourquoi fermer la porte si forte?*" called out Alcide; and Delphine, to ease her troubled mind, poured forth her tale. So fast the words came tumbling that I could only catch these few, "*Les loups—cinquante.*" Fifty wolves! Moïse chuckled to himself and winked across at me, but let her have her say quite wisely.

The day's work had been more than usually tiring, so having climbed to my upper bunk, I slept some time before the last habitant had knelt and said his prayers devoutly.

Early the next morning I wakened, half frozen. Thin ice had formed upon the short coat used for pillow where I had breathed upon it in the night. I shivered, half awake, for what seemed many hours until someone slid down in the darkness and lit the lantern.

By its light I watched the men stretch and roll over with many yawns and grunts, throw off the rough rag-carpet coverings, and climb down one by one; while from below, as I peered over the edge of mine, I saw Beaulieu, Rondeau, and old Maxime Vincent crawl out and pull on their *bottes sauvages*, and was quite glad to follow their example.

"Squeak! Creak!" went the clumsy wooden hinges on the door, as the teamsters filed out to the *écurie* near by, to feed the horses. The snow crunched sharply under foot, cutting so rudely through the still air that one felt rather than heard its sound.

By the time they have returned the double-decker stove is roaring welcome, and Delphine's pots and kettles begin to steam and simmer with the heat. How long it seems before the *déjeuner* is ready! A heaping plate of beans, cold pork, and boiled potatoes, a slice of bread cut from a great loaf passed from hand to hand, and pouring over all thick black molasses, we eat, washing each mouthful down with gulps of hot and bitter tea. When all the food in sight has disappeared, and we have had a smoke, my boss, McLane, and I, pulling our fur coats on, gather our tools together, and pile on with the other men to the big bob-sleigh waiting at the door.

It is a good two hours yet before the sun, but we have many miles to go to reach the Lac des Aigles in time to start work with the first gray light of dawning.

The road dips down into the deep woods, the branches meeting far above our heads. A dim, mysterious twilight over all, that seems to come, not from the sky, but from the snow, save when the moonlight, sifting through the branches, splashes the road with brilliancy. Only the tinkle of the sleigh-bells or louder clanking of the chains and rings upon the harness, with now and then the pitch and tumble of the sleigh. Moïse whispers, "*Voyez en avant, m'sieur,*" and there, stock still upon the road before us, two deer stand, fascinated by the bells until we're almost on them, then away they bound, bringing down clouds of snow from overweighted branches hanging low. Everywhere is mystery. A feeling of ghost-like forms moving about on either side, a strain-



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ing to hear something that has no sound, and yet you know is there. Far above, the droning of the wind is heard, the great trees snap and crackle, nodding their stately heads, while we below can scarcely feel a breath of moving air, in this the under-world of gloaming.

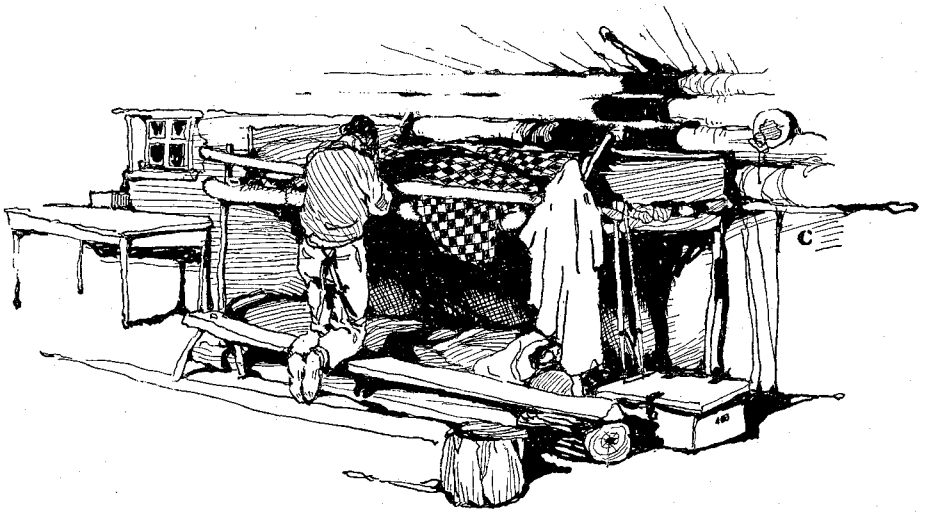
So through the early morning, mile after mile of shifting scene and sudden turning. The ponies, covered with a misty coat of frost, plod on. The men are silent, all. Something in the solemn grandeur fills us with deep imaginings.

Then we pitch down and out upon a lake. The wind is here; a stinging, piercing thing, that bites through all our wraps until with great relief we reach the farther shore, and once more gain the welcome shelter.

By winding ways, up hill and down, we finally arrive at Lac des Aigles and tumble off to start the day of work. This is a more open country now, and in the growing light the mountainsides show in some places, quite bare of trees, denuded by the lumberman or landslides where the trees have been thinned out.

The horses are unhitched and each man goes to his allotted labor; some to fell the trees and cut them into log-lengths, others to sloop them from the mountain to the lake below, or drag the cedars from the swamps along the edge; so Mac and I, leaving our big coats behind us, begin measuring the logs spread out on every side. Here on the lake the logs lie each alone, and it is easy measuring, but when one has to measure skidways it is much more difficult.

My first experience in skidways was a sad affair and tried Mac's patience sorely. It was at Val de Bois some months before, and this particular skidway had been piled most miserably, with every different kind and length of log mixed in a fearful tangle. I was shown how to get the small diameter of each log's end between the bark and call the inches, giving the row and number in that row of each, marking a cross on each one taken with the pencil hung upon my wrist. "First log, first row, twenty-four, first log, second row, thirty-two," I called, thinking how easy this would be. But when we had gone a little farther and I sang out "eighth log, fifth row six, ninth log—" "What's that!" called Mac. "What kind of wood is eighth log fifth?" How could I tell? It might have been pine or balsam, spruce or hemlock, any one, for all I knew, and so I told him. He came around swearing, had one glance and put a double cross upon the log end. "No good; too small. Only white pine goes at six, and this is balsam, so I've 'culled' it, understand?" and waded back to his end while I stood gazing at the "cul" mark, thinking of how many times, when a youngster at school, I had played "tit-tat-to" in just such a scrawled design. I had even forgotten where I was and had reached up to make the first mark, when Mac's voice snapped out, "Well, why in hell don't you go on?" and I came back to earth. Then the trouble grew apace. Logs jutted out far beyond their neighbors, or the ends were out of sight, crossing at angles, where they should be straight, so



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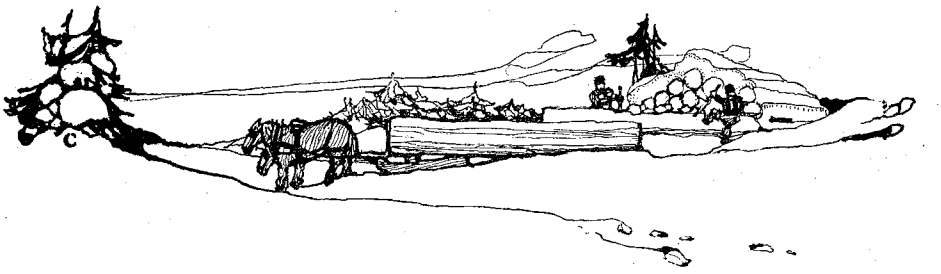

that we found, after much tapping of log ends and digging out of snow, the twelfth log, sixth row at my end, came out fifteenth on the other side. I gained at least the knowledge of how much I had to learn that first day.

When we have measured some thousand on the lake and Moïse has stamped the company and culler mark on every end, or cul mark, if the log is not accepted, we start up for the work above. Just as we reach the top of the first climb there comes from off the mountainside above a volley of French oaths, rumbling down, the cracking of a whip, the clank and rattling of chains, and two horses heave in sight, slipping, sliding, straining back against the two great logs behind, which are bound, their front ends to a rough-made cedar sloop, the far ends dragging in the snow, scooping twin hollows in the roadway underneath. Perched here, a foot on either log, gripping the long reins tight, while balancing with nicety upon the swinging mass, is François Bissinett, his red sash flecking out behind him, as around the bend they go.

All along the road now are skidways, which, piled evenly and shovelled out, take little time to measure. Only a few more remain by noon and these are near the very mountain-top, so we have lunch before we climb. Moïse unslings a rough bag of burlap, from out of which he pulls a chunk of white pork fat and loaf of bread, by this time frozen. Each with his clasp-knife cuts his share and munches hungrily until every crumb is gone. Then we start on. The hollows scooped by the dragging logs are packed and frozen. If one steps ever so little off the centre to the curving sides down he goes. Many times I do this; the first time on a nasty steep place where I slide for fifty feet before I stop, much to Moïse's amusement, and have to climb it all again, this time with due precaution. We come upon a "pitch-off" finally, where the logs are dumped from off the very top over a cliff edge to the first flat below; many of them split and broken by the fall, and so could not be taken. Now I saw why company rules to cullers read "no measuring of logs until they pass the 'pitch-off.'" When we have finished, the return is easy; following Moïse's example, each plucks a branch of balsam from the nearest tree and makes it answer for a sled, gaining such headway in the steeper places that we are sent headlong into the drifts at every turn, amid the shouts of laughter from all in sight. Having measured all the logs Moïse has, we put our snow-shoes on and start back to the cabin, Indian-file, Moïse leading, to show the short cut home. The deer tracks cut everywhere across our way, mingled with those of other wood folk; the porcupine and martin, fisher, mink, and fox, with here and there the larger tracks of wolves and caribou, each with the story of its struggles written there. See where the fox has crept up slyly on the partridge, burrowing out its cosey hollow in the snow; the spring; the beating wing-marks, showing how he got away with only a few small feathers missing; or there the torn and frozen carcass of a deer, the crimson snow, beaten with the thick wolf tracks about it. Mid-afternoon has come before we reach the shanty. Delphine bustles about to give us something hot to eat before we go on to Le Cluse's cabin, where we are to spend the night, and while we wait I water our horse and harness him, putting our tools and bundles in the sleigh. Meanwhile McLane is figuring out the day's work from the rough tally-board carried, strapped to his arm, all day; making a statement of how many thousand feet of this or that, how many cedar railroad ties, or how many cords of spruce or pulp-wood we have measured here. This paper given to Moïse becomes a check for what the lum-



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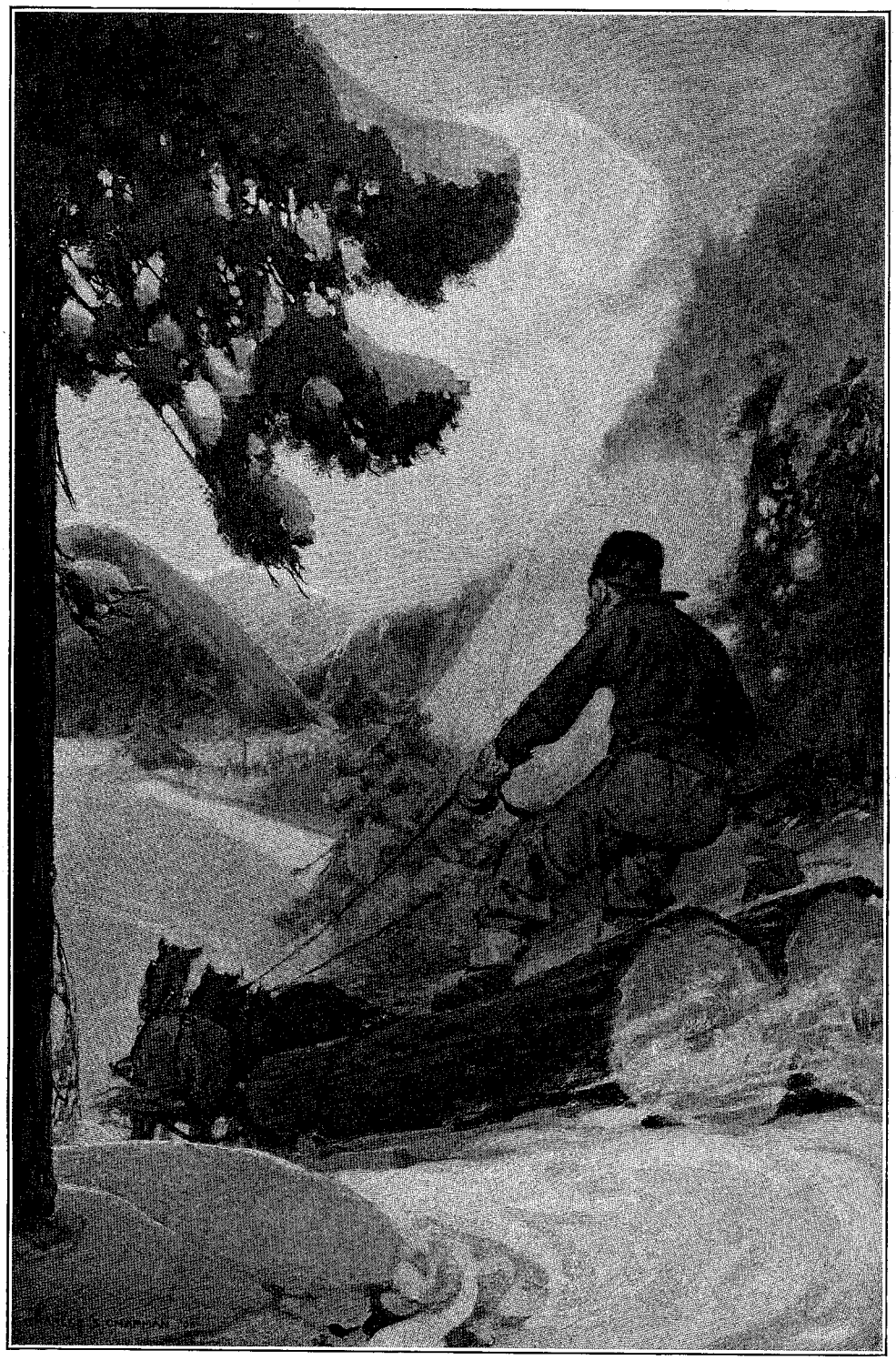

*Drawn by C. S. Chapman.*

Perched here, a foot on either log, is François.—Page 308.

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ber is worth when he presents it at the company post at Wabassee. Sometimes there comes a middleman, who contracts to have taken from off a certain portion of the company's limits so many hundred thousand feet of this wood, so many thousand feet of that, and he makes contracts with the habitants who live upon that land. These in their turn will often do the same, taking each one his big percentage of the contract price, until the last must work alone or with one helper, on starvation fare, and with the rudest shelter. Moïse tells of one Filion Le Casse, who made a most ambitious contract, and miscalculating his time, was caught by the spring freshets before half his logs were out and he was thrown in debt. Now I remember a few weeks before stopping there overnight ourselves, and recall the marks of failure everywhere. Filion was a patient little man, with tight-pursed lips and tired eyes, who struggled to be cheerful. His family of six had only just recovered from the smallpox. He had no money to pay wages and his only help was Michel Lacquer, a bright-eyed, fierce young fellow who stuck to Filion through thick and thin because he loved the eldest daughter, Philomène. She was the light to them, the only child old enough to comprehend their suffering; always laughing and cheerful, trying her best to keep things going smoothly. Every bit of furniture that could be sold was gone, for they had had a better home than usual, with many comforts. The children slept on bean straw spread around the stove at night. Michel, that fall, had caught a young deer in the lake and brought it home to Philomène. It was their only pet and roamed about the empty barn at will. Early the next morning as I stepped inside the stable to give our horse his breakfast, my moccasins making no sound as I had come, I was amazed to hear the murmur of Philomène's voice in low, sweet French, entreating. She crouched upon the straw, her arm about the small deer's neck, her cheek to his, pouring out her little heart with all its burdens to this dumb listener, the big sobs catching at her breath, while the deer softly licked her tear-stained face. What a brave little thing she was! I drew back quietly and stole up to the house. When she returned her arms were piled high with firewood and she was smiling, calling "*Bon jour!*" to all. Even hard-hearted old Mac, before we left, discovered that he needed many things which they could make: some moccasins and mitts, a dozen pairs of each, and overpaid them in advance for once.

Here at Moïse's it is different. He is clear-headed and ever crafty, seldom taking chances with the world. The cabin, despite its clumsy crudeness, has an air of mild prosperity and surety beyond those of his fellowmen. Delphine's hearty lunch is more than welcome, and thoroughly enjoyed because of vivid memories of days and weeks before, when nights were spent in the most unclean, squalid shanties, and days with surly, shiftless men, whose absolute indifference to their own welfare in work was most astonishing. But we must hurry on to reach Lac Serpent before the dark, and so with many "Au revoirs" we leave them.

Down by the Bergamon Creek we meet a driver, bringing in a load of marsh hay, and being the lighter rig, must give way to him. This is not difficult here, for we can pass by driving on the creek, but farther on between steep banks of snow we come upon an odd array advancing on us. A young bull, hitched beside a shaggy pony to a sled, piled



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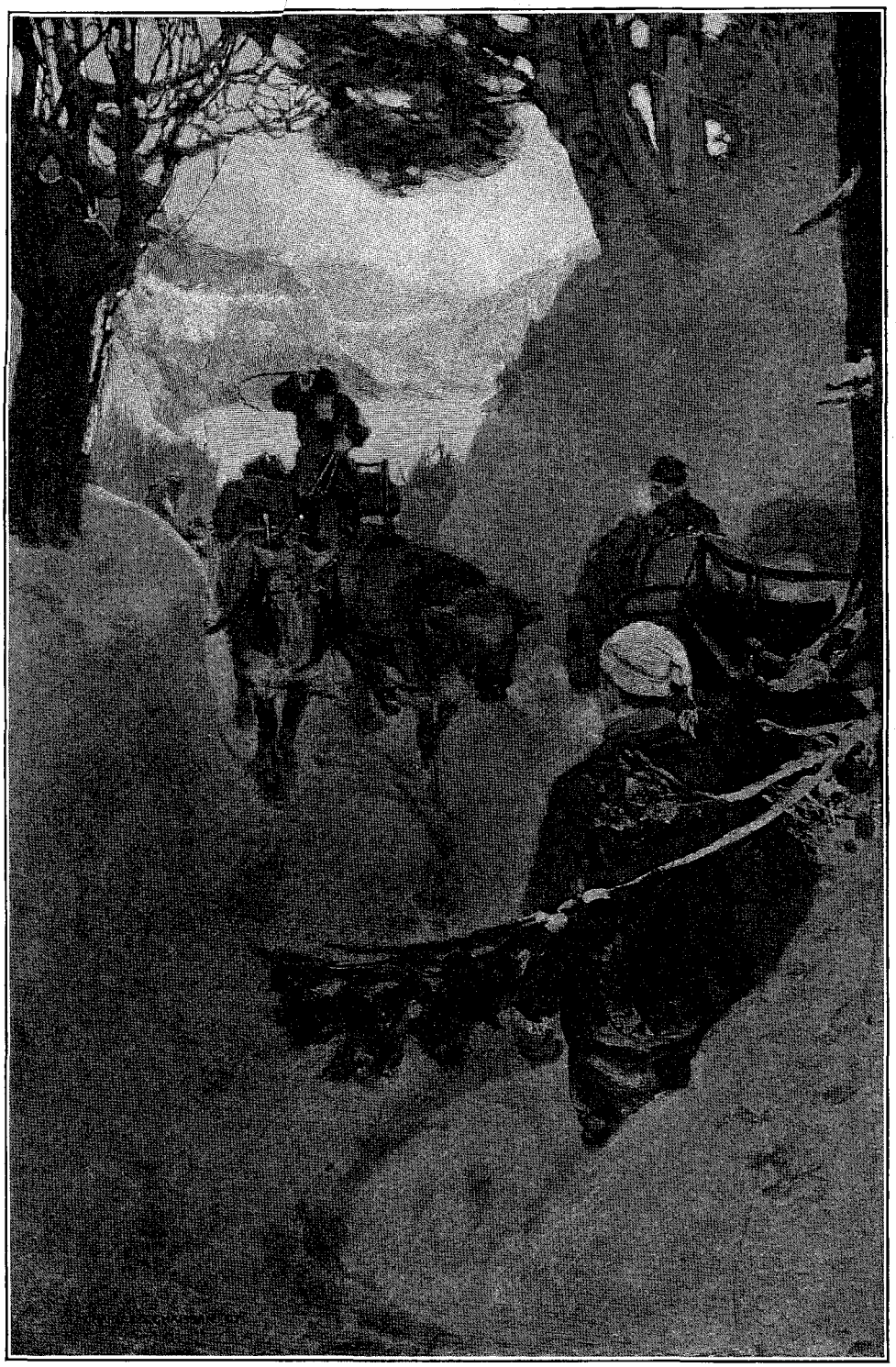

*Drawn by C. S. Chapman.*

We come upon an odd array advancing on us.—Page 310.

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high with much household belongings and driven by a grizzled little man who beats them both without cessation. Behind, in weary patience, walks the wife, leading two youngsters, bundled to their eyes with wraps. The little man shouts to his willing team to halt and glowers down upon us. McLane swears long and loudly while we scramble out to see what can be done. The snow is drifted to our heads upon the left, and to the right it is almost if not quite so bad. We cannot turn or back, so there's but one thing left to do. We trample down the bank upon the right, and when the cutter has been emptied of its contents, our horse is urged and driven to his belly in the snow, where he wallows helpless. The cutter then is turned upon its side and slid back as far as it will go, and with Mac at the horse's head and I holding the cutter, the cavalcade is started, wiggles by, and passes down the road behind us.

We are delayed some time with getting everything in shape again, and when the Lac Serpent is reached can barely see Le Cluse's shanty, two miles across, upon the farther shore. It is a short drive that across the level ice in any decent weather; but now, to add to the discomfort of the coming darkness, the snow begins to fall, not only blotting out the nearest shore, but as the wind sweeps down even the road has disappeared, and we get out to walk ahead and feel it under foot. We creep along into the stinging wind, many times missing the trail, to find it after much lost time and patience. An hour's work of this and then the twinkle of a light ahead; our shouts are answered by a faint "hallo-o-o-o" and then we reach the cabin.

Sitting before the fire and smoking comfortably, the storm without is soon forgotten. It hardly seems that all these happenings could crowd themselves into but four and twenty hours now, yet each day passes swiftly its allotted time with everyone an interest of its own. There is a certain goodly feeling at each day's end of having wakened all the best that's in you, of bringing to the next day's work a healthy body, alive with pent-up energy, a mind so filled with nature's big simplicity that all the little hardships fall away and you look out upon the world about with something you have craved for satisfied and rest content.

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# THE CALL OF THE WEST:

## AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

### III—THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

I

OF all the puzzles which the discovery of America offered Europe, the riddle of the aborigines kindled profoundest perplexity. The secret is still well kept. The question whence the native races sprang has elicited, since its first propounding, a multiplicity of answers. But no response has enjoyed universal credit.

At the outset, the existence of an American people seemed hardly reconcilable with Holy Writ. Christian doctrine had never seriously challenged the popular notion that there flourished in remote corners of the earth fabulous monsters, which either combined in the same corporeal frame outward characteristics of man and beast, or were distinguished by hideous malformation or distortion of the normal human form. Pliny had handed down to the pretended mediæval traveller, Sir John Mandeville, records, whose truth went unquestioned, of dog-headed and headless men, of giants and dwarfs, who dwelt in inaccessible fastnesses of Asia or Africa. But the American races confused counsel by their superficial resemblance in stature, complexion, and bodily structure to the normal population of the Old World. The color of their skin increased the complexity of the problem. It was neither black like that of the African, nor dusky yellow like that of the Oriental. It was, as a rule, of russet or cinnamon hue, which was barely distinguishable from that of many inhabitants of Northern or Middle Europe. The tint of American complexion, indeed, often approximated much more closely to the so-called whitish tones of the English countenance than to the olive tinge of the Spanish. But in spite of the aboriginal American's apparent physiological affinity to Christian peoples, the Scriptures, which claimed to hold the key to all human history, wholly ignored him, and offered no manner of clue to his origin or development.

Theologians helplessly acknowledged the difficulty. The Bible pronounced Noah to be progenitor of all the normally proportioned human race, of every variety of color. But the patriarch's sons, who were no more than three in number, were implicitly denied the fatherhood of the American people. From Shem, according to the Scriptures, descended all Asiatics, from Ham all Africans, and from Japhet all Europeans. No son of Noah was the avowed forefather of the Americans. Some cataclysmic migration from Europe, Asia, or Africa could alone account, if Noah's universal paternity were to go unassailed, for the peopling of the vast continent of the West. But no satisfactory record of any vast migration from the Old World to the New by way of either Atlantic or Pacific Ocean was known to divine or secular chronicles. Legendary wanderings of the lost tribes of Israel, or of the Trojans under Brutus, after the fall of Troy, were recalled by sixteenth-century inquirers. But these traditions failed to lighten the darkness.

Again, from the time of the first discoveries, there was inevitable doubt whether the American races, despite specious physiological affinities, came all of a single stock. They were seen to differ among themselves in custom, if not in speech, to an extent that lacked parallel, at any rate, among the nations of Europe. What kinship could be rationally suggested between Incas of Peru or Aztecs of Mexico, with their strange skill as mathematicians, potters, weavers of silk, and workers in metal, and the Amazonian tribes, who could not count above five, or the naked Patagonians, who lived on human flesh, or the Californians, whose notion of pleasure expressed itself in



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horrible self-mutilation. Then there was a widely scattered middle type, which was as far removed from the culture of Peru or Mexico as from the barbarism of Patagonia or California. There were innumerable peoples, neither genuinely civilized nor wholly and frankly savage, who showed no sign of psychological and ethnological relationship either with those American nations who cherished a definite tradition of elevated social culture or with those who wallowed in unmitigated savagery.

Work of human hands on the American continent tended at the same time to encourage questionings of the scriptural records of human experience. Cyclopean buildings, which lay scattered over the central provinces of the new continent, had their foundations hidden in the "dark backward and abysm of time." They existed, according to reasonable calculation, before the scriptural date of the creation; they were older, at any rate, than the biblical deluge. The possibility suggested itself that human life was of older standing in America than in Asia or Europe, and had undergone far-off developments, wholly independent of human vicissitudes elsewhere. The orthodox monogenic creed which traced mankind's descent through Noah from a single pair of human beings, was seriously challenged as soon as there floated within the range of Christian vision a conglomeration of peoples of untraceable and enigmatic pedigree. No American nation claimed descent from Ham, Shem, or Japhet. Almost all were alien in mental, moral, and spiritual calibre from the races whose experience was recorded in sacred or profane history. American ethnology was destined to startle and unsettle orthodox European beliefs in a greater degree than any marvels of inanimate nature in the New World.

## II

During the greater part of the sixteenth century, England made small effort to emulate either the exploring and colonizing successes of Spain or the comparative failures of France on the American continent. Occasional voyages of English merchant seamen across the Atlantic gave small or no hope of future English conquests, and added little to the existing sum of geographical knowledge. Yet England came under the spell of the aboriginal mystery almost as early and almost as completely as the nations of Europe who long preceded her in establishing themselves on American soil. At the very dawn of the century natives of both North and South America were brought home by English mariners on their fruitless expeditions to American shores, and the strange visitors were eagerly welcomed by the highest in the land. Eskimos were guests at the court of Henry VII; a Brazilian cacique enjoyed the hospitality of Henry VIII. During Queen Mary's reign public attention was for a time diverted to aboriginal visitors of darker hue from the west coast of Africa. But with the new outburst of exploring activity, which began in the second decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign and thenceforward grew in volume year by year, the American Indians reappeared in their mysterious remoteness on English shores. Through the greater part of Shakespeare's manhood all ranks of the nation were deeply stirred by a constant succession of small bands of savage immigrants from both the northern and southern continents of America.

The strangers came to sixteenth-century England, it should be noticed, from regions of the Western hemisphere which were yoked loosely, if at all, to Spain's colonial empire. Of the advanced civilization which prevailed in Mexico and Peru, the central provinces of Spanish dominion, no representatives were suffered by Spanish policy to seek asylum in sixteenth-century England. All the native Americans who were guests of Tudor Englishmen came from districts lying outside the pale of Mexican or Peruvian culture. They were of that wide-spread aboriginal type which was gifted with an intelligence amply sufficient to enable them to adapt to human purposes the simple forces of nature, although they lacked all but the most rudimentary powers of intellectual perception. They were experts in the arts of hunting and fishing. They were skilled makers of instruments of sport or war, like bows and arrows, spears and fishing nets. Their boats were ingeniously contrived, and many implements of domestic use, often of earthenware, bore further witness to mechanical aptitudes. Arts of agriculture were familiar to them and their wide fields of maize were cultivated with assiduous care. Nor

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did they lack culinary skill; their meat and fish were invariably roasted or broiled. They adorned their faces and bodies with colored pigments arranged in elaborate patterns, and though their clothing was for the most part scanty, they prided themselves on cloaks formed of feathers and furs, on feathered headdresses, and on necklaces and earrings wrought of shells, precious stones, or precious metals. They had fixed habitations and a settled form of government. A religion of nature—usually dominated by the worship of the sun—was well organized among them, and their ritual ceremonies were elaborate. They were familiar with an empyric system of medicine, and the profession of physician no less than that of priest was honored among them.

Tribes who had reached such levels of social development were scattered over the eastern side of both the northern and southern continents of America from Labrador to Argentina. Their customs and institutions differed greatly in detail among themselves, but in broad outline they were of one pattern. Their languages, although greatly varying in vocabulary, were of the same agglutinative structure. All were innocent of inflections — the characteristic feature of European speech. Although this aboriginal type fell far below the standard of culture which had been reached in Mexico and Peru, it ranged far above the disorganized savagery which was habitual under varied repellent shapes to the nomads of the far interior, and of lands lying about the extreme southern or the middle western coasts.

It was only this intermediate kind of American whom the sixteenth-century Englishman had the opportunity of observing or interrogating on English shores. To England came from the misty regions of Labrador, Canada, New England, Virginia, Florida, Guiana, and Brazil specimens of this wide-spread type of humanity. There was a uniformity of crude nurture among these distant travellers who were known to the Old World either as American Indian, or from the prevailing color of their complexion as Red Indian or Redskin. The name of Indian, which they bore throughout Europe, was fruit of the old geographical misconception which represented the whole continent of America to be an outpost of the Indian continent of Asia. Owing to that colossal delusion, the inhabitants of the newly discovered Western hemisphere shared the appellation which was already appropriated by dwellers in the Orient.

Throughout Shakespeare's lifetime court and country repeatedly entertained in England this manner of Indian. The sovereigns Elizabeth and James I readily accorded them audience. In their honor noblemen and bishops gave banquets. With them scholars and ministers of religion sought converse, while enterprising speculators, zealous to turn to their own account the curiosity of the multitude, engaged some of them for purposes of public exhibition, charging pence for the privilege of inspecting them at close quarters.

No feature of this experience was peculiar to England. The courts of Spain and France also welcomed the American native of the normal type in the early or middle years of the century. In spite of the misgivings of his patroness, Queen Isabella, Columbus had set the example of bringing to Europe American aborigines of docile disposition. The step was justified by the Spanish pioneers on various pretexts, all of which found echo in Elizabethan England. Only thus could native interpreters be satisfactorily trained for the subsequent service of European explorers, whose advance was always impeded by the difficulty of conversing with the American native. In the second place, the American heathen was thereby given opportunities, which were otherwise impossible, of observing Christianity at work in her own citadels. Moreover, the native visitor was likely to impart to his kinsfolk, when he rejoined them in his own country, the knowledge of civilized custom which he was bound to acquire more or less effectually at the fountain-head. Finally the boundless curiosity, which reports about the natives provoked in the old countries, invited practical endeavors to exhibit living examples to those who were unlikely to visit the aborigines in their own haunts.

Navigators of Tudor England convoyed Americans across the ocean, mainly from a wish to satisfy the inquisitiveness of friends at home. When Englishmen at the close of the century formally embarked on their career of American colonists, this motive acquired increased efficacy, although its purport was at times disguised. Many Elizabethan promoters of colonial enter-

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prise openly recommended the bringing into England of representatives of native races, so that home-dwellers of inquiring temper might learn at leisure from the uncouth strangers the full story of the unknown land. Eager pupils abounded.

The practical results of the visits of the Indians to Elizabethan England may be easily exaggerated, but the visitors did not depart without leaving a permanent trace of their coming. Their presence quickened English interest alike in theories of human progress and in colonial enterprise. The seed which the native visits sowed in Elizabethan England fructified in one direction to rare purpose. Shakespeare, the profoundest intelligence of the age, yielded more fully than his fellow-dramatists to the prevalent curiosity, and offered in the creation of Caliban an illuminating conception of the native problem. The entrances and exits of American Indians to and from sixteenth-century England are in themselves, apart from higher considerations, curious byways of history. But their significance is impressively enhanced by their relation with Prospero's servant-monster. Such an imaginary portrait sheds a liberal flood of light not merely on contemporary speculation as to the place of the American native in human development, but on the ultimate or universal relationship of civilization to savagery.

## III

Mariners of Bristol made in 1501 an attempt, which bore little fruit, to follow up John Cabot's shadowy clues in the North Atlantic. To these western Englishmen belongs the credit of first bringing to England natives of the "New-found-land." Unlike their Spanish contemporaries, English sailors of this period omitted to record their achievements. All that is quite certain about these Bristol sailors' adventure is that they returned to port with three strangers, three American Indians. The mysterious visitors, who were the first representatives of the American people to tread English soil, came from the arctic north. They were clothed, we are told, in beasts' skin. They ate raw flesh. They spoke such language as no man could understand. Quickly carried from Bristol to London, they enjoyed royal hospitality. Gentle usage recommended to them English modes of life. They adopted the clothing of their hosts, and after two years' experience of English society were indistinguishable from Englishmen. Their complexions, when freed of pigments, proved nearly white. Their resemblance to Europeans created general bewilderment.

There is little doubt that these first American strangers to reach England were Eskimos, living at home in underground dwellings, from which they rarely emerged except in the summer months. Skilful huntsmen and fishermen, and expert in the manufacture and use of canoes and sleighs, they were well acquainted with the value of warm clothing, and wore boots of walrus- and seal-skin, and gloves of deerskin. Such effective raiment won the admiration of Englishmen, with whom, in fact, Eskimos have always found favor. John Davis, the greatest arctic explorer of late Elizabethan days, described them as a "people of good stature and tractable conditions." None ventured to condemn them as "rudely barbarous." Englishmen who saw the American native in England for the first time were more startled by those characteristics in which the strangers resembled themselves than by those in which they differed.

Some three decades passed before the experience was repeated. Then homekeeping Londoners saw at their doors a typical representative from a southerly clime of the normal American race. It has been argued that the Eskimos, despite superficial resemblances, were of a human family altogether different from the other American peoples. At any rate, the Brazilian more strictly conforms to the normal aboriginal type which is disseminated through the great continent. To the wonder of the English nation, a chieftain or cacique of Brazil paid his respects in person to King Henry VIII at Whitehall.

Brazil, which was nominally ruled by Portugal and not by Spain, was less rigidly closed than the Spanish dominions in America to European merchants of non-Spanish nationality. The native Americans who most often found their way to France in the sixteenth century came from Brazil. It was on reports of aboriginal modes of Brazilian life which Sir Thomas More received from lips of sailors at Antwerp that he based much detail in his "Utopia"; it was from conversations with Brazilian

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visitors to the French court that Montaigne, the French philosopher and essayist, deduced his half-ironical praises of the simple American Indian life. The Brazilian, who was of gentle disposition, was reputed to organize his social institutions with exceptional consistency and success on a communistic basis. He was generally acknowledged to be the ideal type of communist. Though the incompleteness of his attire and the abundance of his ornamental finery betokened a modest scale of culture, he won respect as the inventor of certain domestic appliances, which deeply impressed travellers and wrung from Europeans the flattery of imitation. The hanging couch or hammock (a Brazilian word), which was cleverly contrived of fibres of the palm-tree, was, as far as Europeans knew, a Brazilian invention. Hammocks were afterward met with in Guiana and other parts of South America; but they were long called in the Old World "Brazil beds" and were constant reminders of the ingenuity of the aboriginal Brazilian.

It was a chieftain of Brazil with whom the second entry in the catalogue of native American visitors to England is concerned. William Hawkins, the slave-dealing captain of Plymouth, who sold many negroes from the west coast of Africa to the Portuguese in Brazil, brought home a native ruler of the Portuguese province. The Brazilian chief visited England on conditions. A hostage was left with his tribe during his absence. Hawkins's companion, Martin Cockeram, a citizen of Plymouth, readily undertook that rôle.

The Brazilian "king," as he was called, reached Plymouth in safety, and won the hearts of his hosts by his amiable demeanor. But he caused them some anguish when he decked himself out in his ceremonial garb on occasions of state. In his cheeks, we are told, were holes wherein "small bones were planted, standing an inch out," while in his lower lip was fixed a precious stone of the size of a pea. Such painful adornment was, he explained, "reputed in his own country for a great bravery." The Brazilian was in no hurry to regain his native land. He prolonged his stay in England for a year. But illness overtook him on his return voyage, and he unhappily died in mid-ocean. The friends of Martin Cockeram, who was left as his surety in Brazil, grew alarmed. But no hurt befell the English hostage. Within a few months he returned to Plymouth unharmed, a witness to the innate humanity of the Brazilian people.

It is worth pointing out that Cockeram was one of the earliest Englishmen to reside for any period of time on American soil. He did all he could to make the name of Englishmen respected. In spite of Portuguese precautions against foreign immigration, English merchants within two decades succeeded in settling their agents within Brazilian boundaries, and English ships often anchored off the coast. Cockeram's conduct and the pleasant experiences of the Brazilian cacique at Henry VIII's court bore good fruit. English shipmasters reported a few years later that Brazilian natives often offered to sail home with them.

The midmost years of the sixteenth century form a stagnant period in the history of Anglo-American relations. The English trade in African negroes, whom Englishmen captured in Africa and sold in West Indian and Brazilian ports, was the chief mode of intercourse between the two countries. Popular curiosity temporarily turned from the ethnological puzzle of the American Indian to that of the black African. Five tall and strong negroes from the Guinea coast were brought to London early in Queen Mary's reign, along with elephants' teeth and gold dust. English meat and drink proved congenial to them, although the cold and moist climate caused them suffering. Successful efforts were made to teach them the English language, and most of them were repatriated, to the delight of their kindred, to spread a knowledge of the English tongue in their native places. Only one of them seems to have stayed behind, and he married "a fair Englishwoman." The result of the union gave Englishmen's pride a fall. Consternation prevailed in the country when a son was born to the negro's English wife "in all respects as black as his father." The episode disconcerted public opinion, which resented that an English mother should compromise her racial superiority by giving birth on English soil to a "coal-black Ethiopian."

## IV

A YOUTH of nineteen, who was to play a great part in England's earliest colonial efforts, acted as one of the guardians of

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Queen Mary's negro immigrants on this voyage from the Guinea coast, and the experience stimulated his interest in native problems. The youthful observer was Martin Frobisher, whose endeavor to reach the fabled empire of Cathay through arctic America in the second decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign practically inaugurated the exploring and colonizing career of the English nation. One of Frobisher's professed aims was to get into close touch with the natives of the New World and to bring eight or ten of them home. Like Queen Isabella of Spain, his patroness, Queen Elizabeth, while encouraging the enterprise, deprecated the forcible capture of natives. "You shall not bring," she wrote to adventurous Captain Frobisher, "above three or four persons of that country, the which shall be of divers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may best avoid offence of that people."

Frobisher followed an extreme northerly course on each of the three expeditions which were seriously designed to bring all northwest avenues to Cathay under English sway. The natives whom he met were Eskimos, but, although they held intercourse with him without much demur, they showed unreadiness to take passage with him to his own country. He and his companions made zealous efforts to master the native language, and prepared elaborate vocabularies with reports on native habits. But the aborigines were indisposed to accept the explorer's invitation to accompany him home.

In his first expedition Frobisher succeeded in enticing only one native into his ship. Owing to the growth of English interest in American affairs, the arrival of the unhappy man at Harwich produced a sensation far greater than any which the preceding visits of Indians had caused. "The like of this strange infidel was never seen, read, nor heard of before," wrote one elated reporter. "His arrival was a wonder never known to city or realm. Never like great matter happened to any man's knowledge." The fellow was described as broad of face and fat of body, with little eyes and scanty beard. His long coal-black hair was tied in a knot above his forehead, and his dark sallow skin, of which the natural color was hidden beneath dirt and paint, was likened to that of tawny Moors or Tartans. His expression was "sullen and churlish, but sharp withal." But the great public reception destined for him was frustrated by his death from cold. There seems to have been just time, however, for a distinguished Flemish artist who was at the time settled in England, Lucas de Heere, to sketch his portrait. The drawing, which still survives in the public library at Ghent, initiated a practice, which subsequently became common in Elizabethan England, of commissioning artists to transfer to canvas the features of strange visitors from the New World.

On his second expedition Frobisher was more fortunate in his hunt for human prey. He brought back two natives—a man and a woman—and their presence in England again caused an intense popular excitement. They curiously combined savage and civilized custom. Their leather clothing was thoroughly well made, and they knew how to roast meat. Yet occasionally they would eat raw flesh, washed down with a draught of oxen's blood. There is abundant testimony to the whiteness of their skin. There can be little doubt that they were Eskimos, although Richard Hakluyt, the great collector of American travellers' reports, detected in them close resemblances to the inhabitants of unsettled and remote parts of Mexico, whom Spanish explorers had already carefully described. Popular tracts, which were soon thumbed out of existence, emphasized the singularities of this "strange kind of people," without apparently throwing sure light on ethnological problems. Art was summoned by Queen Elizabeth to provide her with permanent mementoes of the two strangers. Life-like portraits of them from the brush of fashionable painters long hung in Hampton Court Palace. Unfortunately the change of scene and climate proved, after an interval, fatal to Frobisher's pair of Indians. At the end of the year the man died at Bristol of inflammation of the lungs, and the course of the illness was fully narrated by a distinguished physician. The woman does not seem to have survived her partner long. But a child who was lately born to them—the first and probably the last of his tribe to have England for his birthplace—apparently survived his parents. The American infant finally passed away at the Three Swans Tavern in the city of London, and was accorded Christian burial in the Church of St. Olave's,

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Hart Street, which survived the Great Fire of London.

Frobisher's third expedition failed to bring back any native. Repugnance on the part of the aborigines to life in the Old World was not diminished by the fatalities attending the recent visits of their fellow-countrymen.

The Elizabethan populace had tasted blood. There was a wide-spread anxiety to see the newly discovered people at close quarters. The desire grew in intensity among both the educated and uneducated classes. Explorers made increasingly liberal offers of English hospitality to the Indians with whom they came into contact. Strenuous efforts were made to grasp their ideas and speech. In conformity with Frobisher's example, later Elizabethan chroniclers of American travel were generous in notices of native customs and in vocabularies of native words.

The expeditions which Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out to Terra Florida, with a view to colonizing that part of the region which he named Virginia, brought England into relations with one of the most important American races of the normal Indian type. Virginia and North Florida were occupied by numerous independent clans of the people called Algonquins, a race of agricultural warriors. In the early days of the projected English settlement this aboriginal people displayed a friendly feeling for the invaders. Captain Barlow, the leader of the first English expedition to Virginia, described the Indians there with attractive naïveté as "a people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." The native instincts of hospitality were highly developed. When some of the first adventurers insisted on spending the night on their ship instead of in the huts at their disposal by the natives on shore, the wife of an absent chief sent down a well-cooked supper and a supply of mats to protect the Englishmen from the night dews. The Indian princes vied with one another in offers of food and menial services. Jealousies and domestic quarrels among the tribes disturbed this Arcadian harmony. The newcomers unwisely intervened in local feuds. There was inevitable growth of suspicion on the natives' part in regard to the invaders' ultimate intentions. But, before the situation on American soil grew critical, Virginians accepted the hospitality of their English visitors and were crossing the Altantic.

In the first English ship that returned from Virginia in the autumn of 1584 there sailed two sturdy Virginians, who played very different parts in the early history of the English colony. Their names were Manteo and Wanchese. Close acquaintance with the English in their own homes made Manteo the fastest of friends with his hosts, while Wanchese developed an invincible distrust. Both returned after a seven months' stay in England with Raleigh's second Virginian expedition, of which the hopes ran very high. Then Wanchese encouraged his kindred to harry the English settlers, but Manteo sedulously preached to the natives the prudence of amity. His services as interpreter and adviser proved invaluable during a year of grave anxiety.

At the end of the twelve-month Manteo repeated his visit to England under notable conditions. Sir Francis Drake, homeward bound from a raid on the West Indies and the Spanish main, found himself near the Virginian coast, and offered to rescue the English settlers from dire peril. Their native ally was reluctant to interrupt his pleasant intercourse with his English masters, and he came a second time to England under the auspices of Drake, the greatest English mariner of the age. For ten months Manteo lingered once more on English soil. At length he returned to his native land in the company of a third party of English colonists. To the new leader, John White, he attached himself with undiminished ardor.

The English, through the disasters of these early Virginian days, had no firmer friend than this kind-hearted and capable Redskin. His enthusiasm for the English cause never waned. He introduced English friends to his old mother, who lived on an island off the North Carolina coast, and his family eagerly offered them entertainment. Sir Walter Raleigh was always interested in his welfare. The last that we hear of him is that after much delay and hesitation he accepted the rite of baptism, and was granted by his English allies, in recognition of his tried fidelity, the high-sounding title of "Lord of Roanoke and Dusamonquapek."

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Governor White came back to England after half a year's further futile struggle to set England's Virginian empire on a sure basis. Manteo did not accompany him. White contented himself with bringing home a fellow countryman of Manteo, who soon unhappily found a burial-place at Bideford. The governor had devoted his leisure to depicting in water-colors the Virginian native in his own home. That valuable sketch-book, which is now preserved in the British Museum, sheds a brilliant light on the manners and customs of Manteo's kinsfolk, in whom Elizabethan interest, being once excited, never wholly died.

## V

THE earliest English endeavor to colonize Virginia proved a failure in spite of the energy of the pioneers. In the last decade of the sixteenth century the great scheme was languidly pursued. The active centre of American interest for England temporarily shifted to South America. Raleigh, although he was the virtual projector of Virginia, did not visit that country in person. To South America he went himself in order to seek a fabled Eldorado in that region of Guiana which is now better known as Venezuela. The new purpose brought English explorers the acquaintance of another American race, scions of which were soon familiar figures in the streets of London.

Near the banks of the river Orinoko, which Raleigh and his company ascended, there lived vagabond tribes who were falsely credited with fabulous distortion of the human shape. It was in that district that rumor placed the homes of

> . . . men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,

—imaginary beings who are twice mentioned by Shakespeare among the world's newly revealed wonders. The Elizabethan travellers were truthful enough while giving hearsay accounts of such human monstrosities to disclaim having seen them for themselves.

The natives of Guiana, whose acquaintance Raleigh personally made, had no obvious association with the inferior human strata of wild America. Raleigh's aboriginal allies formed a branch of the widely spread people called Caribs—a race which always seems to have been of gentle disposition in spite of Spanish imputations to the contrary. They had inhabited the West Indian islands before the Spanish invasion drove them in headlong flight to the mainland. The Caribs of Guiana were clearly of the highest Indian type, outside Peru or Mexico, and were more than qualified to confirm the favorable impressions which Virginians like Manteo had left upon the Elizabethan mind. Raleigh, who was prone to generous enthusiasm, was an indulgent student of native character and physiognomy. The men and women whom he met in Guiana lacked, in his eye, neither comeliness nor courtesy nor intelligence. At a place in Guiana on the Orinoko which he calls Toparimaca he writes of the wife of one of the chiefs, "In all my life I have seldom seen a better favored woman." Her countenance, he proceeds, was excellent; her hair, almost as long as herself, was tied up in pretty knots, while her discourse was very pleasant. "I have seen a lady in England," Raleigh concludes, "so like to her, as but for the difference of color, I would have sworn it might have been the same."

With a king of Guiana called Topiawari, who ruled over a place called Aromaia, Raleigh formed something like close intimacy. The man was of patriarchal age. In one place Raleigh describes him as one hundred years old and in another as one hundred and ten. These were probably swollen figures; but in any case his physical strength was remarkable. He readily walked fourteen miles to meet his English visitor in hot weather, and returned the same day on foot in spite of Raleigh's polite remonstrances. Raleigh describes King Topiawari as a man of gravity, judgment, and good discourse, though he had no help of learning nor of breed. Proud of his independence, he was anxious to escape the Spanish yoke. He had been, at one time, their prisoner, and had paid as ransom one hundred plates of gold and divers chains of spleenstone. He was no sycophant. He regarded Christianity with suspicion, and resented the conversion of two members of his family, a nephew and a nephew's son, on whom the Spanish priests had conferred the baptismal names of Juan and Pedro respectively. He was a confirmed polygamist and complained that in the recent wars

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with the Spaniards he had been robbed of many of his wives. In the old days a chieftain reckoned on the companionship of ten or twelve conjugal partners. Now he had to content himself with three or four.

At Raleigh's suggestion Topiawari cheerfully agreed to permit his son to return with the English explorer to England, there to learn the English language and to give Englishmen full information of native affairs. It was settled that by way of exchange Raleigh should leave with the old chief two Englishmen. Francis Sparrow, a servant of Captain Gifford, "was desirous to tarry and could describe a country with his pen." Consequently he, along with an English boy, Hugh Goodwin, remained with Topiawari when the old man's heir and some native attendants embarked with Raleigh for England.

Raleigh characteristically took two Indians of Guiana into his domestic service in London, and in the early days of his imprisonment in the Tower they waited on him there. On one of these men the vague records bestow no name, and it is just possible that he was the young prince of Guiana, Topiawari's son, whose fortunes in England are difficult to trace. Inquiries about him were often made by his relatives of English travellers in Guiana in the course of the next decade. His English visit was clearly prolonged. When he ultimately regained his native land, he found that the Spaniards had extended their dominion in his absence, and he had difficulty thenceforth in holding his own. Another of Raleigh's Indian attendants in the Tower of London, was well known to Raleigh's friends as Leonard Regapo. He does not seem to have been of exalted rank. After giving ample proof of fidelity to his master, he finally made his way back to his native country, where he spread flattering reports of Raleigh's generosity. Raleigh, till near his death, showed affectionate interest in the man's fortunes. While still a prisoner in the Tower, he sent out clothing to him in one of the smaller English expeditions to Guiana, and, when he made his final and fatal voyage to that region, he sought out his faithful Indian servant Leonard, and exchanged with him affectionate greetings. The Caribbean's respect for Raleigh's memory was lasting, and he paid sedulous attention to every Englishman who in later days came his way.

All the adventurers who followed Raleigh's path in South America during the early years of the seventeenth century, endeavored to maintain among the aborigines the amiable tradition which he inaugurated. Captain Charles Leigh, when exploring Guiana, thought to improve on Raleigh's efforts by sending as many as four Indian chiefs to England. But though the proposal was well received by the tribes, the arrangement fell through. Spanish raids were keeping the country in perpetual tumult. The protagonist of the English alliance, Topiawari, had been driven to the mountains by Spanish menace soon after Raleigh took leave of him. There his long life ended. His two English guests, the boy Goodwin and the man Sparrow, accompanied him in his fatal wanderings. The boy is said to have been "eaten by a tiger," but the man Sparrow, after capture by the Spaniards, managed to escape to Mexico, and finally reached England in safety. There he published an account of his sufferings and commended his Indian hosts to the favorable notice of his countrymen.

## VI

With the accession of James I in 1603, the question of colonizing North America entered on a new and finally successful phase. Resolute endeavors to form permanent settlements both in Virginia and New England were to bear fruit before the king's reign ended. Prospecting expeditions were equipped almost every year, and public curiosity about the natives of the northern continent of America grew more acute. Every endeavor was made to encourage and conciliate native guests in England, so that they might report favorably of the home country to their kindred across the seas.

A very interesting party of natives reached England in 1605 in the charge of Captain George Weymouth, whose exploration of North American shores enjoys the added interest of having been mainly subsidized by Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton. Captain Weymouth coasted round New England, where he rendered much service to geographical knowledge, but he went south before he sailed homeward. It is from Virginia that he claims to have brought back native

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guests. The men were five in number and they carried with them two canoes and their bows and arrows. One of the strangers was described as "young" and "of a ready capacity." Two others were brothers of a notable chief. All are reported to have received "exceeding kind usage" at English hands. In the earliest days of the Jamestown settlement a leading colonist acknowledged that the colony owed much to one of these native visitors to England, who on his going back sedulously spread through his tribe praises of the virtues of the English king. Great was the importance attached to the experience of English hospitality, which was enjoyed by all these five men. It was the "accident" of their English entertainment, wrote their friend, Captain Weymouth, which "must be acknowledged the means of putting on foot and giving life to our plantations."

The Spanish ambassador in London was moved by this incursion of Virginians to complain of the progressive practice of welcoming natives to England. He denounced it as a menace to Spanish predominance in the New World. All the Indian visitors, the Spanish diplomatist pointed out, were taught English, and were not only entertained in London, but were sent about the country. Yet in spite of Spanish lamentation, for some dozen years following the actual settlement of Jamestown in 1607 the chain of native visitors to England knew no interruption. Not all now came from Virginia. A few were brought from the territory of New England, which was at length undergoing more or less systematic study with a view to colonization.

The New England Indians, although they were of the normal semibarbarous type, belonged to a nationality different from that of the Virginians. They were of the historic race of the Iroquois, no representative of which visited England before the early years of the seventeenth century. The first New Englanders to reach England were a party, said to number ten or more, who arrived in London in 1611. Like recent Virginian visitors, they came under the auspices of the Earl of Southampton, who paid the expenses of their convoy. They easily learned English, and two of them, called respectively Tantum and Squanto, subsequently proved of great value as interpreters to English invaders of the northern provinces. Squanto was a native of Patuxet, the Indian name of the native settlement, which New Plymouth was to supersede. For some years he lived in Cornhill, London, in the house of an enterprising merchant and colonial projector, John Slaney. Squanto's devotion to his English hosts fits him to be linked in the memory of Englishmen with his Virginian predecessor, Manteo, or his Guianan predecessor, Leonard Regapo.

One New Englander achieved a more peculiar notoriety while visiting England in the same years as Squanto. Known by the name of Epenow, this American visitor was a man of unusually fine physique, and of a stature far above the average. His courage was declared to be no less than his strength, and he was credited with an authoritative mien and good understanding. But to the discredit of his hosts he was, after a while, "showed up and down London for money as a wonder." He is no doubt the "strange Indian" of large proportions who is mentioned in the play of Henry VIII as fascinating a mob of London women. But Epenow got even with his captors. He represented that he had exclusive knowledge of a gold-mine in an island off the New England coast. On this representation a small syndicate was formed at Plymouth to equip an expedition. In the ship Epenow sailed as guide. But no sooner did he come within swimming distance of his native shores than he leaped overboard and abandoned his dupes to their devices. Efforts to recapture him proved vain, and the ship turned home without more treasure than she held at her setting forth.

More tragic disasters attended some contemporaneous designs to bring to England native dwellers from the new Virginian settlement. The overlord of the neighboring region, Powhatan, readily allowed two of his followers to cross the seas soon after the foundation of the settlement. One of these, called Namontack, was described as a man of "shrewd and subtle capacity," in whom both Powhatan and the English reposed great trust. Unluckily, his companion, Matchumps, was of an evil disposition. The two Indians sailed for England together by way of the Bermudas. But in that island they had a fierce quarrel, with the result that Namontack was slain and secretly buried by his companion. The murderer

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Matchumps ultimately made his way back to Virginia. The news of the murder did not come to Powhatan's ears for some years, during which he was constantly making plaintive inquiries after "his man in England."

Of a third subject of Powhatan, one Nanamack, who actually reached England in the first decade of the seventeenth century and remained till his death, a more curious account is given. For a year or two he lived in English houses where religion was little considered, and drinking and swearing and like evils prevailed, so that "he ran, as he was, a mere pagan." But he was ultimately taken in charge by a godly family, and, learning to read, delighted in the Scriptures. His newly acquired religious sentiment led him to bewail the ignorance of his own countrymen. At length arrangements were made for his baptism. But he died before the rite could be performed, "leaving, however, behind such testimonies of his desire of God's favor that it moved such godly Christians as knew him to conceive well of his condition." But Nanamack's checkered experience, no less than the murder of Namontack by his native companion might well justify doubt, whether the purposes of religion and humanity gained much by the voyage of American aborigines across the dividing ocean.

## VII

SHAKESPEARE was yet alive, and in more or less active work, while this strange procession, which I have described, of natives of Virginia, Guiana, and New England defiled through English ports. Of most of them the dramatist doubtless caught a glimpse. But it was just after his death that the most imposing of Virginian visitors reached London. Pocahontas, the young daughter of the chief Powhatan, had conceived as a child a romantic attachment for the English settlers, and had (it was alleged) protected more than one of them from the murderous designs of her kindred. At length she joined the newcomers as a willing hostage, and in 1613, when not more than eighteen years of age, she boldly defied all Indian and English conventions by marrying an English settler. Immediately afterward she accepted Christianity, and expressed anxiety to visit her husband's Christian country. Accordingly, in the summer of 1616 she arrived in the English capital with her husband, an infant son, her brother Tamacomo, and some native women attendants.

A splendid reception was accorded the Virginian princess. State and Church combined to do her honor. James I received her and her brother at court. They attended a performance at Whitehall of a Twelfth Night masque by Ben Jonson (January 6, 1617), of which they spoke with approval. The Bishop of London entertained her "with festival pomp." The princess's portrait was painted and engraved by distinguished artists. Her dignified bearing was generally commended, although hints are given by Ben Jonson that the princess was occasionally seen, to the dismay of her hosts, to enter tavern doors. Her entertainment, at any rate, seems to have been thoroughly congenial to her, and she was reluctant to shorten her visit. At the end of ten months, however, she travelled to Gravesend with a view to embarkation for her native land. But while tarrying at the port, to the general grief, she fell ill and died. The parish register of Gravesend describes her as "of Virginia, a lady born."

The princess's English husband soon returned to Jamestown, leaving behind him his son and his wife's native companions, all of whom gave some trouble. The husband's brother, Henry Rolfe, who looked after their boy Thomas, complained of the expenses of maintenance to which he was unwillingly put. After some years the lad rejoined his father in Jamestown, where he married an Englishwoman and begot offspring. Pocahontas's brother, Tamacomo, was also long tolerated with some impatience in London society. Samuel Purchas, the voluminous compiler of records of travel, relates how he often conversed with him at the house of a leading London physician. On occasions the Virginian amused the company by singing native songs and dancing what his hearers characterized as "his diabolical measures." He discoursed of his country and religion. Unlike his sister, he declined to accept Christianity, and was prone to blaspheme all religious beliefs but his own. Nevertheless, England left a deep impression of wonder in his mind. He never ceased to marvel at the density of population and the abundance of cornfields and trees.

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The Virginian girls who came with Pocahontas, or followed her to England, experienced singular fortunes. One became a domestic servant in the house of a mercer at Cheapside, but falling ill of consumption, she was nursed in the household of a popular Puritan preacher, William Gouge, who paid her every attention. A subscription was opened in London to provide her with additional comforts. Other Virginian maidens, after being maintained for some years at the expense of the Virginian Company in England, were sent to the Bermudas, where husbands were found for them by the governor. One of their weddings was celebrated with great ceremony at the public expense, and as soon as the union proved fruitful the family was despatched to Virginia to rejoin the girl's kindred. This experiment was reckoned a politic mode of encouraging aboriginal sympathy with civilized life.

By the wisest onlookers the plan of bringing natives to England to convert them into civilizing instruments among their own people was pronounced a mistake. In 1620 a serious proposal was ventilated to extend the practice by importing into England a large number of Indian lads to be educated on English lines. Good argument was then forthcoming to show that such native immigrants as were at the moment in England, were assimilating the vices rather than the virtues of civilized life. Religious teaching benefited them little. The drinking habits of the Elizabethan or other vicious indulgences chiefly appealed to their idiosyncrasies. The hope of Anglicizing the aboriginal population of America by extending English hospitality to Indian visitors to England was recognized by the generation following Shakespeare's death to be a snare and a delusion.

## VIII

ELIZABETHAN drama faithfully reflected current aspiration and experience, but the American native left upon it a slighter impression than might have been expected. The wonders of the New World expanded tardily under Englishmen's gaze, while the Elizabethan dramatists were winging their highest flights. Yet America offered little effective suggestion to the playwrights. In the early days of Elizabethan drama America only figured on the stage as a vague fairyland, whence Spain gathered gold and precious stones, or as a shadowy paradise of Arcadian innocence. Through the middle years of Shakespeare's career the genuine significance of the great discovery was practically ignored in the theatre. It was only when Shakespeare's working days were nearing their close that the light of his genius illumined one aspect of the mighty theme—the mystery of the native dweller.

Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's tutor in tragedy, ended his short life before English colonists had established themselves on American soil. To Marlowe "rich America" was alone familiar as a reservoir of Spanish treasure. All that Marlowe seems to have learned about the American natives was confined to the inaccurate suggestion that the frozen north of the continent was

> Inhabited with tall and sturdy men
> Giants as big as hugy Polypheme.

No reference to the Eskimo natives, whose average stature was rather less than that of Europeans, could be more misleading.

To John Lyly, a pioneer of Elizabethan comedy, America presented itself as a Utopia, where men and nature still flourished "in their first simplicity." Lyly deemed the "Nicotian herb" the most characteristic feature of the new continent, and he credited the plant with marvellous properties for healing human ills. Lyly's imagination, when it touched the New World at all, seemed to lack the guidance of precise knowledge as conspicuously as Marlowe's imagination.

The rapid spread of information about America after Queen Elizabeth's death still failed to inspire the playwrights with interest or enthusiasm. Theatrical references to the early Virginian expeditions of the seventeenth century were usually made in a light sarcastic vein. Virginia was a country where gold was to be had for the asking, or lay about the roads for the passer-by to pick up. The country was a fit asylum for ne'er-do-wells or spendthrifts. Sneers in this key came plentifully from the lips of Ben Jonson's *dramatis personæ*. Contemporary leaders of literature, like Spenser and Bacon, Drayton and Chapman, showed a truer sense of the mysterious promise of an English colonial empire in America. But com-

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plete justice was only done to the marvels and resources of the New World in the flood of treatises or pamphlets which flowed from the prosaic pens of travellers or economic theorists.

There were some curious attempts to present scenically the visits to England of the Virginian natives. But these efforts took the form of masques, and scarcely fell within the category of drama. Twice in 1613 living pictures of Virginian life were presented by amateur companies of actors before distinguished London audiences. On each occasion the players were drawn from the ranks of London barristers. The earlier of these entertainments was given at Whitehall by a combined company of lawyers from the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn. The occasion was the celebration of the marriage of the King's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to the Elector Palatine. The spoken words came from the pen of George Chapman, who showed in them less subtlety than was his wont, but the scenic devices and costumes proved the chief attraction, and they were designed by the eminent decorative artist and architect, Inigo Jones. Some of the London barristers paraded before their sovereign and his guests at this high festival in the dress of Virginian chiefs. High-sprigged feathers rose from their heads, while their brows were adorned by shining suns in gold plate sprinkled with pearls. Feathers were the prevailing characteristics of the costumes. The robes were trimmed with various colored feathers. Actors representing Virginian priests wore ingeniously contrived hoods of feathers. The episodes included a scenical gold-mine and a dance of baboons. But it was the religious ritual of sun worship which was the central feature of the performance. The priests made obeisance to the solar deity and sang a hymn in his honor. Finally a character called Eunomia, typifying the civilization of Europe, was made by Chapman to address this challenge to the Virginian nation:

> Virginian princes, you must now renounce
> Your superstitious worship of these Suns,
> Subject to cloudy darkenings and descents;
> And of your fit devotions turn the events
> To this our Briton Phœbus, whose bright sky
> (Enlightened with a Christian piety)
> Is never subject to black Error's night,
> And hath already offer'd heaven's true light
> To your dark region, which acknowledge now;
> Descend, and to him all your homage vow.

The "Briton Phœbus" was, of course, James I.

No less crude was a similar scenic presentment of Virginian customs, in which the gentlemen of Gray's Inn engaged on the celebration of another marriage, a few months later—that of the disreputable Earl of Somerset to the more disreputable Lady Frances Howard. This second effort, which bore the title of "The Masque of Flowers," acquires additional interest from the fact that all the expenses of the performance were defrayed by Francis Bacon, who may be credited with interest in the subject-matter, if not with some share in the composition of the quaint speeches of the entertainment. Again the religious rites of the Virginians, who now bore the alternative appellation of "Floridans," filled the centre of the stage. The central scheme of the masque was a debate between champions of drinking and of smoking, wine being allegorically represented by a character called Silenus, and tobacco by the Virginian idol, a minion of the Sun-god, entitled Kawasha. The name of the idol is no invention, but is literally drawn from contemporary accounts of Virginia. Kawasha is, moreover, addressed in one place as "a great potan," in mock honor of the Virginian chief Powhatan, father of Princess Pocahontas. The burlesque figure of the idol, who filled a speaking part, was carried on the stage by two lawyers of Gray's Inn attired like Indians of Florida. In his hand he carried an Indian bow and arrows, while his sergeant attended him with a grotesque tobacco pipe as big as a caliver or light musket. The idol proves himself a spirited controversialist in behalf of the smokers, and sings with secular hilarity:

> Nothing but fumigation
> Doth chase away ill sprites;
> Kawasha and his nation
> Found out these holy rites.

The Virginian or Floridan was pictured by the Gray's Inn lawyers under Bacon's auspices, for the most part in a farcical light.

## IX

SHAKESPEARE alone of contemporary dramatists seems to have realized the serious significance of the native problem which

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America offered thinking men. In the character of Caliban he brought to its consideration an insight which richly atones for the frivolous treatment which it received at other hands. Shakespeare had his own limitations, and of the general potentialities of the New World he showed little more consciousness than the other playwrights of his day. In the majority of his direct allusions to America he confines himself, like Marlowe, to vague hints of the continent's harvest of gold, which Spain was reaping. From the New World came "the Armados of Spanish carracks ballasted with rubies, carbuncles, and sapphires" of which mention is made in *The Comedy of Errors* (III, ii, 136–140). In the same vein Sir John Falstaff compares Mistress Ford to "a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty" (*Merry Wives*, I, iii, 66–69). Very rarely does Shakespeare suggest other aspects of the Western hemisphere—of the great expanse of land and sea, which Spain primarily brought within European vision. There is in *As You Like It* a slight allusion to the opportunity of maritime adventure, of which Spain throughout the dramatist's career was availing herself in the South Pacific Ocean. The dramatist knew something, too, of the "new map," which embodied the recent "augmentation" of the world's surface and surprised unscientific observers by its endless series of rhumblines; to these features of the "new map" of the New World Shakespeare likened the wrinkles on Malvolio's smiling countenance. But there is no indication in Shakespeare's plays that he was deeply stirred either by the geographical revelations or by the colonial aspirations of his fellow countrymen which belatedly reflected Spanish example. His alert intellect, as far as it touched the New World, was mainly absorbed by the fascination of aborginal man.

The dramatist squarely faced that mysterious topic at the end of his career, but he shyly betrayed an interest in it at earlier periods. Four times in the course of his early work Shakespeare alludes to the dominant trait of the American Indian religion—the worship of the sun—and his allusions are none the less recognizable because he followed the common habit of designating the Far West, like the Far East, by the one word "Ind." In almost his earliest play, *Love's Labor's Lost*, he describes in gorgeous language how

> A rude and savage man of Ind
> At the first opening of the gorgeous East
> Bows low his vassal head, and strucken blind
> Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.

Some years later, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, Helena was made to remark

> Indian like,
> Religious in my error, I adore the sun.

Sun worship was widely distributed among uncivilized peoples. But Elizabethans knew it almost exclusively as the distinguishing cult of the American Indians, who had invested its ritual with most elaborate ceremonies. Almost every hill in Mexico, Peru, and neighboring countries was crowned by Temples of the Sun of varying solidity—from cyclopean edifices of stone to lightly jointed wooden scaffolds or platforms. The earliest histories of America include pictorial illustrations of these slighter structures. In many parts of America the native sun-worshippers could only account for the apparently miraculous advent of invaders from Europe, whom they credited with superhuman attributes, by identifying them with children of the sun. Shakespeare's words about sun worship echo with much literalness descriptions which Elizabethan travellers repeatedly gave of the American Indian's daily obeisances to the solar deity. The same descriptions were more prosaically reproduced in scenic action by the lawyer-masquers of 1613.

At the end of his working life, when his mental power had reached its highest stage of development, Shakespeare at length offered the world his final conception of the place the aboriginal American filled in human economy. In Caliban he propounded an answer to the greatest of American enigmas.

When it is traced to its sources the play of *The Tempest* is seen to form a veritable document of early Anglo-American history. The general scheme of the piece in which Caliban plays his part is an imaginative commentary on an episode of the foundation of the first lasting settlement in Virginia. There is no reasonable ground for disputing that the catastrophe on which the plot of the play hinges was suggested by the casting away, in a terrific storm,

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on the rocky coast of Bermuda, of a ship bound for the new settlement of Jamestown. Prospero's uninhabited island reflects most of the features which the shipwrecked sailors on this Virginian voyage assigned to their involuntary asylum in the Atlantic. Mysterious noises led the frightened men to the conviction that spirits and devils had made "the still-vexed Bermoothes" their home, and that they were face to face with nature's elementary forces in energetic activity. Such a scene easily stirred in the dramatist's fertile imagination the ambition to portray aboriginal man in his own home, and to define his form and faculty.

From the philosophic point of view the native problem had received the most suggestive treatment that had yet been given it in Europe from the French essayist, Montaigne, whose work had spread far and wide among Englishmen in the classical translation of Florio. The Frenchman had supported with fine irony the paradoxical thesis that the Indians of America realized in their native paradises the "simple life," and that the Utopian conditions of their being put to shame the conditions of European civilization. Parenthetically, in his romance of *The Tempest* Shakespeare liberally and literally borrows, through Florio, Montaigne's naïve picture of the charming innocence of aboriginal America. The interpolation, although relevant to the main argument, has no bearing on the slender plot of the drama. Montaigne's conception of aboriginal society is set by Shakespeare on the lips of Gonzalo, the one honest counsellor of the King of Naples. The sanguine veteran lightly plays with the fancy that, had he the government of the desert isle in the Western ocean on which he and his companions were wrecked, he would prove loyal to the alleged ideals of primitive man; he would found his state on a communistic basis; he would exclude sovereignty, learning, labor, wealth, and war; he would rely solely for sustenance on the unimpeded operations of nature.

Gonzalo repeats without variation the words of Montaigne, but Shakespeare makes brief comments of his own on the specious theory in the speeches which follow Gonzalo's borrowed deliverance. "Thou dost talk nothing to me," ejaculates one of his hearers, and Gonzalo finally admits that he has been indulging in "merry fooling." Shakespeare cherished none of Montaigne's amiable dreams of the primitive state of man in America. He merely introduces the Frenchman's fancies in order to clear the ground. Their flimsiness serves to bring into bolder relief the satisfying substance of his own conception.

Caliban is no precise presentation of any identifiable native American. He is an imaginary composite portrait, an attempt to reduce the aboriginal types of whom the dramatist and his contemporaries knew anything to one common denominator. The higher standards of civilization, which were discovered on the American continent in Peru and Mexico, were excluded from Shakespeare's survey. Few English travellers had been suffered by Spain to come to close quarters with Incas or Aztecs, and in Caliban's personality there are only fused the characteristics of the aboriginal tribes with whom Elizabethans came face to face.

Yet Elizabethan experience enabled Shakespeare to cast his net over a wide field. The part that his patron, Lord Southampton, had played in bringing natives to London in the early days of the seventeenth century may well justify the belief that the dramatist enjoyed some personal intercourse with the strangers. Such opportunities were readily supplemented by talk with travellers, or by perusal of their published information.

Sufficiently varied for his main purpose were the phases of uncivilized humanity in America, over which Shakespeare threw his luminous intelligence. Traits of the normal tractable type of Indian to which the Virginian and Caribbean belonged freely mingled in the crucible of his mind with those of the irredeemable savages of Patagonia. At the same time it is obvious that Shakespeare was eclectic in garnering his evidence, omitting some testimonies which one would have expected him to include, and falling elsewhere into error. But finally, from his imaginative study of the "idea" of aboriginal life there emerges a moving sentient figure which in spite of some misrepresentations, presents with convincing realism the psychological import of the American Indian temperament. Shakespeare's American is not the Arcadian innocent with whom Montaigne identifies him. He is a human being, endowed with

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live senses and appetites, with aptitudes for mechanical labor, with some knowledge and some control of the resources of inanimate nature and of the animal world. But his life is passed in that stage of evolutionary development which precedes the birth of moral sentiment, of intellectual perception and social culture. He is a creature stumbling over the first stepping-stones which lead from savagery to civilization.

Though Shakespeare in Caliban makes a large generalization from the data of aboriginal habit which lay at his disposal, he at many points reproduces with literalness the common experience of Europeans in their first encounters with aboriginal inhabitants of newly discovered lands. Caliban's relations with the invaders of his isle are facts of history. The savage's insistent recognition in the brutish Trinculo of Divine attributes is a vivid and somewhat ironical picture of the welcome accorded to Spanish, French, and English explorers on their landing in the New World. Thus did Pizarro present himself to the native imagination in Peru, Cortes in Mexico, Cartier in Canada, and Sir Francis Drake on the western coast of California.

It is fully in accord with recorded practice of European pioneers in America that Prospero should seek at the outset to win Caliban's love in the guise of a patient teacher. Prospero warns him against his crude conceptions of sun, moon, and stars and explains to him their true functions. Every explorer shared Prospero's pity for the aborigines' inability to make themselves intelligible in their crabbed, agglutinative dialects, and offered them instruction in civilized speech. On many a native Indian's ear there had fallen Prospero's words:

> When thou didst not, savage,
> Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
> A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
> With words that made them known.

At the same time there was much instruction that the native could offer his uninvited guest. Like every colonist, Prospero depended on his savage host for his knowledge of "all the qualities" of the undiscovered country. From the aboriginal inhabitant alone could come, as in the play, indications of fresh-water springs or of the places where edible berries grew and good fish could be caught. There is an historic echo in the promise "I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island," with which Caliban seeks the favor of the stranger Trinculo.

The menial services which Caliban renders his civilized master, the cutting and stacking of firewood, the scraping of trenchers, the washing of dishes, specifically associate Prospero and his servant with early settlements of Englishmen in Virginia. The native Virginians rendered to the Elizabethan invaders indispensable aid as hewers of wood and drawers of water. But Shakespeare's very precise mention of Caliban's labors as fisherman is the most literal of all transcriptions in the play from records of Virginian native life. "I'll fish for thee," Caliban tells Trinculo, and as soon as he believes that he has shaken off Prospero's tyrannical yoke, he sings with exultant emphasis, "No more dams I'll make for fish." This line from the play has not hitherto received comment from any of the thousand and one editors of "The Tempest," and it may be questioned whether any student has yet appreciated its significance. Caliban's apparently careless declaration that he will make in his harsh master's behoof "no more dams . . . for fish" is a vivid and penetrating illustration of a peculiar English experience in Virginia.

The Virginian natives had brought to rare perfection a method of catching fish which was almost exclusively known to America, although some trace of it has been found in Burmah and other regions of the Far East. In their wide rivers the Virginians were wont to construct dams or weirs, which were contrived with singular ingenuity. It was on the fish which was thus procured by the Virginian natives that the first English settlers mainly depended for their sustenance. The reports of Raleigh's early agents in Virginia are at one with those of the later founders of Jamestown in their expression of amazement at the mechanical skill which the natives brought to the construction of their fish dams, whereby they secured an uninterrupted supply of fresh fish. A series of fences made of willow poles and bound to one another by intricate wicker-work, ran in a series of circular compartments from the bank into the river-bed, and a clever arrangement of baskets within the fenced enclosures placed great masses of fish every day at the disposal of the makers and own-

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ers of the dams. The secret of construction was well kept by the natives, and European visitors, to their embarrassment, never learned it. The system was widely spread over the continent, and is still occasionally practised by the natives in remote places in both North and South America. In Shakespeare's day Englishmen only knew of the Indian art of weir fishing from the accounts that were given by travellers in Florida and Virginia.

One of the chief anxieties of the early English settlers in Virginia was lest the natives should fail them in keeping the dams in good order. When Raleigh's first governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, detected, in 1586, signs of hostility among the natives about his camp, his thoughts at once turned to the weirs. If they were once broken by the revolting aborigines, and none were willing to repair them, starvation was a certain fate of the colonists. For no Englishmen knew how to construct and work these fish dams on which the settlement relied for its chief food. The gloomy anticipation of the failure of the dams through native disaffection came true in those early days, and was a chief cause of the disastrous termination of the sixteenth-century efforts to found an English colony in Virginia. The narratives of the later Virginian explorers, Captain John Smith and William Strachey, whose energies were engaged in the foundation of Jamestown, bear similar testimony to the indispensable service rendered by the natives' fish-dams to English colonists. Caliban's threat to make "no more dams for fish" consequently exposed Prospero to a very real and a familiar peril.

Definite as are the touches which link Caliban with Virginians or Floridans, there are plain indications also that Shakespeare, in sketching the outline of the portrait, had flung his gaze on Raleigh's visitors from Guiana. Caliban's name comes philologically from that of the wide-spread race of Caribbeans, who were the first of American aborigines to see the face of Europeans. It was on their homesteads in the West Indies that Columbus descended, and when the Spanish invaders drove them from their island abodes, they took refuge on the northern coast of the southern continent, where Raleigh met them. Their generic name is very variously given in the early reports of American exploration. The first syllable appears not only as Car-, but as Cal-. In one of its more or less corrupt shapes it is indistinguishable from Caliban, while in another it gave birth to the more familiar form of Cannibal. Some rapid study of the Carib race was clearly an ingredient in Shakespeare's composite conception of aboriginal America.

But Shakespeare also incorporated traits of other American races, who ranked far lower than Virginian or Caribbean in the scale of human development. The dramatist's mention of the god Setebos, the chief object of Caliban's worship, echoes accounts of the wild people of Patagonia, who lived in a state of unqualified savagery. Patagonia is bounded on the south by the Magellan Straits, and the mighty exploits of Magellan in first threading that tortuous waterway first brought the Patagonians within the cognizance of Europe. An Italian mariner who sailed in Magellan's fleet first put into writing an account of their barbarous modes of life and their uncouth superstitions. His tract circulated widely in Shakespeare's day in English translations. During the dramatist's lifetime the mysterious people was more than once visited by adventurous English seamen, and curiosity about them spread. Sir Francis Drake and Thomas Cavendish in their circumnavigations of the globe both paused on Patagonian territory, and held intercourse with its strange inhabitants. One of Drake's companions was left behind on Patagonian shores, and lived among the savages for eight years, ultimately reaching England in safety, as if by a miracle, to narrate his startling experiences. Controversy arose among sixteenth-century visitors to Patagonia as to whether the wild dwellers there were giants or no. Drake denied them any excessive stature. It is certain that they belonged to the most rudimentary type of humanity with which Europeans had yet come into contact, and that in "their great devil Setebos" centred the most primitive conceptions of religion which had come to the knowledge of civilized man. When Caliban acknowledges himself to be a votary of "the Patagonian devil" he declares his affinity with an Indian type, which was very abhorrent to European sentiment.

In one respect Shakespeare departs from his authorities. Although untrustworthy rumors spread abroad that aboriginal tribes



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in unexplored forests about the river Amazon were hideously distorted dwarfs, the evidence is conclusive that the average Indian of America—even the Patagonian—was physically as well formed and of much the same stature as Englishmen. Yet Caliban is described as of "disproportioned" body; he is likened to "a tortoise" and is denounced as a "freckled whelp," or a "poor, credulous monster." Such misrepresentation on Shakespeare's part is no doubt conscious and deliberate. Caliban's distorted form brings into bolder relief his moral shortcomings, and more clearly defines his psychological significance. It is an involuntary homage to the Platonic idea, which Elizabethan poetry completely assimilated, that the soul determines the form of the body. Shakespeare's seeing eye invested his "rude and savage man of Ind" with a shape akin to his stunted intelligence and sentiment.

The creation of Caliban is a plea, however fantastically phrased, for common-sense interpretation of the native problem. In Caliban's personality Shakespeare refutes the amiable delusion that the aborigines conserved Utopian ideals which civilization had abandoned and would do well to recover. At the same time Shakespeare tacitly offers the more hopeful and the more fruitful suggestion that human development marches foward, and never backward, and that creatures like Caliban embody an embryonic manhood which European civilization had outgrown, and to which it could not revert. Shakespeare cherished no delusions about the imperfections of current civilization. He knew all the "instruments of darkness" which threatened civilized human nature. Nevertheless, he could hold out no hope of salvation to Prospero's servant-monster unless he were ready in due time, without undue coercion, loyally to follow in civilized man's footsteps. This was the only substantial moral which the visits of American Indians to Elizabethan England helped to point for Shakespeare.

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# THE WEDDING GOWN

## By Josephine Preston Peabody

For me, it would be all too rare,
  This web of glimmering white;—
Too royal fair for me to wear
  Round simple heart's delight.
    But this is for one only Bride
    The very moon should pale beside,
  To veil her for thy sight.

Oh, not for me I work apart
  And singing here, above
This whiteness in my hands and heart,
  This brightness of the dove.
    But what thing woven of the sun
    Were too much glory for that One
  Belovèd of my Love?

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# EPICURUS IN THE WEST

By Thomas Robins

ILLUSTRATION BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls
To a voluptuous unconcern.
THE EXCURSION.

IT is a clear, bright day in early September. The hot sun of a long rainless summer is tempered by distant fog upon the Southern ocean. A broad modern boulevard crowded with vehicles resounds with the clear, crisp stamp of horses' hoofs on the asphalt, mingled with the wail of hurrying automobiles. A leisurely crowd throngs the footways, which are lined on both sides of the street by two-story wooden buildings, gleaming white and gay with bunting; not unpleasing architecturally, but with a look of the ephemeral hardly consistent with the substantial character of roadway and sidewalk. It is a gay throng, moving to and fro in leisurely fashion, or darting in and out of shops whose windows display in brilliant profusion the costliest fabrics of all countries; and it is evidently one interested in the pomps and vanities, for a florist seems to share with a jeweller in preëminent popularity.

An electric car, crowded to the lowest step, labors on its way westward. It bears on the front a flaring sign, "To the Chutes —Vaudeville to-day." A band is playing in a restaurant whose front is adorned with clipped bays and orange-trees in tubs. The crowd stops to listen, and is amused by a couple of urchins who perform a clog dance to the music of ragtime. Everyone appears to be regardless of any skeleton at the feast; yet in easy sight, to the eastward, above the low skyline of the shops, as far as the eye can reach, and farther, following the contour of the hills from the Golden Gate to the Potrero, are four square miles of dust, ashes, and desolation, ruins of what were but a few short weeks before the homes of three hundred thousand people.

When the gaze has swept the horizon, and returns to the moving throng of holiday makers, there seems to be something as irreconcilable between the two as between life and death. Can it be possible that these people, so intent on the diversions of a Saturday afternoon, were but yesterday the inhabitants of those homes? Can it be they who were driven thence by earthquake or fire, leaving behind every family treasure hallowed by association, every necessity which makes civilization, as well as every luxury which marks refinement? Is it they who escaped with little more than the clothes on their backs, to lie for many nights under the stars on the sand-hills? How can they carry the disaster in their memories and yet, to all seeming, put it so completely out of their minds?

Every settled community has a soul, but in our raw civilization it is hard to refine upon the difference between the spirit of this place and of that. In Europe cities have inherited from the Middle Ages the characteristics and traditions which have given them distinction. Modern ease of communication has only affected the surface, and that but little. The veriest novice can appreciate wherein Naples, Rome, and Florence are unlike. In America all cities seem identical, only differing in the degree of intensity with which the same pursuits are followed. On the lighter side of life that sameness is deadly. Our rivalries and contrasts are commercial rather than social, and it requires close observation of a community to detect its soul. Not so with San Francisco. During the past forty years of American rush, excitement, and fervent worship of the material, in which refinement has marked time, whilst luxury has hurried on a forced march, one community in this Philistine Western world has held aloof, although not uninterested, has remained indifferent, but not hostile. Even superficially, distinctions were noticeable. No stranger could remain in San Francisco for twenty-four hours without encountering habits of life and thought in which she differed not only from his own home, but



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from every other American city. With a longer association, the conviction was ever strengthening that the unlikeness was real and fundamental. The cast of mind peculiar to newer communities was wanting. The visitor heard no proclamation of pride in growth and numbers; he found no joy in fierce rivalry with neighbors; he discovered no eager craving to tell him of her ambitions, of her progress, of her advantages and possessions. Those restless characteristics which have ever been deemed inseparable from Yankee activity, which we have been accustomed to regard as essential symptoms of growth, without which a city is dead, were all absent. Yet this was no city in decay. Here rather was one growing steadily, and as steadily increasing in wealth and prosperity; but her people did not seem to wish that she should be measured by exports, imports, and bank clearings. San Francisco was what she was. She must be loved for herself, not for her possessions.

There was never any hurry in her crowded streets. The people were occupied, but always seemed willing to trust something to the succeeding day. Even in their amusements the San Franciscans were unflurried, although the popularity of the race-course and the prize-ring proved that a love of excitement was never absent. About this people there was none of that disposition to take pleasure feverishly, but sadly, which is characteristic of Americans on the Atlantic Coast and in the Middle West. There was through everything a serenity which seemed to belong to some other country.

The study of local characteristics and the endeavor to assign causes for those habits and peculiarities which make one place different from another are always interesting; and in the case of San Francisco all the more so because of her unlikeness not only to certain other cities but to every other city. Nor was this investigation pursued without difficulty; for among the fascinations of this enticing spot were the inconsistencies of its people. Every now and again, amid the strangeness, aggressive New-World characteristics cropped out to upset preconceived ideas. It was a place in which it was safer to gain impressions than to form conclusions.

San Francisco had no youth. In 1850—although but one year old—she was already a world centre. In economic importance this straggling settlement of canvas and shanties ranked for the time among the most important cities of the Old World. A few grains of gold in Captain Sutter's tail-race heralded a financial revolution hardly second to that which followed the discovery of America. The new El Dorado came in the nick of time to deliver Europe from a scarcity of the precious metals, already severe, and threatening disaster to industrial progress. The gold of California changed the United States from a poor to a rich country, was an indispensable aid in the railroad expansion of the next decade, and during that immediately following enabled the nation to endure the strain of a four years' civil war. No wonder that San Francisco stepped immediately into the centre of the stage. Within a few months the remote and lonely cove between Telegraph Hill and Rincon was crowded with ships from every country, bringing supplies to the miners and recruiting their numbers from cabin and forecastle. Every great banking-house in the world was represented there. Commerce, quickening the pulses of London, of Paris, and of Amsterdam, had its beginning in a few words passed across an unplaned board amid the freedom, roughness, and lawlessness of a frontier camp. The flower of America's vigorous youth came to this unkempt and straggling phantom of a city. It was a different migration from that which, early in the century, crossed the Alleghanies and peopled the Middle West. The California adventurers were not home-seekers. Few of them had any idea of settling permanently on the shores of the Pacific. They had been reared in comfort, often in affluence. Many had money or represented people of substance in the East, and were attracted by the opportunity of quickly turning their capital over and over, and then returning whence they came. The Creole from the Mississippi Valley was there, bringing with him the habits of pre-Revolutionary France. There, too, was the son of the cotton planter, trained to command, brought up amid careless profusion, but finally forced from home by that blight which had already begun to settle upon the South of slavery. This mixed influx of adventurers from the East met in San Francisco an even more motley crew of adventurers from the great world outside. The Chinaman and

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the Kanaka, there already, suggested a mysterious Oriental life. The habits and traditions of old California were congenial to Mexicans and South Americans, who flocked thither upon the first rumors of gold. They found the cock-fight and the horse race already established, along with other diversions welcome to the indolent and pleasure-loving of sunny climes. The gambler from New Orleans met the gambler from Mazatlan. The Sydney convict and the Tammany "Shoulder-hitter" came quickly from the nearest two Anglo-Saxon ports; and quickly, too, came the adventuress from everywhere. This mixed immigration, bringing with it the varied customs and habits of former homes, set at once a far higher standard of material comfort than had ever been known before in a frontier settlement. In the earliest days, in a city of shanties, French restaurants were already established, and with them vice assumed the more attractive mien of the Continent, and lost the brutality usual in English-speaking communities. Nor was it degraded by mystery. San Francisco first and last was unmoral rather than immoral. She loved the light; she hated hypocrisy and prurience.

The new-comers from the East soon discarded that self-restraint and feeling of obligation to convention and to the community which characterize settled and stable societies. Mothers and sisters were far away. The gold-seekers found themselves in close daily communication with that side of the cosmopolitan underworld which, in 1850, they could hardly have known in Puritan Boston, in provincial New York, or in semi-rural Philadelphia, then only just emerging from the eighteenth century. Probably the New Orleans of slave days displayed to its youth more of Old-World freedom and Old-World vice; but, to the average immigrant, San Francisco, with its adventurers, male and female—themselves experiencing a new-found sense of freedom from the police—was pre-eminently a place to shatter tradition. The time given to endurance of vice and to pity for the vicious was short, and the youthful stranger soon threw himself into the life with the ardor of a novice and a convert.

Richard Henry Dana points this out in the addendum to his "Two Years Before the Mast," written in 1859, after his second visit to California. "I found," he says, "individuals, as well as public bodies, affected in a marked degree by a change of oceans and by California life. One Sunday afternoon I was surprised at receiving a card of a man whom I had known, some fifteen years ago, as a strict and formal deacon of a Congregational society in New England. He was a deacon still in San Francisco, a leader in all pious works, devoted to his denomination and to total abstinence—the same internally, but externally—what a change! Gone was the downcast eye, the bated breath, the solemn, non-natural voice, the watchful gait, stepping as if he felt responsible for the balance of the moral universe!"

This was a mild case. A more radical example of readjustment to California habits is shown in the diary of a young Southerner, carefully bred amid religious surroundings in Savannah. He had just arrived in San Francisco, and as a *cicerone* and mentor there was at hand one who was destined in after-years to show the world to many another inexperienced youth. His journal read somewhat as follows:

"May 16th I sauntered about the plaza with Sam W——. We entered a brightly lighted building which turned out to be a gambling house. I was surprised and shocked to see Sam put down his bag of gold dust and play cards for money."

"June 8th, lost $85 at Faro."

The Anglo-Saxon prevailed commercially, but socially the triumph of the Latin was complete.

During the years between the discovery of gold and the outbreak of the Civil War the city grew steadily in population and developed in solidity and the outward manifestations of wealth. The shanties were rapidly disappearing, and were being replaced by buildings substantial in construction and dignified—even stately—in appearance. As time went on many of the Argonauts who had come to make a quick turn and go back to the East concluded to stay for a while longer. Either the turn was not so quick as they had anticipated, or the fascination of quick turns—with money-lending at twelve per cent. a month—grew upon them. They sent for their families, and started houses on Rincon Hill or overlooking North Beach. The leading men of those days were, many of them, destined to play an important part in the great drama of

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the succeeding decade. There was Captain Halleck, lawyer and valued adviser to men of affairs. He was intimate then with Major Sherman, the banker and commander of the State militia. Probably neither of them cared to cultivate an intimacy with Captain Grant, and the knowledge gained by Halleck of Grant in his unfortunate California days seems to have given to his narrow and formal mind a twist which was never quite straightened out.

Captain Farragut, of Mare Island, must have often met on Long Wharf young Stephen J. Field, the promising lawyer of Marysville. And there, too, Winfield Scott Hancock and his friend, Lewis Armistead, might have been seen together, little dreaming that within a few years they were to meet in almost hand-to-hand conflict at Gettysburg, where the Virginian was destined to die of wounds inflicted by men under the Pennsylvanian's command. John W. Geary, future major-general and Governor of Pennsylvania, was First Alcalde of San Francisco in the early fifties. Many of the titles to land in the older portions of the city originated with him. There, too, was Edward D. Baker, future senator, who fell at Balls Bluff in command of a regiment of returned California adventurers. John C. Frémont was a well-known figure in the San Francisco of those days. I can mention only the most prominent; but there were many others.

With the outbreak of the great war ended the first period of San Francisco's career. Even before 1861 many of the well-born and well-connected pioneers had been drawn back to the East and South. Some had made fortunes, and had returned to parts of the world less remote to spend them. Many had realized that as the production of placer gold diminished, San Francisco was bound to lose its importance as a centre of world commerce, and that, for the future, New York would offer greater opportunities for the increase of that "pile" which originated in the foot-hills of the Sierras. But the attack on Sumter drew away others who were destined never to return; and interest in California was turned to Virginia and the Mississippi Valley. All of that spirit of adventure, that love of the open sky which had driven the youth of '49 to the Pacific Slope, was directed to the gigantic struggle in which the slave power was fighting for life. The boy of '61 went to war along with his elder brother, who brought to the life of camp and battle the same spirit ripened by the experience of California. And San Francisco lapsed into the humdrum of an isolated provincial life. Even the opening of the Central Pacific Railroad did little to reawaken the energy of her world-centre days. She was in a back-water, out of the current of events; and, until our own times she remained remote, isolated, and aloof, living in her own traditions and largely uninfluenced by outside thought and prejudices; but like a faded belle, unaware of the passing of her bloom, she still retained many of the airs and graces of the days when she was much sought and famous. She ever endured the departure of her captains and kings with smiling equanimity. She had moved in the best society, and she exacted respect. She did not permit her children to lose the habit of speaking of "New York and San Francisco."

During those years of quiet—sometimes of torpor—the soul of San Francisco was developing. The slowly increasing population was largely recruited from Europe and other communities in California. By 1906 at least one-third of the population was foreign born; probably more than one-third spoke at home a language other than English. The immigration from the Continent of Europe—at first entirely German and French—was later heavily Latin. The peasant from the Rhine Valley pruned vines beside the mountaineer from Piedmont; the fisherman from the Bay of Naples spread between the Golden Gate and the Farallones the dull-red sails from his old home, stiffened by a wind now chill out of the Bering Sea, now warmed into fog by the Japan current. The American sought diversion. San Francisco was the only city upon the whole coast. Seattle and Tacoma were yet unborn; Portland and Los Angeles were little more than villages. The miner of the interior who had made his pile in Grass Valley or "on the Comstock" came to San Francisco to spend it. The planter from "the Islands" who had prospered, and desired city life and amusements for himself and good schools for his children came also. The same motive brought the successful farmer from the valley, or the successful store-keeper from the

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decaying towns of the Sierras. To these must be added a sprinkling of business men from the Middle West, tired of hard winters, scorching summers, and doing things "on the jump"—the advance guard of that army of the tired which has since peopled the San Gabriel Valley, and built for itself a city consecrated to sun worship. These immigrants sought leisure, and not gain. They came to spend a competence, not to acquire one; and so they were quite readyto fall into the ways of the pleasure-loving community.

As the years went by the pioneers passed away, and sons and daughters entered into an inheritance largely increased by the unearned increment. They too sought pleasure and cultivated ease. They had been educated in Europe with the leisure class of the Old World, and had largely acquired their habits. There was almost chronically a superabundance of money and a scarcity of labor in San Francisco. Wages were higher than in Eastern cities. The wage-earner could live generously by the labor of four days in the week. On the remaining days he, too, was added to the army of seekers after amusement. And so it came to pass that by evolution, and all unconsciously, an entire community resolved itself into a huge garden consecrated to the cult of the Greek philosopher who had preached, as a gospel, the pursuit of placid contentment—

A land in which it seemed always afternoon.

San Francisco lived in the open; the streets were crowded day and night. It was a slow-moving throng, forming small groups in front of outdoor shops or lingering in the broad entries of saloons. Much business was transacted in the streets and finally signed, sealed, and delivered at the neighboring bars unrestrained by any Phariseeism about drinking in business hours. Each district had its own peculiar outdoor population. Merchants were in one quarter; brokers in another. The shoppers were on Kearney and Post Streets; on Market Street the small shops and cheaper shows combined to attract the sporting element. The theatres were, for the most part, situated in a triangle bounded on two sides by Geary and Market Streets, and extending indefinitely southwestward as those streets diverged. At night this district was crowded with the frequenters of the tenderloin, the racing and prize-fighting "push." The cold summer winds did not permit of sitting in the open air in front of cafés, as in European cities, but otherwise the life was that of the Boulevard and Corso.

Americans usually sustain existence by a hastily bolted luncheon; but in San Francisco the midday meal was a function. In half a dozen French restaurants as many *maîtres d'hotel* displayed voluble interest in the individual and his peculiarities. Everywhere, from the great court of the Palace Hotel to the smallest bakery, it was recognized that business was in abeyance, and that the event of the day was to be pursued in leisurely happiness. Many offices were closed. The districts of trade were deserted, and lawyers, merchants, and bankers adjourned to the club, where they met the physician, who had cut his round of visits short as the clock struck twelve. The best markets in the world combined with the best of fellowship to make of these daily reunions a veritable feast. Who can forget them? How refreshing the repose! How stimulating the talk! How playful the merriment! How we lingered over it, and with what reluctance came the parting at last!

Growing out of the open-air life of the town there was common to all a keen love of the country and the outing. On every Saturday, Sunday, and holiday the town largely depopulated itself and wandered afield. Many were attracted across the Golden Gate to Tamalpais, its wooded slopes and the meadows of its well-watered valleys, or to Shellmound and the hills of Alameda, or down the Peninsula to San Mateo, Palo Alto, and San José. In the summer thousands of families left the city for camps in the Sierras, the lake country, or along the shores of the Bay of Monterey. In the autumn and winter the woods, bays, and marshes resounded with the crack of the gun. The outing was a real outing, conducted simply and cheaply without paraphernalia. The camps were real camps, not villas disguised with sham logs and birch-bark veneer. Nor should I forget that yearly festival celebrated in the late summer by the Bohemian Club in the tall redwoods. An unconscious pagan tribute to Pan, to Bacchus, to Apollo and the Muses, it concluded with a ceremony which would have been dear to the heart of old Epicurus, the formal Burial of Care, an allegorical expression of his doctrine

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that the true test of pleasure is the removal and absorption of all that gives pain.

San Francisco loved the drama and was a prolific mother of dramatic artists. Ever since, in the earliest days, she discovered Edwin Booth she had been stage-struck. It would require a volume to set out adequately her record as a producer of actors, musicians, and painters. Nor can the world ever know how great is the debt of a country not on the whole artistic to this remote corner of her territory whose achievements have been so far out of proportion to its population and opportunities. How many of those whom Modjeska has charmed by her graceful and finished art know that but for San Francisco she would have been lost to the American stage? How many of the hundreds of thousands whose deepest emotions have been stirred during the past two years by David Warfield know that to the "Music Master" the city by the Golden Gate is home? And she has generally shown good taste and discrimination in the appreciation of the stranger within her gates. Many a successful performer will bear witness to the value of the inspiration which he has received at her friendly hands. She was always impatient of quacks in art, however she might show partiality to them in other walks of life. Hysteria was never substituted for appreciation. She bowed to reputation, but was not enslaved by it.

And in her fifty-six years what an inspiration was her life and atmosphere to literary production! She first recognized Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Henry George. She produced Frank Norris, David Belasco, Jack London, and Joaquin Miller. She enthralled Robert Louis Stevenson.

But the picture has a reverse side. The individual was supreme. The public as the holder of an opinion, or the sufferer from a wrong, was hardly recognized. The San Franciscan was largely lacking in public spirit. He viewed each new question as it arose not as it would affect the mass and contribute to the general good, but as it might affect his own personal welfare, convenience, or pocket. The idea of the commonwealth was as inadequately appreciated in the city by the bay as it was effectually utilized by her younger sister in the San Gabriel Valley. There was much local pride in San Francisco, but there was no civic pride. This intense individualism made it difficult to organize and combine for any purpose, and especially when the citizen was asked to give up his ease or any of his smaller personal rights for the betterment of public administration. The forces of evil were not closely organized as compared with Tammany Hall; but the forces that should have made for good were never organized at all. Individualism seemed to induce a state of mind destructive to the power of co-operation. It made the people impatient of distinction. They liked to feel that no one man was rising above his neighbor. As soon as a head emerged from the common level of the crowd it became a target for missiles; so men naturally tall cultivated a stoop. San Francisco was no place for the very rich; and most of those who made large fortunes there showed their appreciation of the fact by moving away. Wealth brought no distinction, nor did display excite wonder and the desire to emulate. Ordinary people cared little for the horse-power of a man's automobile or the number of his servants. Neither curiosity nor adulation waited upon ostentation. It rather produced disdain. Nor were there any paupers in San Francisco. Even after an unparalleled disaster, the Relief Committee found it difficult to spend their fund. She was the paradise of the average man seeking average comfort, average amusement, average happiness. On the other hand, she loved her eccentrics—those who were conspicuous for peculiar or archaic costumes or cheap ostentations and vanities. She pampered them because they defied the conventional; and she spoiled them all the more if that defiance was in the way of inverted snobbery, consisting in the accentuation of some quality supposed to be peculiar to the plain American—the typical Uncle Sam. This grew out of her hatred of distinction. Naturally Mrs. Grundy could not live in such a society; neither could the snob who asserts superiority, nor the snob who cheerfully concedes inferiority. When the sins of San Francisco are told let this also be told as a memorial of her.

It was not easy, it must be confessed, to appeal to San Francisco on the moral side. She neither loved righteousness nor hated iniquity. She was good-humoredly tolerant of both. But even the lack of public opinion and public conscience, the aversion to co-operation, had their compensations. Side

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*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

A corner of Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, at the present time.



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by side with them, and growing out of them, was an intense and ardent love of liberty. Preëminent was San Francisco above other American cities in her resistance to all attempts, on the part of the forces of intolerance, to restrain the freedom of the individual. Political liberty, an article of faith elsewhere, might often be held as only a pious opinion by her people when fast bound by some boss; but personal liberty—that which permits every man to order his life as he will without fear of general reprobation or even of mild disapproval—was her very heart's blood. Tyranny indorsed by custom or tradition had no place with her; nor was there patience with attempts to play Providence to others in minor matters of conduct. At an early period of her history she realized that there are ways of moving a neighbor's landmark which do not involve physical trespass, and by unwritten law she forbade such intrusions.

Is it not this confidence in mutual toleration which creates a light-hearted community? Who can tell how much of human tissue is wasted in the struggle to obtain, in the trifles of life, the approbation—or to avoid the disapprobation—of friends, neighbors, and the world at large? And in matters of moment, how does the love of righteousness and the hatred of iniquity eat out the heart! The lack of competition in the smaller externals makes for a peaceful and simple life; and fearlessness of friend as well as of foe, cultivated early, easily becomes a habit. When her great tragedy came, it found San Francisco unafraid, and its results left her undaunted. But her courage was not that of the Puritan—a resignation in the present and hope for the future; a calm, deliberate appraisement of the calamity, and a high stern resolve to live it down through coming years. Neither was it that of the savage—a stubborn, unmoved, and dumb insensibility. Something was it rather between the two, and partaking of neither. To appreciate it, we must turn to other lands, to an older civilization, where life was a kingdom wholly of this world, in which courage had a different inspiration as well as a different manifestation.

The philosopher at whose feet these people had been unconsciously sitting lived two thousand years ago in another sunlit land of olive, vine, and laurel, of mountains and blue sea. Would not the genial Athenian have been proud of this community, this new garden of philosophy by the Golden Gate of the Western world? Without doubt, could he have viewed with us the light-hearted loiterers on Van Ness Avenue, so disdainful of calamity, he would have known them for his own—a people realizing that the true test of pleasure is the removal and absorption of all that gives pain. Earthquake and fire, flood and drought, sunshine and rain—all in the day's work.

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# THE OLD SOUL

## By Edith M. Thomas

"*Not in Entire Forgetfulness.*"

THE Old Soul came from far,
  Beyond the unlit bound;
There had gone out a star,
  And a great world was drowned,
Since birth, and death, and birth,
Were hers, upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
  Time and time out of mind;
And, as the sphere of dew

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Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the wasting past.

There was no dizzying height
She had not sometime trod,
No dungeon known of night
But she had felt its rod;
The saint, assoiled from sin—
And saint's arch-foe—had been!

At cruel feasts she sate,
Where heartless mirth ran high;
Through famine's portal strait
Had fled with wailful cry;
All human fates had proved,
And those from man removed.

Yea, she had worn the guise
Of creatures lashed and spurned—
Even of those whose eyes
May not on heaven be turned;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place!

The Old Soul came from far;
And, all lives having known,
She nowhere touched a bar,
But all was as her own:
And this could none forget,
Who once her look had met!

The Old Soul came from far,
Moving through days and ways
That are not—and that are!
She turned on all her gaze—
Illumed—deceived—illumed;
Yet still the road resumed.

The Old Soul came from far,
And toward the far she drew.
"Turn home, mine avatar!"
That voice, long lost, she knew;
She heard, she turned—was free—
No more to dream, but Be!

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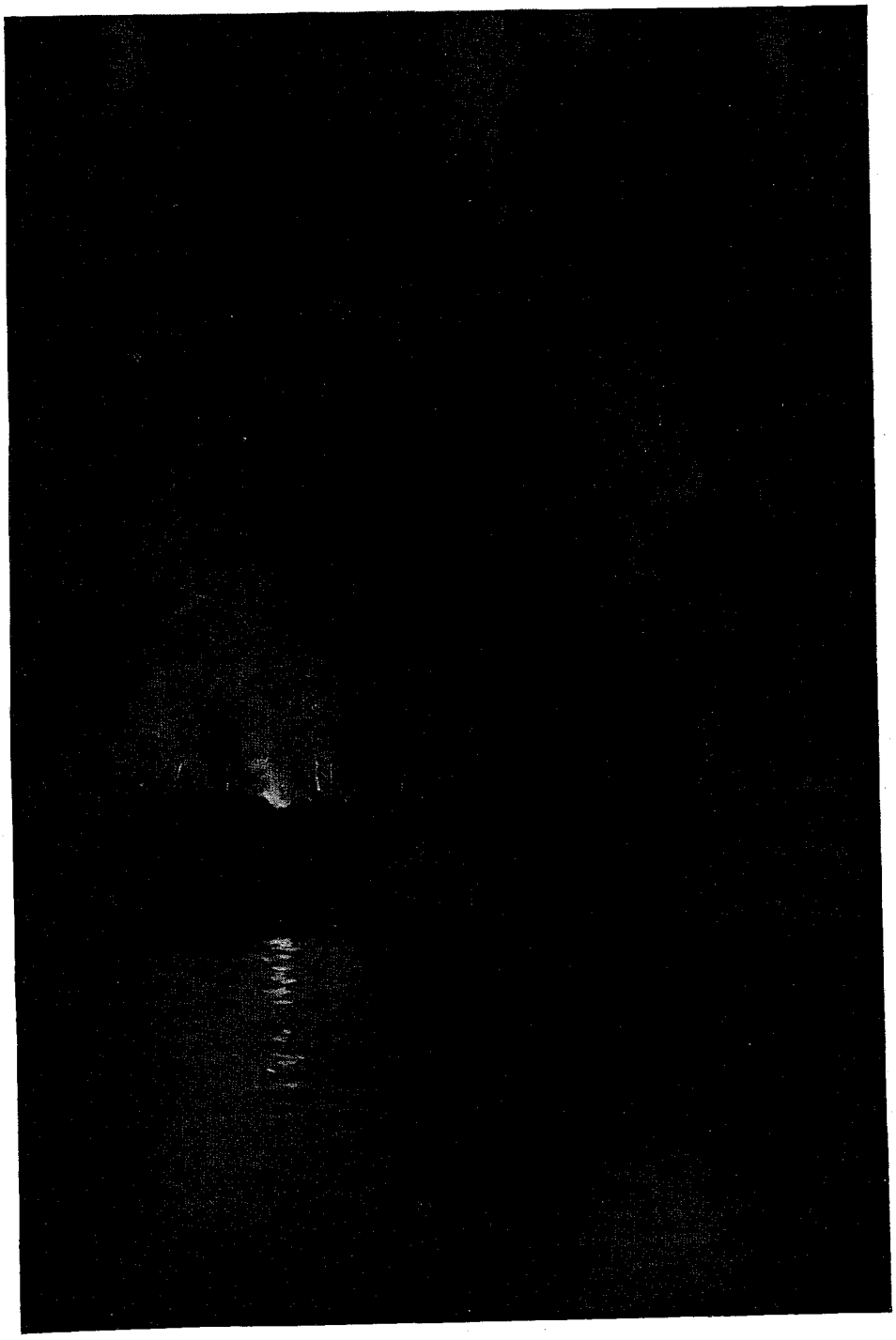

*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.*

The hero of the concert was the whistler.—Page 345.

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# THE WHISTLING OF ZOËTIQUE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

AS when a child shakes a kaleidoscope the bits of colored glass shift from one distinct pattern into another, so when I think of the events which came of Zoëtique Vézina's gift of whistling, the little story falls into two or three sharply defined pictures, so different from each other, so linked, so filled with life, that, simple as it is, the tale appears to me dramatic enough to tell exactly as it happened.

It is a far cry from the moonlit stillness of an August night on a Canadian lake—a dark amphitheatre of hills guarding the skyline, a road of light across the water, canoes floating black on silver—from that to the crowded glare of a New York theatre. Yet the span of life reaches easily across such distances, and the stage settings of the play I am to tell were such. It was the last night of a fortnight's visit to the Morgans' camp, and they, as well as I, were going back to civilization next day. There was a ceremony to be celebrated which had become a custom of last nights, they explained to me—the guides gave a concert. It was always clear and always moonlight on a last night in camp—by law, young Bob Morgan gave me to understand. In any case, it was invariable, and here was this cloudless, bright evening to back up his assertion. There were two methods of giving the concert: either the *messieurs*, which included Mrs. Morgan, stayed in camp and the men paddled about at a picturesque distance, and serenaded them from boats; or else the *messieurs* went out in the canoes and the guides "howled from the underbrush," as Bob put it. To-night, the air was so warm and the wet moonlight lay in such thick splashes over the water that no one wanted to stay on land. It gave a man a greedy feeling that he must get "au large" and loot jewelry and broken gold out of the night. So the canvas canoes slid from the quay with musical wooden and liquid noises, and off we drifted, two and two, into the perspective of a dream.

There were six of us, with the two strangers. Fishing down a deep bay of Lac Lumière that afternoon, Walter Morgan and I had dropped suddenly, around a corner, on a camp—two tents, two *messieurs*, four guides.

"The devil!" said Morgan, and I, though it was not my business to do the swearing, repeated the words.

It is the theory when one gets into camp that one has discovered an earth without inhabitants, and proof to the contrary is accounted a rudeness. We wished not to know that people lived, and it was immaterial and irrelevant—what Bob Morgan would sum up as "fresh"—of these unknown ones to thrust knowledge upon us. All the same, there were tents, guides, and an unmistakable *monsieur* in aggressive sporting clothes on the shore, and, within ten feet of our boat's nose, another boat with a bored-looking Montagnais Indian paddling it, and in the bow a man with a rod whose first cast explained the Indian's expression. A fisherman does not catalogue when he sees another man cast, but he knows the details, and he knows their summary—a greenhorn or an expert. Morgan was a crack, and I had studied under him, and before his slow "Good-day" greeted the stranger we were both aware that the rod weighed at least nine ounces, that the leader was too light for it, that a Yellow Sally for a hand-fly and a Scarlet Ibis for the tail were flies that, in this light, made a blot on a man's character; that the man was casting from his neck down, and getting the flies in a mess as might be expected; that the thirty feet of line out was all and more than all that he could handle; and that, last and worst, the person who would fish for trout in that spot, at a little outlet, where the water was shallow and warm, in the month of August, was, as a fisherman, beneath contempt. I could hear Walter Morgan's opinion of the person in that "Good-day" when it came.

But I was to see his manner change. The stranger, his back toward us, at my friend's



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voice arrested his line half-way through a convulsive recover, and the three flies fell in a heap about his shoulders—one caught in his brand-new corduroy hat, and the hook of another went into his thumb. He whirled about his brilliant tan-leather clad shoulders with a lurch which missed upsetting the boat, Montagnard and all, but neither episode disturbed him.

"Good-day," he returned cordially, with a smile which at once made a difference about an uninhabited earth. He went on quickly. "Am I in your way? I'm a greenhorn, and I don't know other people's rights, but I mean well. I've never had such fun in all my life," he confided in us with a rush, like a small boy having too good a time to keep to himself. "I've never fished before, and it's the greatest thing in the world. I caught a trout a while ago. Do I do it all right?" he inquired wistfully. "I wish you'd tell me if anything's wrong."

A Roman candle exploded inside of Morgan could not have left him more scattered. The outcome was that we landed in a spirit of eager friendliness and partook of other spirits with this attractive débutant and his partner, who seemed a person of equal ignorance and equal, though quieter, enthusiasm. That this latter was a well-known playwright we made out shortly, and there was at once a free exchange of names among us, but our first acquaintance we did not then place. However, it took no time at all to see that two such whole-hearted babes in the woods had probably never before arrived, as such, at the approximate age of fifty. They were wax in the hands of their guides, and their guides were "doing" them without remorse. Morgan, pleased with the virgin soil, began gardening; he sowed seeds of woodscraft and of fishcraft which took root before his eyes, and, charmed with the business, he invited the two to dinner that night. That we were breaking camp next day, while they were just beginning their trip, was a point of genuine regret on both sides.

We hurried back to our log castle to see that pea soup and partridges and flapjacks and other delicacies were assured in force for the meal to come, and in an hour or two the meal did come, and I cannot recollect a gayer function. As with the San Francisco earthquake, there was not a dull moment from start to finish, and again and again I saw Morgan look at his wife triumphantly with the "Trust-me-to-bring-home-pleasant-people" expression of a man who has sometimes been less fortunate.

The dining-room was a moss-covered point; the water rippled about two sides of it, forest made its other walls, and a roof of birch bark its ceiling. This greenwood hall rang with laughter spontaneous as children's, till the silver lake gleamed leaden through tree trunks, and purple hills turned black, and a rim of round moon rose into the twilight big over the shoulder of the lowest mountain. Then Godin, head guide and butler, lighted his *lumières électriques*—his candles arranged as a chandelier—and by their swinging light we finished a feast of the gods with maple syrup and delicate "mushi frite," while the French-Canadian guides sat grouped in Rembrandt lights and shadows about the kitchen fire and laughed, too, to hear the peals which, at everything and nothing, rang across the lake to deep lonely hills. Certainly in entertaining these strangers we had entertained angels unawares—angels of light-heartedness—for our sides ached when we slid from the board benches that were dining chairs and went down where the canoes lay beached, where guides evolved out of shadow to slip the boats into the water, to hold them steady, to direct our stumbling with deferential French syllables, as we embarked.

Two hundred yards down the "camp of the *messieurs*" stretched its log front of sixty feet. The lamp-light shone ruddily through windows red-curtained, the door from the broad gallery stood open, the bare low room, as we entered, had the qualities which make a place attractive—space, brightness, order, and comfort. Many a time in a New York drawing-room I have thought of the charm of that big camp with its silver-brown bark of walls and ceiling, its scarlet cotton curtains, its rough floor and rustic furniture; I have remembered how it breathed hospitality and the joy of life, and I have wondered what people wanted of more. Into this room we went, the three Morgans and Dr. Davidge and Mr. Esmond and I. Pipes and cigars were going in a moment, and soon young Bob was sent to find out the plans for the concert. He came back kicking his boyish long legs ecstatically. "It's going to be a peach," he announced. "Dr. Davidge's guides sing, all four of them, and Henri, the

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old fellow, has a mouth-organ, and Zoëtique is going to whistle. It'll be the pickles all right."

"I didn't know Zoëtique whistled," said Walter Morgan. "I never heard him."

Nor had I, but Bob hastened to enlighten us. "I have," he said, "and it's a wonder. Never heard anything like it. Godin says he's the best whistler in St. Raymond, and they always make him do it for parties, as a side show. Wait till you hear him—I'll bet you'll like it."

Mr. Esmond looked up. "Really good whistling is rare," he said, and then added as if to himself, "but of course this isn't that sort."

"How are they to arrange, Bob?" asked his sister. "Are they going out on the lake, or shall we?"

"Oh, they said just as the *messieurs* wished, so I settled it," Bob answered in a lordly way. "It was such a whooping good night, I thought it would be the stunt to go out ourselves, and bum around in the canoes."

So it was that in half an hour we drifted down the shore toward the point where the blaze from the guides' camp shone and disappeared by glimpses, a star of orange fire in the trees above, an orange bar of fire in the water below. The men's voices in excited conversation, as conversation is always with French Canadians, floated out to us; we caught words which showed the forest road of their thoughts—such words as "*caribou,*" and "*carabine,*" and "*gros poisson de cinq livres,*" and "*un m'sieur qui tire b'en,*" and there would be a hush while one deep voice told a story and then all together would break out in an abandonment of laughter. Suddenly someone, going outside the range of firelight, caught sight of the fleet on the lake, and there was a quick word —"*les messieurs*" and "*les canots*"—and then a silence.

Walter Morgan called from invisibility. "Godin," he called—Godin was head guide.

"*Oui, m'sieur,*" came back with respectful good-will from among the trees. I listened closely now, for it is a pity to lose any of Morgan's French.

"*Est-çe que vous êtes mangé?*" he demanded cheerfully, and Bob gave a snort—Bob knows French.

But Godin knew better than that—he knew his *m'sieur* and what he meant. "*Mais oui, m'sieur, on a fini de dîner,*" he responded promptly, shifting the sentence graciously.

"*Êtes vous preparry pour nous donner un concert?*" Morgan went on, not bothering particularly to pronounce according to French models—"concert," especially, being done in honest English.

There was an embarrassed ripple from among the trees—the strange guides believed that *m'sieur* was making a joke, and that it was civil to encourage him. But Godin understood.

"*Oui, m'sieur,*" his polite tones came back. "One will sing a song or two with pleasure, if the *messieurs* desire it."

There was an undertone of talking back and forth, as we waited, and a little self-conscious laughing, a little chaffing evidently, and then a tremendous clearing of throats and trying of keys up and down the scale. A second's silence and a voice which we of the camp knew for Blanc's swung out over the water, musical for all its occasional sharpness. It was one of the old *voyageur* songs he sang, filled with the sadness which the gay souls seemed to crave in their music.

> C'est longtemps que j'ai t'aimé,
> Jamais je ne t'oublierais."

The refrain came over and over through so many verses that I wished someone would choke Blanc and let the concert go on. Yet it was far from painful to lie in a canoe with young Bob wielding a skilful paddle for my benefit and listen to soft French words sprinkled over a sapphire night—let Blanc pursue the subject through ten more stanzas if he must.

He came to an end; there was great handclapping from the floating audience; then from the hidden performers more earnest undertones of discussion as to the next number. We waited, smiling to ourselves, and soon the notes of old Henri's mouth-organ sounded from the grove of spruce trees. I suppose a mouth-organ is not a high form of instrument, but I am glad that I am not too musical to have found it pretty that night. I had a vision, too, in my mind of the grizzled, labor-worn face, and the knotted hands which held the cheap toy, and a thought came to me of a narrow life which had known little but hard work, to which this common music meant operas and oratorios. It was nice music, too—old Henri

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had a soul, and he put it heartily into his mouth-organ. We clapped that number and encored it and the man played the second tune with a vim that showed pleasure. And while arrangements were making for the next event I heard Esmond talking in his canoe to Mrs. Morgan.

"It's too charming for words," he said. "I've never known anything at all like it. The old-world simplicity—the quaintness—the good-will and earnestness of it. I didn't know such people existed outside of books. Why, if you could get this atmosphere on a stage——"

With that a preliminary silence and the clearing of a throat warned us that the performance was about to continue. A young voice rang out over the water with manly vigor and pleasant distinctness—one caught every word:

C'était le vingt-cinq de juillet
Lorsque je me suis engagé
Pour monter dans la rivière
Qu'on appelle la rivière enragé
On a monté dans la rivièr-e
En canot dans la Gatineau;
Plus souvent les pieds à ter-re,
Avec la charge de sur le dos.

The *chanson* went on to tell in not too artistic rhymes the story of a logger on the River Gatineau. The words were a bit bald in spots, yet they bubbled with picturesqueness—the rhymer had told what he knew, and that had kept the song simple and strong. But the words were beside the question. Far from an accomplished musician, I yet knew in a few bars that the air was out of the common, and probably very old. I knew that many of the songs of the *habitants* came with their ancestors from France a hundred, three hundred years ago, and this one had an ancient ring.

The song ended—it was rather long—there was a second's pause, and then a frank, manly voice, the voice of the singer, spoke from the stage of the spruce grove.

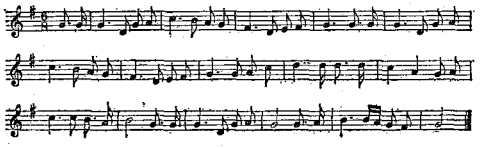
"*Excusez-là,*" said the voice.

It was prettier than I can describe. What was implied was so plain and so graceful—and only a Frenchman could have said it without self-consciousness. "What I have done is poor, but it is all I can do. I hope you will let it please you. It is my best, excuse it," the two gracious words asked from us.

I looked at Mr. Esmond—he seemed petrified—he could not even clap, as the rest of us did. "I never knew anything like it," I heard him murmur.

Bob, seldom suppressed for long, came to the front. "Zoëtique, Zoëtique, whistle it—*sifflez-le, sifflez,*" he called, and added an explanatory word to us. "It's twice as good when he whistles; it's a decent tune sung, but wait till you hear him whistle—it's a peach."

Presently the whistle came.

I think there is not any other whistling like that in the world—certainly I have never heard any, and many people who should know have said the same. The canoes lay motionless, the people in them hardly breathed, and out from the spruces, over the track of the moon, floated to us the sweetest sound I have ever heard made by a human being. Birds on a dewy morning throw out notes as clear and silvery, but bird-notes are weak and are haphazard. These came freighted with the vigor of a man, with the thought of humanity; there was in them the gladness of youth, a rapture of artistic fulfilment; and, beyond what any words can say, there was in them a personality impossible to say—a personality cramped into a narrow life which spread its wings unashamed in these sounds of loveliness. He whistled the air that he had sung, the old French air of unexpected harmonies, and it was as if a magic flute repeated the logger song of the "River Gatineau, which one called the raging river in the springtime."

He stopped, and out of the dark hill beyond us floated an echo like the ghost of a flute of long ago.

There was deep stillness for a second, and Zoëtique's unconcerned, clear voice broke it.

"*Excusez-là,*" he said.

For a moment we were too stirred to join Bob's energetic handclapping. "Don't you like it?" the youngster demanded. "I think it's great. For cat's sake, why don't you encourage the lad?"

And, so adjured, we broke into as great a storm of applause as six people can manage, and, after, we discussed the sensation of the evening from boat to boat while the

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performers arranged further their hand-to-mouth programme. The concert went on; there were choruses, charming to listen to in the ten men's voices, all sweet with the musical sense of these people; there were separate solos, "*A l'école du Roi*," "*Au clair de la lune*," "*Alouette, gentille alouette*," and others characteristically *voyageur* and *habitant;* and old Henri was made to play again on his mouth-organ. But the hero of the concert was the whistler, and three times more he was called before the curtain—which is to say that three times more from out of the mysterious darkness of the trees the flute notes flooded full down the moon-path and thrilled the misty air about us. And each time, at the end came Zoëtique's unconscious, honest little speech of two words:

"*Excusez-là.*"

It was only Mr. Esmond, I remarked, who did not discuss the whistling as we paddled back to "the camp of the *messieurs*," where the lamp-light through the scarlet-curtained windows of the long front sent out a comfortable glow to welcome us. It seemed to me that Esmond was strangely silent for a man as talkative as he had shown himself. Even Mrs. Morgan could not make him express enthusiasm as to the hit of the evening.

"I'm afraid you didn't like our whistling gentleman as much as we did," she complained at last, as I helped her out of the canoe.

"Mrs. Morgan," Esmond answered quickly, in his decisive, impressive manner, "I liked it far more than anybody, because, from my peculiar position, I am able to appreciate its value better and to see more possibility in it than anyone here. I am going to prove that to you." The moment we were inside the camp Esmond turned to his host. "I don't want to impose on your hospitality, and I won't make any move without your consent, but I'd like to explain to you who I am and what I want to do."

Everybody looked surprised, and conversation stopped. "Yes," Morgan answered tentatively.

"Perhaps you know my name, if you're theatre-goers," the stranger went on. "I'm Charles Esmond, the theatrical manager, and I have quite a lot of stock companies and theatres more or less under my control. Looking out for new stars isn't my business nowadays, but it used to be, and I haven't lost my scent for a good thing, and the minute I heard that boy whistle I knew he was a good thing. He does what is called double-tongue whistling, and that in itself is not common. But that is only incidental—it's the quality of his performance that is extraordinary. I have heard the best people that are known at the business—it's a limited business—and I've never heard anyone who touches this guide of yours. Take that young fellow and put him on the stage and he'd make a hit for us, and for himself he'd make what would seem a big fortune in little or no time. I'd like to talk to him—now—to-night. May I?"

Impetuosity is peculiarly winning when it is backed by knowledge, and Morgan laughed and put his hand on the other man's shoulder. "Surely," he said. "It's interesting to run into an adventure up here in the wilderness. The boy is a good guide and I like him, yet I would not stand in the way of making his fortune for anything. Bob—" But Master Bob's long legs were already chasing each other out of the low doorway in a rush after Zoëtique. In three minutes he was back with the man in tow.

Zoëtique Vezina was perhaps twenty-two years old, a stocky, well-built chap of five feet ten or so, with deep, powerful shoulders and a small waist and a body that moved with the grace of efficient muscles. His face was roughly carved and of his class, but he held his head with an air that had pride and sensitiveness both in it, and when he spoke and smiled the commonplace modelling of his features lighted with a gentleness and a spirit which made you understand his whistling. There was character and shading back of this ordinary looking block of humanity. He wore blackened *bottes sauvages* of caribou leather, laced through huge brass eyelets with thongs of hide; his trousers looked as if they might have been somebody's dinner clothes five years before—somebody not particularly his shape; his coarse red and blue striped sweater was belted with a broad band of black leather around a waist as trim as a girl's. He pulled a nondescript felt hat from a shock head of dark hair as he entered, and his blue eyes gazed about half startled and half friendly.

We sat and listened as if at a play while Charles Esmond, the great theatrical man-

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ager, conspicuous on two continents, interviewed this unknown backwoodsman. He did it in fluent French, with his own charm of manner, but it took some time to make Zoëtique understand what he was offering, and when he did understand, to our astonishment he did not respond. Esmond mentioned a salary to begin with so large that I gasped, and to the guide, accustomed to a dollar and a half a day in good times, it must have seemed fabulous. Morgan voiced my thought when he put in a quiet, reassuring word.

"The *m'sieur* will do what he says, Zoëtique. I know all about the *m'sieur*, and he is to be relied on."

"*Merci, m'sieur*," the man answered with ready French politeness, but his expression did not change.

His bright, light-blue eyes simply lifted a second to smile at Walter and dropped to the floor again. All of us waited as he stared at one knot-hole—a minute, two minutes, three minutes, we waited in silence while Zoëtique considered that knot-hole.

At last: "I don't want to hurry you," Esmond said, "yet I would like to know by to-morrow. It's the chance of your life, you understand. You couldn't make as much money here in forty years as you could make in a winter or two in New York. I do not see why you should hesitate five minutes. But think it over—talk it over with your friends. I will wait till you pass our camp with your *messieurs* to-morrow morning." He smiled his sudden, fascinating smile at the guide, and the contrast between the two was sharp and picturesque—the finished, handsome man of the world and the awkward, ill-clothed child of the people. "I know it must be startling to you," Esmond said kindly. "You will have to collect your ideas a bit. But you must answer as I wish. I will wait till morning."

Then the guide lifted his clear, light eyes and met the other's slightly pitying gaze with unexpected dignity. "The *m'sieur* need not wait," he said serenely. "I know my answer at this time. The *m'sieur* is very good to me and I am glad that he is content with my poor whistling. I would be happy to make all that great money—*crais—oui!*—but I cannot go to New York as the *m'sieur* wishes."

"You cannot go?" Esmond repeated in surprise, and we all stared.

Zoëtique's gentle tones went on firmly. "But no, *m'sieur*. I have the intention to marry myself in the spring, and this winter I build my house. Alixe, my *fiancée*, would be disappointed if I should not build our house this winter."

"But, man, you'll have money enough to build a dozen houses—you can build one ten times as fine—you can pay men to build it for you, think of that."

Zoëtique smiled—his smile was winning but very self-contained and the tilt of his head was assured. "It would be another thing, *m'sieur*. Alixe-*lâ*, she would be disappointed."

Esmond argued. Patiently, with amusement first, and then a bit hotly, but the guide never lost his gentle respectfulness of manner or his firmness. Walter Morgan put in another word.

"Think carefully before you decide to give up so much money as this means, Zoëtique. As the *m'sieur* says, it is a chance for all of your life."

The young fellow's alert, bright eyes flashed gratitude. "But yes, *m'sieur*. I understand. However, one knows that to make money is not always to be happy—is it not the truth, *m'sieur?* We are a poor people, we others, *habitants*, and yet we are content. I am afraid to lose the happiness that I have, in that great city which I do not know. Here—I know. I am strong"—he pushed his big shoulders forward and smiled proudly as he felt their muscles. "I am capable and can work hard—I have planned my life and I have the things which I wish. Why should I risk all that for—I do not know what. I thank the *m'sieur*"—he turned his blue glance on Esmond with a self-possession which the cosmopolitan might not have bettered. "I thank also my *m'sieur* much for all his goodness to me." He stood up, his shabby old hat crushed in his hand. "I thank madame and everyone for their good wishes. I am content that madame and the *messieurs* found pleasure in my poor whistling. Good-night, madame—good-night, *messieurs*."

He had made his bow, as his peasant ancestors had been taught to make theirs in old France two hundred years before, with deep respect, with hat in hand and head bent. Here was a man who knew when he had enough. The question was closed. He was gone.

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The next year it was in September that the Morgans asked me to their camp. Air like cooled wine breathed life into me as my canoe flew down Lac Lumière to the double paddle beat of Godin and Josef, who had been sent to the club to fetch me. Sunshine lay over the lake and laughed back at us from the hills, where flecks of gold through green tree-tops told that the birches had caught the frost. One peculiarity of the woods is that at whatever time you go to them they persuade you at once, with a wordless, answerless logic, that it is their best season.

"This is better than August," I called out to Walter and Margaret Morgan, standing smiling on the quay, while Bob kicked chips toward me in welcome.

"A thousand times better," they called back together, and Bob stopped his gattling to respond classically:

"Golly, you bet!"

And it certainly was—till the next August at least. There were no flies, and one could fish without tar oil or citronella; each breath pumped energy into the lungs; the snap of the water made a man laugh and shriek aloud as he plunged into the lake in the morning with air at forty-five degrees; the fishing and hunting were at their best.

Down by the mouth of the little Rivière à là Poêle—the "Frying-pan River"—the trout were massing for the *frayage*, the spawning, and there in the cool of the evening, when the shallow water was dim in the afternoon light—at about six o'clock, perhaps—they jumped like mad things for the fly. You had but to paddle across the lake and through the rushes, slower and slower, till the rustling against the boat slid into silence as you halted; you had but to pull loose a few feet of line with your left hand and to listen to the whir of it spinning out as you put your right wrist into the cast; you had but to drop the flies over the mystery of the brown water by the edge of the lily-pads—gingerly, it must be understood; cautiously, for this is the first cast for a year; carefully, man, with a tiny lift of the rod-tip as the flies fall so that the Parmachene Belle on the tail takes water first, and the Reuben Wood touches not too soon, and the black hand-fly skims with its snell clear of the pool. Such fitting small precautions, such pleasant proprieties, were all one had to observe at the mouth of the river "A là Poêle."

The sweet water would meet your searching with a smile as inscrutable as Mona Lisa's—with the smile it had worn, careless of your existence, all these months; up the river you would hear the dull boom of the rapids, the nearer, busy monotone of the falling stream. The utter quiet of the woods, with its deep undertone of teeming life, would fold you in—there is nothing stiller. Peace and silence and the tranquil pool—only the steady swish of the line as you cast.

Suddenly a wild lashing and splashing and spraying; the bubble, bubble, bubble of broken water; a white and scarlet flashing that comes and goes where the black hand-fly holds taut to the water; a thrill and tug on your wrist that brings your heart to your mouth. You have struck automatically; he is on; you are playing your first fish of the season.

"*Pas trop fort*," Godin remarks calmly from the stern; "not too hard, *m'sieur*. It is a big one."

Probably, for the candidates, a presidential election is more exciting than this—certainly it lasts longer—yet I doubt very much if any quarter hour of it carries more of a thrill. You feel Godin's sense of the importance of the situation by the way he handles the boat. With light manœuvres of the paddle, not to disturb the pool too much, he works you, towing the fish, to a place where the water is clear and you can play his rushing lordship without fear of getting him tangled about lily-roots, and so pulling loose from the fly.

The fight is well on—it is the contest of a man's brain, working with the awkward tools of a man's muscles, in an unaccustomed situation, against a wonderful expert and gymnast in his own element. The outcome is always a doubtful one—it is a fair fight—that is where the thrill comes in. The long runs when you must give line with a swiftness beyond thinking; the lightning rushes toward the boat when your reel must work faster than your brain or you lose him; the lifting, the lowering of the rod that must be done by a sense acquired in many such battles, a sense come to be instinct more than reason; the whisper in the muscles that tells you not to pull him when he sulks; that tells you not to let him get line enough to shake free—all these phases and a hundred more which fishermen know were in that

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fight of mine on September 9th with my big record trout, down at the mouth of the Rivière à là Poêle. I won. I landed him, and he weighed five and a quarter pounds by the scales. It was my first fish of the season, and Godin was almost as pleased as I with this good beginning. We kept at it, of course, and we had what would have seemed good luck on other days, for a spotted fellow of two pounds, and three more of a pound and a half soon decorated the bottom of the boat. But the battle of the giants had led off; we had trapped the patriarch first. And, seeing this, and happy enough with our afternoon's work as it was, Godin and I fell to talking.

He had crossed the pool now, and worked into the river, and was paddling slowly up it, where birch-trees hung over and met across brown running water, foam-spotted from rapids above. I cast at intervals, leisurely, as we floated up-stream, and the intermittent bright flight of the flies punctuated the guide's clear-cut French sentences. A sudden thought of last year came to my mind.

"Godin," I asked, and watched the Parmachene Belle flash delicately scarlet toward a lily-leaf, "Godin, where is Zoëtique this year?"

"*Ah—oui,*" the voice came from behind me. "I was about to tell the *m'sieur* of that. The *m'sieur* had an interest in Zoëtique, eh?"

"Certainly, I have an interest in him," I answered. "I meant to ask M'sieur Morgan about him this afternoon, but I forgot."

"*Ah—oui,*" said Godin again, and no more. There was a note of importance in his tone and I rose to it.

"Well, what is it, then? Why isn't he here? Where is he?" I threw over my shoulder.

Godin cleared his throat for heavy conversation. "Zoëtique *est à* New York," he announced.

My flies came slapping against the boat. I certainly was surprised. "In New York?" I repeated.

"*Ah, oui, m'sieur,*" said Godin again. "The *m'sieur* who was here last year, the strange *m'sieur* who wished that he should go to New York to whistle—that *m'sieur* sent again to search for him in the springtime, and Zoëtique was content to go."

"But I thought he was so decided about not going. I thought he was to be married, and was satisfied to stay here. I thought he didn't care about making money—I thought—" and I stopped for breath.

"It is the truth, *m'sieur*. All that was quite true—last year," said Godin. "But one changes. Things arrive, and one's life changes, and so it happens that one changes. It was like that with Zoëtique. It was that he had a quarrel with his girl—with his *fiancée*. It was that which altered the opinion of Zoëtique. I know all about that affair—me—for it is I that am the cousin of that girl, and she has talked to me. She has explained to me about what happened, *comme il faut*. I am sorry for her and sorry also for Zoëtique—both the two. It is most unhappy. "But"—Godin shrugged his shoulders with the philosophy which most of us can feel in another's tragedy. "But—what can one do? It is *malheur*—too bad—but it is life."

"Can you tell me about it, Godin?" I asked.

"But yes, *m'sieur*—most certainly. Yet it is a long story—*m'sieur* may be *ennuyé*. I will recount to *m'sieur* all the things which are of importance—is it not?"

"As you think best." So Godin began, clearing his throat as always in preparation for vocal effort. It was an ordinary enough little history, of a high-spirited, light-hearted girl, full of coquetry, vain perhaps, quick-tempered and jealous and exacting, but all that from thoughtlessness, not from the heart, and with the good qualities of her defects. For Godin made me see, with his simple yet keen analysis of his cousin, that brighter side also, which each one of us has. He made me see a girl who was honest and warm-hearted and large-minded enough to acknowledge herself in the wrong and to do right with a will when she saw it—a woman strong and deep enough to keep the current of love alive like a flowing river on whose surface dead branches and bad things indeed collect and cover the bright rippling for a moment, yet whose rushing stream can sweep such *débris* easily away. He told me from how little the trouble had begun; how Alixe had imagined slights that Zoëtique had never meant; how the man had tried to be patient at first, and then resented what he could not understand—cavalier treatment which he knew to be undeserved; how each had said things hard

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to forget; how another man and another girl had come into the breach and made it wider, and how at last the two, who really loved each other still, were so warped from the way of happiness that each was wretched and unnatural with the other, and that all comfort in each other's presence was gone.

I remembered the proud lift of Zoëtique's head and his responsive quick smile, and the delicate, close searching of his blue, alert eyes, as Godin told me that he was *vif*—I understood how the big, strong fellow, with a soul sensitive as a child's, a heart modest and secretly distrustful of its own power to hold affection—how he might have felt at the end that he had given all that was in him to a woman who did not care, who held him lightly, who played with him as he had seen her play with other men. So it did not surprise me when Godin went on to narrate how, when a letter had come again from Mr. Esmond, Zoëtique had suddenly cut loose from everything and had gone off, with a few curt words to Alixe for all good-by, to find a new way of life in New York.

There had been news from him once or twice, telling of his immediate success, of the astonishing gayeties of a great city, of his own happiness and absorption in them, and how he had already almost forgotten the narrow interests of the Canadian village. It was the letter that a sore and angry man would write, I reflected—hitting blindly as hard as he could, harder than he knew, at the hand that had hurt him.

"Do you believe he is as happy as all that?" I asked, thinking aloud.

Godin shrugged his talkative shoulders. "'*Sais pas*," he said. "My cousin Alixe, she is not happy. One does not know it—the world—but I know, for she has told me. She will never marry—she says it, and it is not a girl to change her mind. It is easy for her to flirt with this man and that—oh, yes! for she is a girl who draws the *garçons*. But for love—it is another matter. She will not love any but Zoëtique. It is *malheur*, for she is a good *ménagère*—a good worker—and she should marry. But it is that she will not do. It was to me she said that she was proud to have loved Zoëtique and proud that he should once have loved her and that she would rather have that pride than marry another. It is not reasonable—but it is Alixe. She goes about her affairs, oh, but certainly. One does not know that she still loves him—but I know it. She will not marry—it is certain. But as to Zoëtique—'*sais pas*. He gains *b'en d'argent*. He sees life. He amuses himself well. It is much. When one is light-hearted it is much. Yet when the heart is heavy all that makes nothing. It is a *garçon*—a fellow—of much heart always. Always he was faithful to his friends, Zoëtique. It seems *drôle* to me that he can so soon have lost the souvenir of his place and the people to whom he was accustomed. It is *drôle* that. Yet one cannot tell." He shrugged his shoulders again as if to slip the whole question off them with the movement. "'*Sais pas*."

In late November the days in the Morgans' camp had become a page of past life, a page illuminated with blue and gold, hazy with romance, bright with adventure, marginally illustrated with the mighty shade of the bull moose I had shot, with the pink and silver vanishing glory of my five-pound trout, with flying pictures of black duck and partridges which had fallen to my gun; a page to be turned to and dreamed over, again and again, yet a page of the past for all that.

On an evening, then, of November, I went out to dinner and to the theatre afterward. It was to a vaudeville which was attracting attention that we were taken. I do not care for vaudeville, and I merely suffered the numbers to pass as civilly as I might, talking between them, during them if I could, to one or two people of the party who were more interesting. The big placard in the glare of the footlights was shifted, read No. 5. I turned my chair sidewise in the back of the box and leaned forward to the woman in front of me.

"Don't watch this number—talk to me," I suggested. "It's probably an educated pig who does sums.

"You're trying to deceive me," the woman said, and laughed, and picked up her fluttering play-bill. "No. 5—why, it isn't a pig at all, it's whistling."

"Then, for heaven's sake, talk to me," I begged. "Some things I can live through, but fifteen minutes of whistling with no relief—talk to me. It's life and death."

"Look at the name," she answered irrelevantly. "What a queer name—it starts out to be Zoroaster and gets side-tracked. This must be the wonderful whistling Mrs.

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Schuyler talked about—we must listen—they say it's the best thing in the evening and is making a sensation."

"Let it—I don't want to hear it," I answered from a soul immune to vaudeville sensations, and I did not glance at the programme.

A boy came into the box swinging a tray of glasses of ice-water. I took one and held it in my hand as I spoke. At that moment No. 5 began. With a whirl of my chair which made the man next me frown with astonishment, I had twisted toward the stage, the glass crashed to the floor; the water splashed on a velvet gown and I did not see it; I saw only a figure which stood there, alone by the footlights.

Strong, sweet, the song of the loggers on the River Gatineau rang flute-like through the theatre. The homely words, like meek handmaidens, followed in my mind the melody:

C'était le vingt-cinq de juillet
Lorsque je me suis engagé
Pour monter dans la rivière
Qu'on appelle la rivière enragé.

I gasped as if I had plunged suddenly into the cold rapids of a rushing little river. The crowded theatre, the heat, the glare, were gone; I lay in a canoe in misty moonlight, in deep peace of Canadian hills, and from the shore floated the bird-notes of Zoëtique's whistling.

It took me a minute to get back to earth, and another to explain, and then I drifted again into the heart of the woods. Stillness, pure air, running water and rustling trees; brightness and shadow of long portages, starlight and firelight and sunny lengths of lakes, a thousand poignant memories, seized me and carried me into a quiet, keen world, with a joy that was almost pain, as I stared from the box at Zoëtique's familiar figure standing back of the footlights.

There was a pause; the Gatineau song was finished, his winning smile flashed.

"*Excusez-là*," said Zoëtique.

After the number was over I went back of the scenes and found him, and talked to him for an unsatisfactory five minutes. He was glad to see me, but some men whose air I did not like were waiting for him, and he was uneasy with me in their presence.

"Are you happy, Zoëtique?" I asked bluntly, as I told him good-by, and the blue eyes flashed to mine a second with an honest, half-tragic look. He shrugged his shoulders.

"'*Sais pas, m'sieur*. I am gaining much money. One is never too happy in this world, is it not? Or in any case, not for too long."

We arranged that I should pick him up the next night after his number, and take him to my rooms, and with that I left him.

When I got back to my own place I could not shake off the idea of Zoëtique. I sat and smoked and considered for an hour, and I came to see that I was due to meddle in this affair. The boy was out of his proper atmosphere, and the glimpse I had had of him and of the men who were his companions had showed me that he was getting into bad hands. The Morgans were away—he knew no one else. I thought of the girl in the little French village in Canada eating out her heart for him, and of the happiness and self-respect and normal life waiting there for him, and a meteoric vaudeville success did not seem to me worth while as I thought of those things. So, as I sat smoking alone at three in the morning in a twelfth-story New York apartment, I elected to be guardian angel to this backwoods boy and settle him in a log cabin of his own with a wife who cared for him. I could not think of anything else as good that fate could give him.

I decided to see Charles Esmond next day and get his consent, as was only decent, to send the youngster about his business, and if there was any forfeit to pay I was luckily so situated that I could pay it. Bright and early I hunted up Esmond, and after a most unpromising start including surprise, disgust, reluctance, on his part, I finally got at the man's good feeling, and persuaded him.

"I think you're clean gone off your head," was his parting remark, "and I think I'm worse. But you've hypnotized me. Take your brat and ship him back, or I'll change my mind." And I left him in a hurry.

I bundled Zoëtique into a hansom that night the moment he had finished his whistling, leaving two evil-appearing Frenchmen looking black at his evasion. I expected enthusiasm over the hansom, but the lad was too much for me.

"One drives in these wagons every day

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here," he remarked calmly. "My friends tell me it is *comme il faut*."

"The devil they do," I responded in stout English. "You must be spending money like water."

He shrugged his expressive shoulders. "*Ça coute cher*," he acknowledged. "It is expensive. But what will you? One gains money every night, and one has nothing to save for. It is well to make pleasure for one's friends." And remembering the adventurers I had seen, I felt confirmed in my opinion that it was also well to snatch this brand from the burning.

Sophisticated as he had become, Zoëtique showed primitive interest in my rooms. He went from one thing to another, examining, asking deferential questions, and listening with deep attention to my answers. He put every picture in the place under analysis, and at length he came to a wide frame which held eight photographs set side by side. I heard him catch his breath as he bent over and saw what they were, and I heard his long-drawn "*Ah, oui!*" that was yet only a whisper. He stood like a statue, his head thrown forward, gazing.

After a while I put a hand on his shoulder and pointed to one of the prints. It was a snapshot of himself and of me, taken an August morning on a little, lonely river. Zoëtique stood upright in the stern of the canoe, poling it through the shallows. His athletic figure swung with a sure balance; the wind swayed the grasses and floated the ends of the bandanna about his throat. I held my hat on my head as the breeze caught it, and he smiled broadly to see me. The spire of a tall spruce in the distance cut into the sky. It was one of those lucky amateur photographs which wing the spirit and the drawing combined. It takes perhaps a thousand films to produce one, but no professional work comes near the effect when such a one succeeds.

A tremor went through his shoulder as my hand rested on it; "Which is more pleasure for you and me, Zoëtique, to drive in a hansom cab in New York, like to-night, or to be together *en canot*, like that?" I asked him.

The boy turned and shot at me a wild look, and with that he dropped into a chair by my writing-table and laid his head on his arms and sat motionless. I waited two or three minutes. Then I drew up a seat and sat down near him, and at the top of the rough head I fired my opening shot.

"I want you to go home, Zoëtique," I said quietly. That brought him up staring.

"*Mais, m'sieur—mais—c'est b'en impossible*," he stammered at me, startled.

So then I talked to him like a Dutch uncle, as a man of forty can talk to a lad of twenty-three. I told him, to begin with, that it was arranged with Mr. Esmond that he might go to-morrow if he would. I told him that while he was making money he was not saving any; that he was doing no good here, and was throwing away his life—and he agreed with pathetic readiness.

"One is not absolutely happy in this city, *m'sieur*," he agreed. "One gets drunk every night, and it is not good for the health. At home I got drunk rarely, *m'sieur*—me—oh, but rarely. Perhaps at the *fête de Noël*, and when one finished logging in the spring—*c'est tout*. Not always as often—it is better for the health like that."

It was not the psychological moment to lecture, but I put away a reflection or two at this point for Zoëtique's later service.

"Yes, it is bad for the health, Zoëtique," I answered with restraint. "It is bad for one in several ways. One is not so much of a man when one gets drunk. I'm glad you think with me that Canada is the place for you."

There was deep silence. I felt distinctly the stone wall at which we had arrived, and I knew it must be taken down rock by rock. I knew that the question of the girl was coming.

"I cannot go, *m'sieur*."

"Why not?"

"There are other things. It is difficult to say. The *m'sieur* is good to me. It makes nothing to me if the *m'sieur* knows. But it is a small affair—to all but me—and it would be *ennuyant* to the *m'sieur* to hear about it."

"It would not be *ennuyant* at all, Zoëtique," I said. "But I know already. Godin told me."

"Ah!" He was evidently wondering as to how much I knew.

"I know about your trouble with Alixe, and that it got worse and not better as time went on, until you were not happy with each other any more. I was sorry to hear that, for it is not a little thing to have a woman love one as Alixe loves you."

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Zoëtique, with his eyes glued on his great hands, which lay before him on the table, shook his head. "*M'sieur* is mistaken. Alixe does not love me."

"Yes. She does. More than ever."

The boy's head lifted, and he flashed an inquiring glance. Then a look of sick disgust came over his face and he shook his head again sullenly.

"*M'sieur* is mistaken," he repeated. "She does not care—Alixe."

But I persisted. "I know, Zoëtique. I have heard news since you have heard. Alixe cares for you still—she has always cared. She is sorry for the wrong things she has done—she would not do them again. She loves you."

Then the suppressed soreness of his soul broke out. It was no longer as guide to *m'sieur*, it was as man to man he talked. "*M'sieur*," he said roughly, "I know. You do not know. Is it that a woman loves a man when she is ready to think him false, ready to believe he means bad things when he does not imagine anything bad? Is it that a woman loves a man when she says words to him that hurt as if one had cut with a knife? Is it that she loves him when she will not listen when he tries to make all right again? Is it that a woman loves a man when"—his light eyes blazed—"when she plays with other men—lets others be to her what only one should be—does that show love? Is it that a woman loves a man when these things are the truth?"

"Sometimes," I said, and Zoëtique stared at me in dumb anger.

I went on. I tried to show him in simple words how each of us has a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde more or less evenly developed in his or her make-up, and how at times the bad gets into the saddle and rides; how this devil of wrongheadedness holds possession and makes man and woman lose perspective, so that the brain does not see the ugliness of the words the mouth speaks; how it is most often to the ones we care for most that such things are said, because our very sense of love for them puts us off our guard. I asked him also—remembering something from a long time ago—if he had not perhaps put bad meaning into speeches that were innocent—if his imagination had not been partly responsible.

"'*Sais pas*," said Zoëtique, and shrugged his shoulders. "One accustomed oneself to have her words hurt—it might be that one jumped before the whip fell."

His face was bitter—this end of my job was no sinecure. I talked along, trying to put my finger on the thin part of the boy's armor. I drew on Godin's description, and pointed out, how the girl was high-spirited and imaginative, and how some unmeant slight, most likely, had set her to thinking that his love had grown less. How her treatment of him, so bewildering and insulting, was thus an assertion of her dignity—foolish and mistaken, yet only at the end a woman's self-respect. How her exactions, her air of calling him to account which had so galled him, were the poisonous flowers which had sprung in the shadow between them. I tried to make him see how such bad exotics would wither up in five minutes of sunlight. I talked like a whole committee of grandfathers to Zoëtique Vézina that night. But at one time I thought I should have to give it up, for he simply shook his head.

"One does not put one's hand into a trap to be cut off twice," he said over and over.

Finally I violated Godin's confidence. "Boy," I said, "won't you understand that you're throwing away the most loyal wife a man could have? She is above the ordinary girl—you know it. If her faults are bigger than another's, her virtues are bigger, too. She will never get into this hole again—you may wager your life on that. She is clever—she has learned her lesson. She will not risk shipwreck twice. And—I know this, for she has said it—she will never marry anyone but you. The other man was a plaything—she tried to pique you with him. It is a foolish trick, but women and men will do it to the end of time."

I wondered then if he suspected ever so dimly what buried memories made me want to save another man's life from this foolishness. I looked squarely at him and met his eyes.

"Zoëtique," I flung at him, out of the bottom of my soul, "do you love her?"

The bright light eyes wavered, looked miserably back at me—yet straight and honest. I waited, and out of the bottom of the lad's soul came the reluctant answer:

"But yes, *m'sieur*, I love her."

"Then, for heaven's sake, man, go to her and be happy."

Once more the muscular arms were flung out on my writing-table and the dark head

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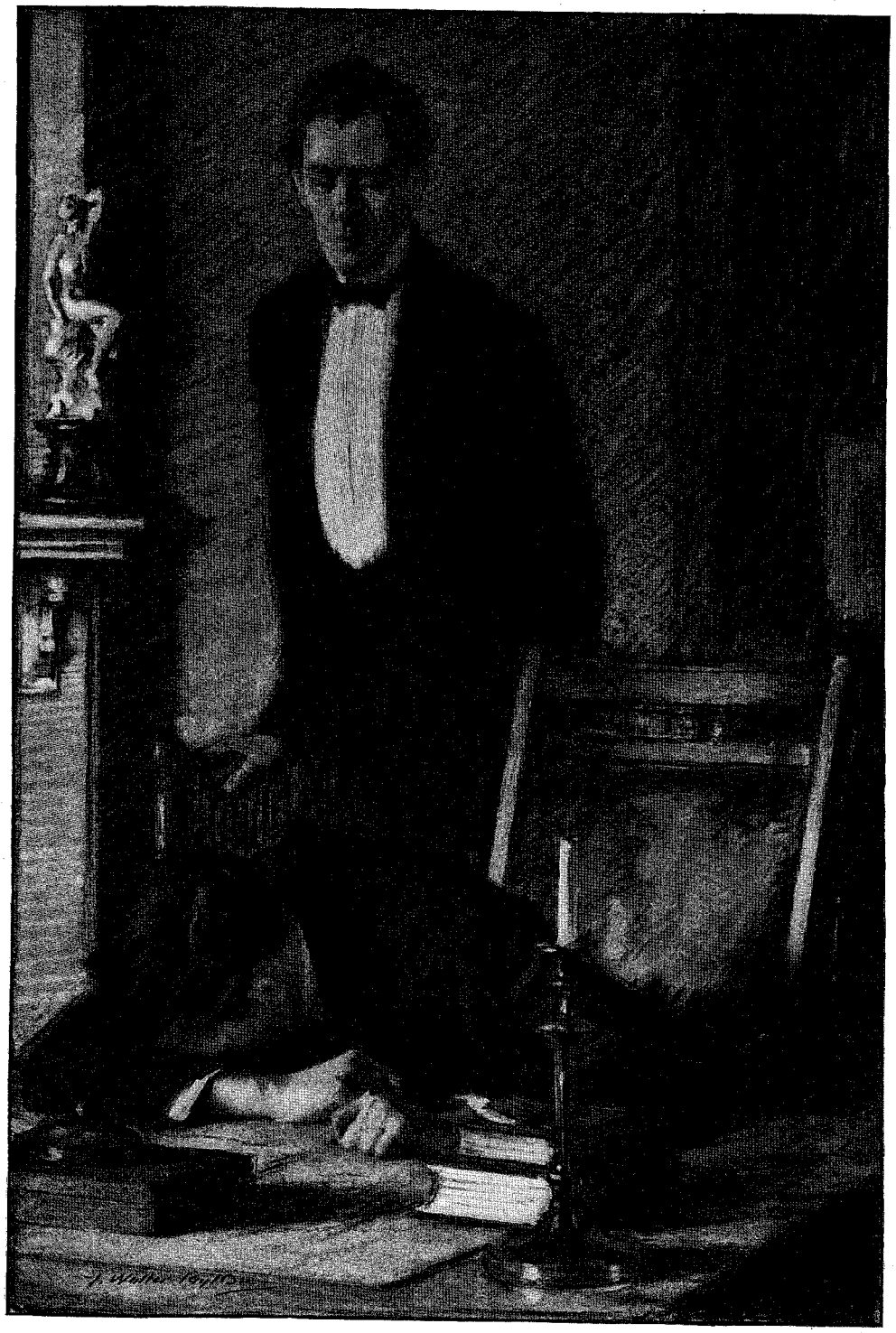

*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.*

"I waited two or three minutes."—Page 351.



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fell on them, but this time the bitterness was gone from the pose. The room was still for a minute, and then he lifted his face and it was smiling, and a tear was wet on his cheek.

"*M'sieur* has won—I will do as *m'sieur* wishes," he said, embarrassed, laughing, and the rest of that interview was as uninteresting as the nations which have no history.

True love is no hot-house plant, and, like moss on the trees, it grows warmest where north winds are cold; but for all that it does not take to being sandpapered, and if one walks on it with hobnailed boots it is likely to die down. Yet it is true that deep roots may with cultivation sprout again—may even sprout thicker if cared for tenderly. All the same, it is ill-advised to try more than one episode of hobnails and sand-

No. 5—Zoëtique's whistling.

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paper. Zoëtique and Alixe, learning it painfully, learned this lesson thoroughly, and I think that never again will they take liberties with their affection for each other. That it has sprung plentifully from the trodden roots I am led to believe from strangely spelled French letters which reach me from time to time. My conscience as a meddler is much soothed by these letters.

As for the other side of my meddling—a few nights ago I dined at the Lambs' Club, and across the room was Charles Esmond, with a galaxy of stars shining about him. At the end of dinner he picked up his coffee and came over with it to us, smoking like a chimney as he came. He set down the cup and took my hand, and then shook his fist at me and laughed at my host—fascinating and unexpected as I remembered him in the Canadian camp.

"Dick," said he to my friend, "this chap is a common burglar—don't give him any more dinner. He burgled the best number out of the best vaudeville I ever staged—plain stole the boy without remorse—the most marvellous whistler the profession has ever seen. I'd have made a mint of money off the fellow—he was just beginning to make a sensation. And this man you're feeding lifted him, inside of twenty-four hours, and shipped him back to Canada to the girl he'd left behind him." He proceeded to make an anecdote five minutes in length and telling practically all I have told, from the gist of what I have spun out so long.

When I got back to my rooms that night I found in my mail a birch-bark enveloped photograph of my lovers, now married. Zoëtique, in store clothes which took all the good looks out of him, sat solemn in a chair with a cheap derby hat on his head, and Alixe stood behind him, her hand on his shoulder—smiling, dark-eyed, and graceful.

I looked at the heroine hard and long, and then I unlocked a drawer and took out an old photograph of another dark-eyed girl, and put them side by side and let myself dream how it would be if that hand were sometimes on my shoulder, if those eyes smiled, so, to be at my side—if we had not quarrelled. I do not often let myself have this dream because it makes work and play harder for a day or two.

I look forward to a month in Canada next summer, and I expect to have a guide who will turn the woods upside down to get me good fishing and hunting, as is the just reward of a successful meddler. And in the intervals of serious business I expect to listen without paying admission to the "best number of the best vaudeville ever staged"—No. 5—Zoëtique's whistling.

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# DAYBREAK

## By Frank Dempster Sherman

Enamored stars along the trail of Night
Still lingered, loath to leave the path she knew
Above the dark world dreaming in the dew,
And still the moon hung o'er the wooded height;
A little wind with whispers of delight
Out of the west breathed softly, and a few
Faint twitterings betrayed the birds that grew
Impatient to begin their lyric flight.

How gradual the change! Sometimes it seemed
As if the Night retraced her steps. Once more
The silence deepened and all nature dreamed.
Then suddenly the curtains were withdrawn,
And there in beauty at the eastern door
Blossomed again the crimson Rose of Dawn!

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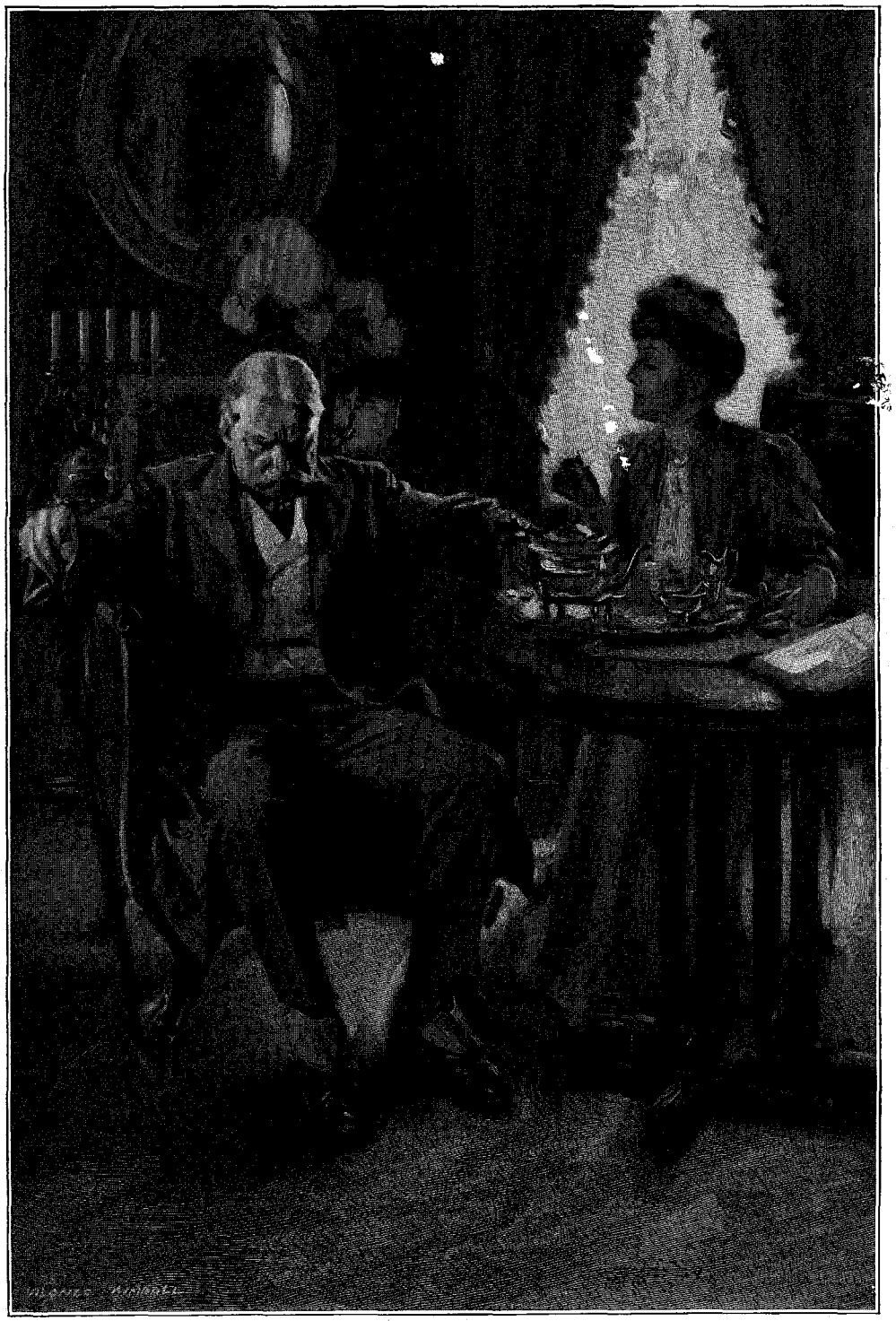

*Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.*

"No man was ever in such a quandary!"—Page 366.

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# THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

## BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK IV.

### XXX

ON a September day, somewhat more than a year and a half after Bessy Amherst's death, her husband and his mother sat at luncheon in the dining-room of the Westmore house at Hanaford.

The house was John Amherst's now, and shortly after the loss of his wife he had established himself there with his mother. By a will made some six months before her death, Bessy had divided the bulk of her estate between her husband and daughter, placing Cicely's share in trust, and appointing Mr. Langhope and Amherst as her guardians. As the latter was also her trustee, the whole management of the estate devolved upon him, while his control of the Westmore mills was ensured by his receiving a slightly larger proportion of the stock than his step-daughter.

The will had come as a complete surprise, not only to Amherst himself, but to his wife's family, and more especially to her legal adviser. Mr. Tredegar had in fact had nothing to do with the drawing of the instrument; but as it had been drawn in due form, and by a firm of excellent standing, he was obliged, in spite of his mortification and surprise, and Mr. Langhope's vague adjurations that he should "do something," to declare that there was no pretext for questioning the validity of the document.

To Amherst the will was something more than an unexpected proof of his wife's confidence: it came as a reconciling word from her grave. For the date showed that it had been made at a moment when he supposed himself to have lost all influence over her—on the morrow of the day when she had stipulated that he should give up the management of the Westmore mills, and yield the care of her property to Mr. Tredegar.

While she smote him with one hand, she sued for pardon with the other; and the contradiction was so characteristic, it explained and excused in so touching a way the incoherences and irresolutions of her impulsive heart and hesitating mind, that he was filled with that tender compunction, that searching sense of his own short-comings, which generous natures feel when they find that they have underrated the generosity of others. But Amherst's was not an introspective mind, and his sound moral sense told him, when the first pang of self-reproach had subsided, that he had done his best by his wife, and was in no way to blame if her recognition of the fact had come too late. The self-reproach subsided; but it left, instead of the bitterness of the past, a softened fortifying memory, which made him take up his task at Westmore with the sense that he was now working with Bessy and not against her.

Yet perhaps, after all, it was chiefly the work itself which had healed old wounds, and quelled the tendency to vain regrets. Amherst was only thirty-four; and in the prime of his energies the task he was made for had been given back to him. To a sound nature, which finds its natural outlet in fruitful action, nothing so simplifies the complexities of life, so lends itself to a large acceptance of its vicissitudes and mysteries, as the sense of doing something each day toward clearing one's own bit of the wilderness. And this was the joy that fate had at last conceded to Amherst. The mills were virtually in his hands; and the fact that he ruled them not only in his own right but as Cicely's representative, made him doubly eager to justify his wife's trust in him.

Mrs. Amherst, looking up from a telegram which the parlour-maid had just handed her, smiled across the table at her son.

"From Maria Ansell—they are all coming tomorrow."

"Ah—that's good," Amherst rejoined cheerfully. "I should have been sorry if Cicely had not been here."



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"Mr. Langhope is coming too," his mother continued. "I'm glad of that, John."

"Yes," Amherst again assented.

The morrow was to be a great day at Westmore. The Emergency Hospital, planned in the first months of his marriage, and abandoned in the general reduction of expenditure at the mills, had now been completed on a larger and more elaborate scale, as a memorial to Bessy. The strict retrenchment of all personal expenses, and the leasing of Lynbrook and the town house, had enabled Amherst in eighteen months, to lay by enough income to carry out this plan, which he was impatient to see executed as a visible commemoration of his wife's generosity to Westmore. For Amherst persisted in regarding the gift of her fortune as a gift not to himself but to the mills: he looked upon himself merely as the agent whose privilege it was to carry out her beneficent intentions. He was anxious that Westmore and Hanaford should take the same view; and the opening of the Westmore Memorial Hospital was therefore to be performed with an unwonted degree of ceremony.

"I am glad Mr. Langhope is coming," Mrs. Amherst repeated, as they rose from the table. "It shows, dear—doesn't it?—that he's really gratified—that he appreciates your motive. . . ."

She raised a proud glance to her tall son, whose head seemed to tower higher than ever above her small proportions. Renewed self-confidence, and the habit of command, had in fact restored the erectness to Amherst's shoulders and the clearness to his eyes. The cleft between the brows was gone, and his veiled inward gaze had given place to a glance almost as outward-looking and unspeculative as his mother's.

"It shows—well, yes—what you say!" he rejoined with a slight laugh, and a tap on her shoulder as she passed.

He was under no illusions as to his father-in-law's attitude: he knew that Mr. Langhope would willingly have broken the will which deprived his grand-daughter of half her inheritance, and that his subsequent show of friendliness was merely a concession to expediency. But in his present mood Amherst almost believed that time and closer relations might turn such sentiments into honest liking. He was very fond of his little step-daughter, and deeply sensible of his obligations toward her; and he hoped that, as Mr. Langhope came to recognize this, it might bring about a better understanding between them.

His mother detained him. "You're going back to the mills at once? I wanted to consult you about the rooms. Miss Brent had better be next to Cicely?"

"I suppose so—yes. I'll see you before I go." He nodded affectionately and passed on, his hands full of papers, into the Oriental smoking-room, now dedicated to the unexpected uses of an office and study.

Mrs. Amherst, as she turned away, found the parlour-maid in the act of opening the front door to the highly-tinted and well-dressed figure of Mrs. Harry Dressel.

"I'm so delighted to hear that you're expecting Justine!" Mrs. Dressel announced as the two ladies passed into the drawing-room.

"Ah, you've heard too?" Mrs. Amherst rejoined, enthroning her visitor in one of the monumental plush armchairs beneath the threatening weight of the Bay of Naples.

"Why, I hadn't till this moment; in fact I flew in to ask for news, and on the door-step there was such a striking-looking young man enquiring for her, and I heard the parlour-maid say she was arriving to-morrow."

"A young man? Some one you didn't know?" Striking apparitions of the male sex were of infrequent occurrence at Hanaford, and Mrs. Amherst's unabated interest in the movement of life caused her to linger on this statement.

"Oh, no—I'm sure he was a stranger. Extremely slight and pale, with remarkable eyes. He was so disappointed—he seemed sure of finding her."

"Well, no doubt he'll come back tomorrow.—You know we're expecting the whole party," added Mrs. Amherst, to whom the indiscriminate imparting of good news was always an irresistible temptation.

Mrs. Dressel's interest deepened at once. "Really? Mr. Langhope too?"

"Yes. It's a great pleasure to my son."

"It must be! I'm so glad. I suppose in a way it will be rather sad for Mr. Langhope—seeing everything here so unchanged——"

Mrs. Amherst straightened herself a little. "I think he will prefer to find it so," she

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said, with an imperceptible stiffening of her mild manner.

"Oh, I don't know. They were never very fond of this house."

There was an added note of authority in Mrs. Dressel's tone. In the last few months she had been to Europe and had had nervous prostration, and these incontestable evidences of growing prosperity could not always be kept out of her voice and bearing. At any rate, they justified her in thinking that her opinion on almost any subject within the range of human experience was a valuable addition to the sum-total of wisdom; and unabashed by the silence with which her comment was received, she continued her critical survey of the drawing-room.

"Dear Mrs. Amherst—you know I can't help saying what I think—and I've so often wondered why you don't do this room over. With these high ceilings you could do something lovely in Louis Seize."

A faint pink rose to Mrs. Amherst's cheeks. "I don't think my son would ever care to make any changes here," she said.

"Oh, I understand the feeling, of course; but when he begins to entertain—and you know poor Bessy always *hated* this furniture."

Mrs. Amherst smiled slightly. "Perhaps if he marries again—" she said, seizing at random on a pretext for changing the subject.

Mrs. Dressel dropped the hands with which she was absent-mindedly assuring herself of the continuance of unbroken relations between her hat and her hair.

"*Marries again*? Why—you don't mean —? He doesn't think of it?"

"Not in the least—I spoke figuratively," his hostess rejoined with a laugh.

"Oh, of course—I see. He really *couldn't* marry, could he? I mean, it would be so wrong to Cicely—under the circumstances."

Mrs. Amherst's black eye-brows gathered in a slight frown. She had already noticed, on the part of the Hanaford clan, a disposition to regard Amherst as imprisoned in the conditions of his trust, and committed to the obligation of handing on unimpaired to Cicely the fortune his wife's caprice had bestowed on him; and this open expression of the family view was singularly displeasing to her.

"I had not thought of it in that light—but it's really of no consequence how one looks at a thing that is not going to happen," she said carelessly.

"No—naturally; I see you were only joking. He's so devoted to Cicely, isn't he?" Mrs. Dressel rejoined, with her bright obtuseness.

A step on the threshold announced Amherst's approach.

"I'm afraid I must be off, mother—" he began, halting in the doorway with the instinctive masculine recoil from the afternoon caller.

"Oh, Mr. Amherst, how d'you do? I suppose you're very busy about tomorrow? I just flew in to find out if Justine was really coming," Mrs. Dressel explained, a little fluttered by the effort of recalling what she had been saying when he entered.

"I believe my mother expects the whole party," Amherst replied, shaking hands with the false *bonhomie* of the man entrapped.

"How delightful! And it's so nice to think that Mr. Langhope's arrangement with Justine still works so well," Mrs. Dressel hastened on, nervously hoping that her volubility would smother any recollection of what he had chanced to overhear.

"Mr. Langhope is lucky in having persuaded Miss Brent to take charge of Cicely," Mrs. Amherst quietly interposed.

"Yes—and it was so lucky for Justine too! When she came back from Europe with us last autumn, I could see she simply hated the idea of going back to her nursing."

Amherst's face darkened at the allusion, and his mother said hurriedly: "Ah, she was tired, poor child; but I'm only afraid that, after the summer's rest, she may want some more active occupation than looking after a little girl."

"Oh, I think not—she's so fond of Cicely. And of course it's everything to her to have a comfortable home."

Mrs. Amherst smiled. "At her age, it's not always everything."

Mrs. Dressel stared slightly. Oh, Justine's twenty-seven, you know; she's not likely to marry now," she said, with the mild finality of the early-wedded.

She rose as she spoke, extending cordial hands of farewell. "You must be so busy preparing for the great day . . . if only it

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doesn't rain! . . . No, *please*, Mr. Amherst! . . . It's a mere step—I'm walking. . . ."

That afternoon as Amherst walked out toward Westmore for a survey of the final preparations, he found that, among the pleasant thoughts accompanying him, one of the pleasantest was the anticipation of seeing Justine Brent.

Among the little group who were to surround him on the morrow, she was the only one discerning enough to understand what the day meant to him, or with sufficient knowledge to judge of the use he had made of his great opportunity. Even now that the opportunity had come, and all obstacles were levelled, sympathy with his work was as much lacking as ever; and only Duplain, at length reinstated as manager, really understood and shared in his aims. But Justine Brent's sympathy was of a very different kind from the manager's. If less logical, it was warmer, more penetrating—like some fine imponderable fluid, so subtle that it could always find a way through the clumsy processes of human intercourse. Amherst had thought very often of this quality in her during the weeks which had followed his abrupt departure for Georgia; and in trying to define it he had said to himself that she felt with her brain.

And now, aside from the instinctive understanding between them, she was set apart in his thoughts by her association with his wife's last days. On his arrival from the dreadful journey back to Lynbrook he had gathered on all sides evidences of her tender devotion to Bessy: even Mr. Tredegar's chary praise was not lacking to the general commendation. From the surgeons he heard how her unwearied skill had helped them in their fruitless efforts; poor Cicely, awed by her loss, clung to her mother's friend with childish tenacity; and the young rector of Saint Anne's, shyly acquitting himself of his visit of condolence, dwelt chiefly on the consolatory thought of Miss Brent's presence at the death-bed.

The knowledge that Justine had been with his wife till the end had, in fact, done more than anything else to soften Amherst's regrets at his own absence; and he had tried to express something of this in the course of his first talk with her. Justine had given him a clear and self-possessed report of the dreadful weeks at Lynbrook; but at his first allusion to her own part in them, she shrank into a state of distress which seemed to plead with him to refrain from even the tenderest touch on her feelings. It was a peculiarity of their friendship that silence and absence had always mysteriously furthered its growth; and he now felt that her reticence deepened the understanding between them as the freest confidences might not have done.

Soon afterward, an opportune attack of nervous prostration had sent Mrs. Harry Dressel abroad; and Justine had been selected as her companion. They remained in Europe for six months; and on their return, Amherst learned with pleasure that Mr. Langhope had asked Miss Brent to take charge of Cicely.

Mr. Langhope's sorrow for his daughter had been aggravated by futile wrath at her unaccountable will; and the mixed sentiment thus engendered had found expression in a jealous outpouring of affection toward Cicely. He had taken immediate possession of the child, and in the first stages of his affliction her companionship had been really consoling. But as time passed, and the pleasant habits of years reasserted themselves, her presence became, in small unacknowledged ways, a source of domestic irritation. Nursery hours disturbed the easy routine of his household; the elderly parlour-maid who had long ruled it resented the intervention of Cicely's nurse; the little governess, involved in the dispute, broke down and had to be shipped home to Germany; a successor was hard to find, and in the interval Mr. Langhope's privacy was invaded by a stream of visiting teachers, who were always wanting to consult him about Cicely's lessons, and lay before him their tiresome complaints and perplexities. Poor Mr. Langhope found himself in the position of the mourner who, in the first fervour of bereavement, has undertaken the construction of an imposing monument without having counted the cost. He had meant that his devotion to Cicely should be a monument to his paternal grief; but the foundations were scarcely laid when he found that the funds of time and patience were almost exhausted.

Pride forbade his consigning Cicely to her step-father, though Mrs. Amherst would gladly have undertaken her care; Mrs. Ansell's migratory habits made it im-

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possible for her to do more than intermittently hover and advise; and a new hope rose before Mr. Langhope when it occurred to him to appeal to Miss Brent.

The experiment had proved a success, and when Amherst and Justine met again she had been for some months in charge of the little girl, and change and congenial occupation had restored her to a normal view of life. There was no trace in her now of the dumb misery which had haunted him at their parting: she was again the vivid creature who seemed more charged with life than any one he had ever known. The crisis through which she had passed showed itself only in a smoothing of the brow and deepening of the eyes, as though a bloom of experience had veiled without deadening the first brilliancy of youth.

As he lingered on the image thus evoked, he recalled Mrs. Dressel's words: "Justine is twenty-seven—she's not likely to marry now."

Oddly enough, he had never thought of her marrying—but now that he heard its likelihood questioned, he felt a disagreeable conviction of its inevitableness. Mrs. Dressel's view was of course absurd. In spite of Justine's feminine graces, he had formerly felt in her a kind of elfin immaturity, as of a flitting Ariel with untouched heart and senses: it was only of late that she had developed the subtle quality which calls up thoughts of love. Not marry? Why, the vagrant fire had just lighted on her—and the fact that she was poor and unattached, with her own way to make, and no setting of pleasure and elegance to embellish her—these disadvantages seemed as nothing to Amherst against the light of personality in which she moved. And besides, she would never be drawn to the kind of man who needed fine clothes and luxury to point him to the charm of sex. She was always finished and graceful in appearance, with the pretty woman's art of wearing her few plain dresses as if they were many and varied; yet no one could think of her as attaching much importance to the upholstery of life. . . . No, the man who won her would be of a different type, have other inducements to offer . . . and Amherst found himself wondering just what those inducements would be.

Suddenly he remembered something his mother had said as he left the house—something about a distinguished-looking young man who had called to inquire for Miss Brent. Mrs. Amherst, innocently inquisitive in small matters, had followed her son into the hall to ask the parlour-maid if the gentleman had left his name; and the parlour-maid had answered in the negative. The young man was evidently not indigenous: all the social units of Hanaford were intimately known to each other. He was a stranger, therefore, presumably drawn there by the hope of seeing Miss Brent. But if he knew that she was coming he must be intimately acquainted with her movements. . . The thought came to Amherst as an unpleasant surprise. It made him realize for the first time how little he knew of Justine's personal life, of the ties she might have formed outside the Lynbrook circle. After all, he had seen her chiefly not among her own friends but among his wife's. Was it reasonable to suppose that a creature of her keen individuality would be content to subsist on the fringe of other existences? Somewhere, of course, she must have a centre of her own, must be subject to influences of which he was wholly ignorant. And since her departure from Lynbrook he had known even less of her life. She had spent the previous winter with Mr. Langhope in New York, where Amherst had seen her only on his rare visits to Cicely; and Mr. Langhope, on going abroad for the summer, had established his grand-daughter in a small house at Bar Harbour, where, save for two flying visits from Mrs. Ansell, Miss Brent had reigned alone till his return in September.

Very likely, Amherst reflected, the mysterious visitor was a Bar Harbour acquaintance—no, more than an acquaintance: a friend. And as Mr. Langhope's party had left Mount Desert but three days previously, the arrival of the unknown at Hanaford indicated a singular impatience to rejoin Miss Brent. . . .

As he reached this point in his meditations, Amherst found himself at the street-corner where it was his habit to pick up the Westmore trolley. Just as it bore down on him, and he sprang to the platform, another car, coming in from the mills, stopped to discharge its passengers at the corner. Among them Amherst noticed a slender undersized man in shabby clothes, about whose retreating back, as he crossed the street to signal a

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Station Avenue car, there was something dimly familiar, and confusedly suggestive of troubled memories. Amherst leaned out and looked again: yes, the back was certainly like Dr. Wyant's—but what on earth could Wyant be doing at Hanaford, and in a Westmore car?

Amherst's first impulse was to spring out and overtake him. He knew from the surgeons how admirably the young physician had borne himself at Lynbrook; he even recalled Dr. Garford's saying, with his kindly sceptical smile: "Poor Wyant believed to the end that we could save her"—and his own inward movement of thankfulness that the cruel miracle had not been worked.

He owed a great deal to Wyant, and had tried to express his sense of the fact in warm words and a liberal fee; but since Bessy's death he had never returned to Lynbrook, and had consequently lost sight of the young doctor.

Now he felt that he ought to try to rejoin him, to find out why he was at Hanaford, and make some proffer of hospitality; but if the stranger were really Wyant, his choice of the Station Avenue car made it probable that he was on his way to catch the New York express; and in any case Amherst's engagements at Westmore made pursuit of him impossible at the moment.

He consoled himself with the thought that if the physician was not leaving Hanaford he would be certain to call at the house; and then his mind flew back to Justine Brent. But the pleasure of looking forward to her arrival was disturbed by new feelings. A sense of reserve and embarrassment had sprung up in his mind, checking that free mental communion which, as he now perceived, had been one of the unconscious promoters of their friendship. It was as though his thoughts confronted a stranger instead of the familiar presence which had so long dwelt in them; and he began to see that the feeling of intelligence existing between Justine and himself was not the result of actual intimacy, but merely of the charm she knew how to throw over casual intercourse.

When he had left his house, his mind was like a summer sky, all open blue and sunlit rolling clouds; but gradually the clouds had darkened and massed themselves, till they drew an impenetrable veil over the upper blue and stretched threateningly across his whole horizon.

## XXXI

THE celebrations at Westmore were over. Hanaford society, mustering brilliantly for the event, had streamed through the hospital, inspected the clinic, complimented Amherst, recalled itself to Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell, and streamed out again to regain its carriages and motors.

The chief actors in the ceremony were also taking leave of the scene. Mr. Langhope, somewhat pale and nervous after the ordeal, had been helped into the Gaines landau with Mrs. Ansell and Cicely; Mrs. Amherst had accepted a seat in the Dressel victoria; and Westy Gaines, with an *empressement* slightly tinged by condescension, was in the act of placing his electric phaeton at Miss Brent's disposal.

She stood in the pretty white porch of the hospital, looking out across its squares of flower-edged turf at the long street of Westmore. In the warm gold-powdered light of late September the factory town still seemed a blot on the face of nature; yet here and there, on all sides, Justine's quick eye saw signs of humanizing change. The rough banks along the street had been levelled and sodded; young maples, set in regular alignment, already made a long festoon of gold against the dingy house-fronts; and the houses themselves—once so irreclaimably outlawed and degraded—showed, in their white-curtained windows, their flowery white-railed yards, a growing approach to civilized human dwellings.

Glancing the other way, one still met the grim pile of the factories cutting the sky with their harsh roof-lines and blackened chimneys; but even here there were signs of improvement. One of the mills had already been enlarged, another was scaffolded for the same purpose, and young trees and neatly-fenced turf replaced the surrounding desert of trampled earth.

As Amherst came out of the hospital, he heard Miss Brent declining a seat in Westy's phaeton.

"Thank you so much; but there's some one here I want to see first—one of the operatives—and I can easily take a Hanaford car later," she said, holding out her hand

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with the smile that ran like colour over her whole face; and Westy, nettled by this unaccountable disregard of her privileges, mounted his chariot alone.

As he glided mournfully away, Amherst turned to Justine. "You wanted to see the Dillons?" he asked.

Their eyes met, and she smiled again. He had never seen her so sunned-over, so luminous, since the distant November day when they had picnicked with Cicely at the swamp's edge. He wondered vaguely if she were more elaborately dressed than usual, or if the festal impression she produced were simply a reflection of her mood.

"Yes; I do want to see the Dillons—how did you guess?" she rejoined gaily; and Amherst felt a sudden impulse to reply: "For the same reason that made you think of them."

The discovery that she remembered the Dillons made him absurdly happy; it re-established between them the mental communion that had been checked by his thoughts of the previous day.

"I suppose I'm rather self-conscious about the Dillons, because they're one of my object lessons—they illustrate the text," he said, laughing, as they went down the steps.

Westmore had been given a half-holiday in honour of the opening of the hospital, and as Amherst and Justine turned into the street, parties of workers were dispersing toward their houses. They were still a dull-eyed stunted throng, to whom air and movement seemed to have been too long denied; but there was more animation in the groups, more light in individual faces; many of the younger men returned Amherst's good-day with a look of personal friendliness, and the women to whom he stopped to speak met him with a volubility that showed the habit of familiar intercourse.

"How much you have done!" Justine exclaimed, as he rejoined her after one of these asides; but the next moment he saw a shade of embarrassment cross her face, as though she feared to have suggested comparisons she had meant to avoid.

He answered quite naturally: "Yes—I'm beginning to see my way now; and it's wonderful how they respond—" and they walked on without a shadow of constraint between them, while he described to her what was already done, and what direction his projected experiments were taking.

The Dillons had been placed in charge of one of the old factory tenements, now transformed into a lodging-house for unmarried operatives. Even its grim brick exterior, hung with creepers and brightened by flower-borders, had taken on a friendly air; and indoors it showed a clean sunny kitchen, a big dining-room with cheerful-coloured walls, and a room where the men could lounge and smoke about a table covered with papers.

The creation of these model lodging-houses had always been a favourite scheme of Amherst's, and the Dillons, incapacitated for factory work, had proved themselves admirably adapted to their new duties. In Mrs. Dillon's small hot sitting-room, among the starched sofa-tidies and pink shells that testified to the family prosperity, Justine shone with enjoyment and sympathy. She had always taken an interest in the lives and thoughts of working-people: not so much the constructive interest of the sociological mind as the vivid imaginative concern of a heart open to every human appeal. She liked to hear about their hard struggles and small pathetic successes: the children's sicknesses, the father's lucky job, the little sum they had been able to put by, the plans they had formed for Tommy's advancement, and how Sue's good marks at school were still ahead of Mrs. Hagan's Mary's.

"What I really like is to gossip with them, and give them advice about the baby's cough, and the cheapest way to do their marketing," she said laughing, as she and Amherst emerged once more into the street. "It's the same kind of interest I used to feel in my dolls and guinea pigs—a managing, interfering old maid's interest. I don't believe I should care a straw for them if I couldn't dose them and order them about."

Amherst laughed too: he recalled the time when he had dreamed that just such warm personal sympathy was her sex's destined contribution to the broad work of human beneficence. Well, it had not been a dream: here was a woman whose deeds spoke for her. And suddenly the thought came to him: what might they not do at Westmore together! The brightness of it was blinding—like the dazzle of sunlight which faced them as they walked toward the mills. But it left him speechless, confused—glad to have a pretext for routing Duplain out of

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the office, introducing him to Miss Brent, and asking him for the keys of the buildings. . . .

It was wonderful, again, how she grasped what he was doing in the mills, and saw how his whole scheme hung together, harmonizing the work and leisure of the operatives, instead of treating them as half machine, half man, and neglecting the man for the machine. Nor was she content with Utopian generalities: she wanted to know the how and why of each case, to hear what conclusions he drew from his results, and to what solutions his experiments pointed.

In explaining the mill work, he forgot his constraint, and returned to the free comradery of mind that had always marked their relation. He turned the key reluctantly in the last door, and paused a moment on the threshold.

"Anything more?" he said, with a laugh meant to hide his eagerness to prolong their tour.

She glanced up at the sun, which still swung free of the tall factory roofs.

"As much as you've time for," she answered. "Cicely doesn't need me this afternoon, and I can't tell when I shall see Westmore again."

The words fell on him with a chill. His smile faded, and he looked away for a moment.

"But I hope Cicely will be here often," he said.

"Oh, I hope so too," she rejoined, with seeming unconsciousness of any connection between the wish and her previous words.

Amherst hesitated. He had meant to propose a visit to the old Eldorado building, which now at last housed the long-desired night-schools and nursery; but since she had spoken he felt a sudden indifference to showing her anything more. What was the use, if she meant to leave Cicely, and drift out of his reach? He could get on well enough without sympathy and comprehension, but his momentary indulgence in them made the ordinary taste of life a little flat.

"There must be more to see?" she continued, as they turned back toward the village; and he answered absently: "Oh, yes —if you like."

He heard the change in his own voice, and knew by her quick side-glance that she had heard it too.

"Please let me see everything that is compatible with my getting a car to Hanaford by six."

"Well, then—the night-school next," he said with an effort at lightness; and to shake off the importunity of his own thoughts he added carelessly, as they walked on: "By the way—it seems improbable—but I think I saw Dr. Wyant yesterday in a Westmore car."

She echoed the name in surprise. "Dr. Wyant? Really! Are you sure?"

"Not quite; but if it wasn't he it was his ghost. You haven't heard of his being at Hanaford?"

"No. I've heard nothing of him for a long time."

Something in her tone made him return her side-glance; but her voice, on closer analysis, denoted only indifference, and her profile seemed to express the same negative sentiment. He remembered a vague Lynbrook rumour to the effect that the young doctor had been attracted to Miss Brent. . . Such floating seeds of gossip seldom rooted themselves in his mind, but now the fact acquired a new significance, and he wondered how he could have thought so little of it at the time. Probably her somewhat exaggerated air of indifference simply meant that she had been bored by Wyant's attentions, and that the reminder of them still roused a slight self-consciousness.

Amherst was relieved by this conclusion, and murmuring: "Oh, I suppose it can't have been he," led her rapidly on to the Eldorado. But the old sense of free communion was again obstructed, and her interest in the details of the schools and nursery now seemed to him only a part of her wonderful art of absorbing herself in other people's affairs. He was a fool to have been duped by it—to have fancied it was anything more personal than a grace of manner.

As she turned away from inspecting the blackboards in one of the empty schoolrooms he paused before her and said suddenly: "You spoke of not seeing Westmore again. Are you thinking of leaving Cicely?"

The words were almost the opposite of those he had intended to speak; it was as if some irrepressible inner conviction flung defiance at his surface distrust of her.

She stood still also, and he saw a thought move across her face. "Not immediately—

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but perhaps when Mr. Langhope can make some other arrangement——"

Owing to the half-holiday, they had the school-building to themselves, and the fact of being alone with her, without fear of interruption, woke in Amherst an uncontrollable longing to taste for once the joy of unguarded utterance.

"Why do you go?" he asked, moving close to the platform on which she stood.

She hesitated, resting her hand on the teacher's desk. Her eyes were kind, but he thought her tone was cold.

"This easy life is rather out of my line," she said at length, with a smile that draped her words in vagueness.

Amherst looked at her again—she seemed to be growing remote and inaccessible. "You mean that you don't want to stay?"

His tone was so abrupt that it called forth one of her rare blushes. "No—not that. I have been very happy with Cicely—but soon I shall have to be doing something else."

Why was she blushing? And what did her last phrase mean? "Something else—?" The blood hummed in his ears—he began to hope she would not answer too quickly.

She had sunk into the seat behind the desk, propping her elbows on its lid, and letting her interlaced hands support her chin. A little bunch of violets which had been thrust into the folds of her dress detached itself and fell to the floor.

"What I mean is," she said in a low voice, raising her eyes to Amherst's, "that I've had a great desire lately to get back to real work—my special work. . . I've been too idle for the last year—I want to do some hard nursing: I want to help people who are miserable."

She spoke earnestly, almost passionately, and as he listened his undefined fear was lifted. He had never before seen her in this mood, with brooding brows, and the darkness of the world's pain in her eyes. All her glow had faded—she was a dun thrush-like creature, clothed in demi-tints; yet she seemed much nearer than when her smile shot light on him.

He stood motionless, his eyes absently fixed on the bunch of violets at her feet. Suddenly he raised his head, and broke out with a boy's blush: "Could it have been Wyant who was trying to see you?"

"Dr. Wyant—trying to see me?" She lowered her hands to the desk, and sat looking at him with open wonder.

He saw the wild irrelevance of his question, and burst, in spite of himself, into youthful laughter.

"I mean— It's only that an unknown visitor called at the house yesterday, and insisted that you must have arrived. He seemed so annoyed at not finding you, that I thought . . . I imagined . . . it must be some one who knew you very well . . . and who had followed you here . . . for some special reason. . . ."

Her colour rose again, as if caught from his; but her eyes still declared the completeness of her ignorance. "Some special reason——?"

"And just now," he blurted out, "when you said you might not stay much longer with Cicely—I thought of the visit—and wondered if there was some one you meant to marry. . . ."

A silence fell between them. Justine rose slowly, her eyes screened under the veil she had lowered. "No—I don't mean to marry," she said, half-smiling, as she came down from the platform.

Restored to his level, her small shadowy head just in a line with his eyes, she seemed closer, more approachable and feminine—yet Amherst did not dare to speak.

She took a few steps toward the window, looking out into the deserted street. "It's growing dark—I must go home," she said.

"Yes," he assented absently as he followed her. He had no idea what she was saying. The inner voices in which they habitually spoke were growing louder than outward words. Or was it only the voice of his own desires that he heard—the cry of new hopes and unguessed capacities of living? All within him was flood-tide: this was the top of life, surely—to feel her alike in his brain and his pulses, to steep sight and hearing in the joy of her nearness, while all the while thought spoke clear: "This is the mate of my mind."

He began again abruptly. "Wouldn't you marry, if it gave you the chance to do what you say—if it offered you hard work, and the opportunity to make things better . . . for a great many people . . . as no one but yourself could do it?"

It was a strange way of putting his case: he was aware of it before he ended. But it

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had not occurred to him to tell her that she was lovely and desirable—in his humility he thought that what he had to give would plead for him better than what he was.

The effect produced on her by his question, though undecipherable, was extraordinary. She stiffened a little, remaining quite motionless, her eyes on the street.

"*You!*" she just breathed; and he saw that she was beginning to tremble.

His wooing had been harsh and clumsy—he was afraid it had offended her, and his hand trembled too as it sought hers.

"I only thought—it would be a dull business to most women—and I'm tied to it for life . . . but I thought . . . I've seen so often how you pity suffering . . . how you long to relieve it . . . ."

She turned away from him with a shuddering sigh. "Oh, I *hate* suffering!" she broke out suddenly, raising her hands to her face.

Amherst was frightened. How senseless of him to go on reiterating the old plea! He ought to have pleaded for himself—to have let the man in him seek her and take his defeat, instead of beating about the flimsy bush of philanthropy.

"I only meant—I was trying to make my work recommend me . . ." he went on blunderingly, as she remained silent, her eyes still turned away.

The silence continued for a long time—it stretched between them like a narrowing interminable road, down which, with a leaden heart, he seemed to watch her gradually disappearing. And then, unexpectedly, as she shrank to a tiny speck at the dip of the road, the perspective was mysteriously reversed, and he felt her growing nearer again, felt her close to him—felt her hand on his. . . .

"I'm really just like other women, you know—I shall like it because it's your work," she said.

## XXXII

EVERY one agreed that, on the whole, Mr. Langhope had behaved extremely well.

He was just beginning to regain his equanimity in the matter of the will—to perceive that, in the eyes of the public, something important and distinguished was being done at Westmore, and that the venture, while reducing Cicely's income during her minority, might, in some incredible way, actually make for an ultimate increase in her capital. So much Mr. Langhope, always eager to take the easiest view of the inevitable, had begun to let fall in his confidential comments on Amherst; when his newly-regained balance was rudely shaken by the news of his son-in-law's marriage.

The free expression of his anger was baffled by the fact that, even by the farthest stretch of self-extenuating logic, he could find no one to blame for the event but himself.

"Why on earth don't you say so—don't you call me a triple-dyed fool for bringing them together?" he challenged Mrs. Ansell, as they had the matter out together in the small intimate drawing-room of her New York apartment.

Mrs. Ansell, stirring her tea with a pensive hand, met the challenge composedly.

"At present you're doing it for me," she reminded him; "and after all, I'm not so disposed to agree with you."

"Not agree with me? But you told me not to engage Miss Brent! Didn't you tell me not to engage her?"

She made a hesitating motion of assent.

"But, good Lord, how was I to help myself? No man was ever in such a quandary!" he interrupted himself, leaping back to the other side of the argument.

"No," she said, looking up at him suddenly. "I believe that, for the only time in your life, you were sorry then that you hadn't married me."

She held his eyes for a moment with a look of gentle malice; then he laughed, and drew forth his cigarette-case.

"Oh, come—you've inverted the formula," he said, reaching out for the enamelled match-box at his elbow. She let this pass with a slight smile, and he went on, reverting to his grievance: "Why *didn't* you want me to engage Miss Brent?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . some instinct."

"You won't tell me?"

"I couldn't if I tried; and now, after all——"

"After all—what?"

She reflected. "You'll have Cicely off your mind, I mean."

"Cicely off my mind?" Mr. Langhope was beginning to find his charming friend less consolatory than usual. After all, the most magnanimous woman has her cir-

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cuitous way of saying *I told you so*. "As if any good governess couldn't have done that for me!" he grumbled.

'Ah—the present care for her. But I was looking ahead," she rejoined.

"To what—if I may ask?"

"The next few years—when Mrs. Amherst may have children of her own."

"Children of her own?" He bounded up, furious at the suggestion.

"Had it never occurred to you?" she murmured.

"Hardly as a source of consolation!"

"I think a philosophic mind might find it so."

"I should really be interested to know how!"

Mrs. Ansell put down her cup, and again turned her gentle tolerant eyes upon him.

"Mr. Amherst, as a father, will take a more conservative view of his duties. Every one agrees that, in spite of his theories, he has a good head for business; and whatever he does at Westmore for the advantage of his children will naturally be for Cicely's advantage too."

Mr. Langhope returned her gaze thoughtfully. "There's something in what you say," he admitted after a pause. "But it doesn't alter the fact that, with Amherst unmarried, the whole of the Westmore fortune would have gone back to Cicely—where it belongs."

"Possibly. But it was so unlikely that he would remain unmarried."

"I don't see why! A man of honour would have felt bound to keep the money for Cicely."

"But you must remember that, from Mr. Amherst's standpoint, the money belongs rather to Westmore than to Cicely."

"He's no better than a socialist, then!"

"Well—supposing he isn't: the birth of a son and heir will cure that."

Mr. Langhope winced, but she persisted gently: "It's really safer for Cicely as it is—" and before the end of the conference he found himself confessing, half against his will: "Well, since he hadn't the decency to remain single, I'm thankful he hasn't inflicted a stranger on us; and I shall never forget what Miss Brent did for my poor girl. . . ."

It was the view she had wished to bring him to, and the view which, in due course, with all his accustomed grace and adaptability, he presented to the searching gaze of a society profoundly moved by the incident. "Of course, if Mr. Langhope approves—" society reluctantly murmured; and that Mr. Langhope did approve was presently made manifest by every outward show of consideration toward the newly-wedded pair.

Amherst and Justine had been married in September; and after a holiday in Canada and the Adirondacks they returned to Hanaford for the winter. Amherst had proposed a short flight to Europe; but his wife preferred to settle down at once to her new duties.

The announcement of her marriage had been met by Mrs. Dressel with a comment which often afterward returned to her memory. "It's splendid for you, of course, dear, *in one way*," her friend had murmured, between disparagement and envy—"that is, if you can stand talking about the Westmore mill-hands all the rest of your life."

"Oh, but I couldn't—I should hate it!" Justine had energetically rejoined; meeting Mrs. Dressel's admonitory "Well, then?" with the laughing assurance that *she* meant to lead the conversation.

She knew well enough what the admonition meant. To Amherst, so long thwarted in his chosen work, the subject of Westmore was becoming an *idée fixe;* and it was natural that Hanaford should class him as a man of one topic. But Justine had guessed at his other side; a side as long thwarted, and far less articulate, which she intended to wake into conscious life. She had felt it in him from the first, though their talks had so uniformly turned on the subject which palled upon Hanaford; and it had been revealed to her during the silent hours among his books, when she had grown into such close intimacy with his mind.

She did not, assuredly, mean to spend the rest of her days talking about the Westmore mill-hands; but in the arrogance of her joy she wished to begin her married life in the setting of its habitual duties, and to achieve the victory of evoking the secret unsuspected Amherst out of the preoccupied business man chained to his task. Dull lovers might have to call on romantic scenes to wake romantic feelings; but Justine's glancing imagination leapt to the challenge of extracting poetry from the prose of routine.

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And this was precisely the triumph that the first months brought her. To mortal eye, Amherst and Justine seemed to be living at Hanaford: in reality they were voyaging on unmapped seas of adventure. The seas were limitless, and studded with happy islands: every fresh discovery they made about each other, every new agreement of ideas and feelings, offered itself to these intrepid explorers as a friendly coast where they might beach their keel and take their bearings. Thus, in the thronging hum of metaphor, Justine sometimes pictured their relation; seeing it, again, as a journey through crowded populous cities, where every face she met was Amherst's; or, contrarily, as a multiplication of points of perception, so that one became, for the world's contact, a surface so multitudinously alive that the old myth of hearing the grass grow and walking the rainbow explained itself as the heightening of personality to the utmost pitch of sympathy.

In reality, the work at Westmore became an almost necessary sedative after these flights into the blue. She felt sometimes that they would have been bankrupted of sensations if daily hours of drudgery had not provided a reservoir in which fresh powers of enjoyment could slowly gather. And their duties had the rarer quality of constituting, precisely, the deepest, finest bond between them, the clarifying element which saved their happiness from stagnation, and kept it in the strong mid-current of human feeling.

It was this element in their affection which, in the last days of November, was unexpectedly put on trial. Mr. Langhope, since his return from his annual visit to Europe, showed signs of diminishing strength and elasticity. He had had to give up his nightly dinner parties, to desert his stall at the Opera: to take, in short, as he plaintively put it, his social pleasures homœopathically. Certain of his friends explained the change by saying that he had never been "quite the same" since his daughter's death; while others found its determining cause in the shock of Amherst's second marriage. But this insinuation Mr. Langhope in due time discredited by writing to ask the Amhersts if they would not pity his loneliness and spend the winter in town with him. The proposal came in a letter to Justine, which she handed to her husband one afternoon on his return from the mills.

She sat behind the tea-table in the Westmore drawing-room, now at last transformed, not into Mrs. Dressel's vision of "something lovely in Louis Seize," but into a warm yet sober setting for books, for scattered flowers, for deep chairs and shaded lamps in pleasant nearness to each other.

Amherst raised his eyes from the letter, thinking as he did so how well her bright head, with its flame-like play of meanings, fitted into the background she had made for it. Still unobservant of external details, he was beginning to feel a vague well-being of the eye wherever her touch had passed.

"Well, we must do it," he said simply.

"Oh, must we?" she murmured, holding out his cup.

He smiled at her note of dejection. "Unnatural woman! New York *versus* Hanaford—do you really dislike it so much?"

She tried to bring a tone of consent into her voice. "I shall be very glad to be with Cicely again—and that, of course," she reflected, "is the reason why Mr. Langhope wants us."

"Well—if it is, it's a good reason."

"Yes. But how much shall you be with us?"

"If you say so, I'll arrange to get away for a month or two."

"Oh, no: I don't want that!" she said, with a smile that triumphed a little. "But why should not Cicely come here?"

"If Mr. Langhope is cut off from his usual amusements, I'm afraid that would only make him more lonely."

"Yes, I suppose so." She put aside her untasted cup, resting her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her clasped hands, in the attitude habitual to her in moments of inward debate.

Amherst rose, and seated himself on the sofa beside her. "Dear! What is it?" he said, drawing her hands down, so that she had to turn her face to his.

"Nothing. . . . I don't know . . . a superstition. I've been so happy here!"

"Is our happiness too perishable to be transplanted?"

She smiled and answered by another question. "You don't mind doing it, then?"

Amherst hesitated. "Shall I tell you? I feel that it's a sort of ring of Polycrates. It may buy off the jealous gods."

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A faint shrinking from some importunate suggestion seemed to press her closer to him. "Then you feel they *are* jealous?" she breathed, in a half-laugh.

"I pity them if they're not!"

"Yes," she agreed, rallying to his tone. "I only had a fancy that they might overlook such a dull place as Hanaford."

Amherst drew her to him. "Isn't it, on the contrary, in the ash-heaps that the ragpickers prowl?"

There was no disguising it: she was growing afraid of her happiness. Her husband's analogy of the ring expressed her fear. She seemed to herself to carry a blazing jewel on her breast—something that singled her out for human envy and divine pursuit. She had a preposterous longing to dress plainly and shabbily, to subdue her voice and gestures, to try to slip through life unnoticed; yet all the while she knew that her jewel would shoot its rays through every disguise. And from the depths of ancient atavistic instincts came the hope that Amherst was right—that by sacrificing their precious solitude to Mr. Langhope's convenience they might still deceive the gods.

Once pledged to her new task, Justine, as usual, espoused it with ardour. It was pleasant, even among greater joys, to see her husband again frankly welcomed by Mr. Langhope; to see Cicely bloom into happiness at their coming; and to overhear Mr. Langhope exclaim, in a confidential aside to his son-in-law: "It's wonderful, the *bien-être* that wife of yours diffuses about her!"

The element of *bien-être* was the only one in which Mr. Langhope could draw breath; and to those who kept him immersed in it he was prodigal of delicate attentions. The experiment, in short, was a complete success; and even Amherst's necessary weeks at Hanaford had the merit of giving a finer flavour to his brief appearances.

Of all this Justine was thinking as she drove down Fifth Avenue one January afternoon to meet her husband at the Grand Central station. She had tamed her happiness at last: the quality of fear had left it, and it nestled in her heart like some wild creature subdued to human ways. And, as her inward bliss became more and more a quiet habit of the mind, the longing to help and minister returned, absorbing her more deeply in her husband's work.

She dismissed the carriage at the station, and when his train had arrived they emerged together into the cold winter twilight and turned up Madison Avenue. These walks home from the station gave them a little more time to themselves than if they had driven; and there was always so much to tell on both sides. This time the news was all good: the work at Westmore was prospering, and on Justine's side there was a more cheerful report of Mr. Langhope's health, and—best of all—his promise to give them Cicely for the summer. Amherst and Justine were both anxious that the child should spend more time at Hanaford, that her young associations should begin to gather about Westmore; and Justine exulted in the fact that the suggestion had come from Mr. Langhope himself, while she and Amherst were still planning how to lead him up to it.

They reached the house while this triumph was still engaging them; and in the doorway Amherst turned to her with a smile.

"And of course—dear man!—he believes the idea is all his. There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!"

"I don't think there is!" she boasted, falling gaily into his tone; and then, as the door opened, and she entered the hall, her eyes fell on a blotted envelope which lay among the letters on the table.

The parlour-maid proffered it with a word of explanation. "A gentleman left it for you, madam; he asked to see you, and said he'd call for the answer in a day or two."

"Another begging letter, I suppose," said Amherst, turning into the drawing-room, where Mr. Langhope and Cicely awaited them; and Justine, carelessly pushing the envelope into her muff, murmured "I suppose so" as she followed him.

## XXXIII

OVER the tea-table Justine forgot the note in her muff; but when she went upstairs to dress it fell to the floor, and she picked it up and laid it on her dressing-table.

She had already recognized the hand as Wyant's, for it was not the first letter she had received from him.

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Three times since her marriage he had appealed to her for help, excusing himself on the plea of difficulties and ill-health. The first time he wrote, he alluded vaguely to having married, and to being compelled, through illness, to give up his practice at Clifton. On receiving this letter she made enquiries, and learned that, a month or two after her departure from Lynbrook, Wyant had married the daughter of a Clifton farmer —a pretty piece of flaunting innocence, whom she remembered about the lanes, generally with a young man in a buggy. There had evidently been something obscure and precipitate about the marriage, which was a strange one for the ambitious young doctor. Justine conjectured that it might have been the cause of his leaving Clifton—or perhaps he had already succumbed to the fatal habit she had suspected in him. At any rate he seemed, in some mysterious way, to have dropped in two years from promise to failure; yet she could not believe that, with his talents, and the name he had begun to make, such a lapse could be more than temporary. She had often heard Dr. Garford prophesy great things for him; but Dr. Garford had died suddenly during the previous summer, and the inopportune loss of this powerful friend was mentioned by Wyant among his misfortunes.

Justine was anxious to help him, but her marriage to a rich man had not given her the command of much money. She and Amherst, choosing to regard themselves as pensioners on the Westmore fortune, were scrupulous in restricting their personal expenditure; and her work among the mill-hands brought many demands on the modest allowance which her husband had insisted on her accepting. In reply to Wyant's first appeal, which reached her soon after her marriage, she had sent him a hundred dollars; but when the second came, some two months later—with a fresh tale of ill-luck and ill-health—she had not been able to muster more than half the amount. Finally a third letter had arrived, a short time before their departure from Hanaford. It told the same tale of persistent misfortune, but on this occasion Wyant, instead of making a direct appeal for money, suggested that, through her hospital connections, she should help him to establish a New York practice. His tone was half-whining, half-peremptory, his once precise writing smeared and illegible; and these indications, combined with her former suspicions, convinced her that, for the moment, the writer was unfit for medical work. At any rate, she could not assume the responsibility of recommending him; and in answering, she advised him to apply to some of the physicians he had worked with at Lynbrook, softening her refusal by the enclosure of a small sum of money. To this letter she received no answer. Wyant doubtless found the money insufficient, and resented her unwillingness to help him by the use of her influence; and she felt sure that the note before her contained a renewal of his former request.

An obscure reluctance made her begin to undress before opening it. She felt slightly tired and indolently happy, and she did not wish any jarring impression to break in on the sense of completeness which her husband's coming always put into her life. Her happiness was making her timid and luxurious: she was beginning to shrink from even trivial annoyances.

But when at length, in her dressing-gown, her loosened hair about her shoulders, she seated herself before the toilet-mirror, Wyant's note once more confronted her. It was absurd to put off reading it—if he asked for money again, she would simply confide the whole business to Amherst.

She had never spoken to her husband of her correspondence with Wyant. The mere fact that the latter had appealed to her, instead of addressing himself to Amherst, made her suspect that he had a weakness to hide, and counted on her professional discretion. But his continued importunities would certainly release her from any such hypothetical obligation; and she thought with relief of casting the weight of her difficulty on her husband's shoulders.

She opened the note and read.

"I did not acknowledge your last letter because I was ashamed to tell you that the money was not enough to be of any use. But I am past shame now. My wife was confined three weeks ago, and has been desperately ill ever since. She is in no state to move, but we shall be put out of these rooms unless I can get money or work at once. A word from you would have given me a start in New York—and I'd be willing to begin again as an interne or a doctor's assistant.

"I have never reminded you of what

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you owe me, and I should not do so now if I hadn't been to hell and back since I saw you. But I suppose you would rather have me remind you than apply to Mr. Amherst. You can tell me when to call for my answer."

Justine laid down the letter and looked up. Her eyes rested on her own reflection in the glass, and it frightened her. She sat motionless, with a thickly-beating heart, one hand clenched on the letter.

*I suppose you would rather have me remind you than apply to Mr. Amherst.*

That was what his importunity meant, then! She had been paying blackmail all this time. . . . Somewhere, from the first, in an obscure fold of consciousness, she had felt the stir of an unnamed, unacknowledged fear; and now the fear raised its head and looked at her. Well! She would look back at it then: look it straight in the malignant eye. What was it, after all, but a "bugbear to scare children"—the ghost of the opinion of the many? She had suspected from the first that Wyant knew of her having shortened the term of Bessy Amherst's sufferings—returning to the room when he did, it was almost impossible that he should not have detected what had happened; and his silence at the time had made her believe that he understood her motive and approved it. But, supposing she had been mistaken, she still had nothing to fear, since she had done nothing that her own conscience condemned. If the act were to do again she would do it—she had never known a moment's regret!

Suddenly she heard Amherst's step in the passage—heard him laughing and talking as he chased Cicely up the stairs to the nursery.

*If she was not afraid, why had she never told Amherst?*

Why, the answer to that was simple enough! She had not told him *because she was not afraid.* From the first she had retained sufficient detachment to view her act impartially, to find it completely justified by circumstances, and to decide that, since those circumstances could be but partly and indirectly known to her husband, she not only had the right to keep her own counsel, but was actually under a kind of obligation not to force on him the knowledge of a fact that he could not alter and could not completely judge. . . . Was there any flaw in this line of reasoning? Did it not show a deliberate weighing of conditions, a perfect rectitude of intention? And, after all, she had had Amherst's virtual consent to her act! She knew his feeling on such matters—his independence of traditional judgments, his horror of inflicting needless pain—she was as sure of his intellectual assent as of her own. She was even sure that, when she told him, he would appreciate her reasons for not telling him before. . . .

For now of course he must know everything—this horrible letter made it inevitable. She regretted now that she had decided, though for the best of reasons, not to speak to him of her own accord; for it was intolerable that he should think of any external pressure as having brought her to avowal. But no! he would not think that. The understanding between them was so complete that no deceptive array of circumstances could ever make her motives obscure to him. She let herself rest a moment in the thought. . . .

Presently she heard him moving in the next room—he had come back to dress for dinner. She would go to him now, at once—she could not bear this weight on her mind the whole evening. She pushed back her chair, crumpling the letter in her hand; but as she did so, her eyes again fell on her reflection. She could not go to her husband with such a face! If she was not afraid, why did she look like that?

Well—she was afraid! It would be easier and simpler to admit it. She was afraid—afraid for the first time—afraid for her own happiness! She had had just eight months of happiness—it was horrible to think of losing it so soon. . . . Losing it? But why should she lose it? The letter must have affected her brain . . . all her thoughts were in a blur of fear. . . . Fear of what? Of the man who understood her as no one else understood her? The man to whose wisdom and mercy she trusted as the believer trusts in God? This was a kind of abominable nightmare—even Amherst's image had been distorted in her mind! The only way to clear her brain, to recover the normal sense of things, was to go to him now, at once, to feel his arms about her, to let his kiss allay her fears. . . . She rose to her feet with a long breath of relief.

She had to cross the length of the room

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to reach his door, and when she had gone half-way she heard him knock.

"May I come in?"

She was close to the fire-place, and a bright fire burned on the hearth.

"Come in!" she said; and as she did so, she turned and dropped Wyant's letter into the fire. Her hand had crushed it into a little ball, and she saw the flames spring up and swallow it before her husband entered.

It was not that she had changed her mind—she still meant to tell him everything. But to hold the letter was like holding a venomous snake—she wanted to exterminate it, to forget that she had ever seen the blotted, repulsive characters. And she could not bear to have Amherst's eye rest on it, to have him know that any man had dared to write to her in that tone. What vile meanings might not be read between Wyant's phrases? She had a right to tell the story in her own way—the true way. . . .

As Amherst approached, in his evening clothes, the heavy locks smoothed from his forehead, a flower of Cicely's giving in his button-hole, she thought she had never seen him look so kind and handsome.

"Not dressed? Do you know that it's ten minutes to eight?" he said, coming up to her with a smile.

She roused herself, putting her hands to her hair. "Yes, I know—I forgot," she murmured, longing to feel his arms about her, but standing rooted to the ground, unable to move an inch nearer.

It was he who came close, drawing her lifted hands into his. "You look worried—I hope it was nothing troublesome that made you forget?"

The divine kindness in his voice, his eyes! Yes—it would be easy, quite easy, to tell him. . . .

"No—yes—I was a little troubled. . . ." she said, feeling the warmth of his touch flow through her hands reassuringly.

"Dear! What about?"

She drew a deep breath. "The letter——"

He looked puzzled. "What letter?"

"Downstairs . . . when we came in . . . it was not an ordinary begging-letter."

"No? What then?" he asked, his face clouding.

She noticed the change, and it frightened her. Was he angry? Was he going to be angry? But how absurd! He was only distressed at her distress.

"What then?" he repeated, more gently.

She looked up into his eyes for an instant. "It was a horrible letter——" she whispered, as she pressed her clasped hands against him.

His grasp tightened on her wrists, and again the stern look crossed his face. "Horrible? What do you mean?"

She had never seen him angry—but she felt suddenly that, to the guilty creature, his anger would be terrible. He would crush Wyant—she must be careful how she spoke.

"I didn't mean that—only painful. . . ."

"Where is the letter? Let me see it."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, shrinking away.

"Justine, what has happened? What ails you?"

On a blind impulse she had backed toward the hearth, propping her arms against the mantel-piece while she stole a secret glance at the embers. Nothing remained of it—no, nothing.

But suppose it was against herself that his anger turned? The idea was preposterous, yet she trembled at it. It was clear that she must say *something* at once—must somehow account for her agitation. But the sense that she was unnerved—no longer in control of her face, her voice—made her feel that she would tell her story badly if she told it now. . . . Had she not the right to gain a respite, to choose her own hour? . . . Weakness—weakness again! Every delay would only increase the phantom terror. Now, *now*—with her head on his breast!

She turned toward him and began to speak impulsively.

"I can't show you the letter, because it's not—not my secret——"

"Ah?" he murmured, perceptibly relieved.

"It's from some one—unlucky—whom I've known about—who needs help. . . ."

"And whose troubles have been troubling you? But can't we help?"

She shone on him through gleaming lashes. "Some one poor and ill—who needs money, I mean——" She tried to laugh away her tears. "And I haven't any! That's *my* trouble!"

"Foolish child! And to beg you are ashamed? And so you're letting your tears cool Mr. Langhope's soup?" He had her

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in his arms now, his kisses drying her cheek; and she turned her head so that their lips met in a long pressure.

"Will a hundred dollars do?" he asked with a smile as he released her.

*A hundred dollars!* No—she was almost sure they would not. But she tried to shape a murmur of gratitude. "Thank you—thank you! I hated to ask. . . ."

"I'll write the cheque at once."

"No—no," she protested, "there's no hurry."

But he went back to his room, and she turned again to the toilet-table. Her face was dreadful to look at still—but a light was breaking through its fear. She felt the touch of a narcotic in her veins. How calm and peaceful the room was—and how delicious to think that her life would go on in it, calmly and peacefully, in the old familiar way!

As she swept up her hair, passing the comb through it, and flinging it dexterously over her lifted wrist, she heard Amherst cross the floor behind her, and pause to lay something on her writing-table.

"Thank you!" she murmured again, lowering her head as he passed.

When the door had closed on him, she thrust the last pin into her hair, dashed some drops of cologne on her face, and went over to the writing-table. As she picked up the cheque she saw it was for three hundred dollars.

## XXXIV

Once or twice, in the days that followed, Justine found herself thinking that she had never known happiness before. The old state of secure well-being seemed now like a dreamless sleep; but this new bliss, on its sharp pinnacle ringed with fire—this thrilling, conscious joy, daily and hourly snatched from fear—this was living, not sleeping!

Wyant acknowledged her gift with profuse, almost servile thanks. She had sent it without a word—saying to herself that pity for his situation made it possible to ignore his baseness. And the days went on as before. She was not conscious of any change, save in the heightened, almost artificial quality of her happiness, till one day in March, when Mr. Langhope announced that he was going for two or three weeks to a friend's shooting-box in the south. The anniversary of Bessy's death was approaching, and Justine knew that at that time he always absented himself to escape from painful memories.

"Supposing you and Amherst were to carry off Cicely till I come back? Perhaps you could persuade him to break away from work for once—or, if that's impossible, you could take her with you to Hanaford. She looks a little pale, and the change would be good for her."

This was a great concession on Mr. Langhope's part, and Justine saw the pleasure in her husband's face. It was the first time that his father-in-law had suggested Cicely's going to Hanaford.

"I'm afraid I can't break away just now, sir," Amherst said "but it will be delightful for Justine if you'll give us Cicely while you're away."

"Take her by all means, my dear fellow: I always sleep on both ears when she's with your wife."

It was nearly three months since Justine had left Hanaford—and now she was to return there alone with her husband! There would be hours, of course, when the child's presence was between them—or when, again, his work would keep him at the mills. But in the evenings, when Cicely was in bed—when he and she sat alone together in the Westmore drawing-room—in Bessy's drawing-room! . . . No—she must find some excuse for remaining away till she had again grown used to the idea of being alone with Amherst. Every day she was growing a little more used to it; but it would take time—time, and the full assurance that Wyant was silenced. Till then she could not go back to Hanaford.

She found a pretext in her own health. She pleaded that she was a little tired, below par . . . and to return to Hanaford meant returning to hard work; with the best will in the world she could not be idle there. Might she not, she suggested, take Cicely to Tuxedo or Lakewood instead, and thus get quite away from household cares and good works? The pretext rang hollow—it was so unlike her! She saw Amherst's eyes rest anxiously on her as Mr. Langhope uttered his prompt assent. Certainly she did look tired—Mr. Langhope himself had noticed it. Had he perhaps over-taxed her energies, left the household too entirely on her shoulders? Oh, no—it was only the



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New York air . . . like Cicely, she pined for a breath of the woods. . . . And so, the day Mr. Langhope left, she and Cicely were packed off to Lakewood. . . .

They stayed there a week: then a fit of restlessness drove Justine back to town. She found an excuse in the constant rain—it was really useless, as she wrote Mr. Langhope, to keep the child imprisoned in an over-heated hotel while she could get no benefit from the outdoor life. In reality, she found the long lonely hours unendurable. She pined for a sight of her husband, and thought of committing Cicely to Mrs. Ansell's care, and making a sudden dash for Hanaford. But the vision of the long evenings in the Westmore drawing-room again restrained her. No—she would simply go back to New York, dine out occasionally, go to a concert or two, trust to the usual demands of town life to crowd her hours with small activities. . . . And in another week Mr. Langhope would be back and the days would resume their normal course.

On arriving, she looked feverishly through the letters in the hall. None from Wyant—that fear was allayed! Every day added to her reassurance. By this time, no doubt, he was on his feet again, and ashamed—unutterably ashamed—of the threat that despair had wrung from him. She felt almost sure that his shame would keep him from ever attempting to see her, or even from writing again.

"A gentleman called to see you yesterday, madam—he would give no name," the parlour-maid said. And there was the sick fear back upon her again! She could hardly control the trembling of her lips as she asked: "Did he leave no message?"

"No, madam: he only wanted to know when you'd be back."

She longed to return: "And did you tell him?" but restrained herself, and passed into the drawing-room with Cicely. After all, the parlour-maid had not described the caller—why jump to the conclusion that it was Wyant?

Three days passed, and no letter came—no sign. She struggled with the temptation to describe Wyant to the servants, and to forbid his admission. But it would not do. They were nearly all old servants, in whose eyes she was still the intruder, the upstart sick-nurse—she could not wholly trust them. And each day she felt a little easier, a little more convinced that the unknown visitor had not been Wyant.

On the fourth day she received a letter from Amherst. He hoped to return on the morrow, but as his plans were still uncertain he would telegraph in the morning—and meanwhile she must keep well, and rest, and amuse herself. . . .

Amuse herself! That evening, as it happened, she was going to the theatre with Mrs. Ansell. She and Mrs. Ansell, though outwardly on perfect terms, had not greatly progressed in intimacy. The agitated, decentralized life of the older woman seemed futile and trivial to Justine. But on Mr. Langhope's account she wished to keep up an appearance of friendship with his friend, and the same motive doubtless prompted the other's affability. Just now, at any rate, Justine was grateful for her attentions, and glad to go about with her. Anything—anything to get away from her own thoughts! That was the pass she had come to.

At the theatre, in a proscenium box, the publicity, the light and movement, the action of the play, all helped to distract and quiet her. At such moments she grew ashamed of her fears. Why was she tormenting herself? If anything happened, she had only to ask her husband for more money. . . . She never spoke to him of her good works, and there would be nothing to excite suspicion in her asking help again for the friend whose secret she was pledged to keep. . . . But nothing was going to happen. As the play progressed, and the stimulus of talk and laughter flowed through her veins, she felt a complete return of confidence. And then, suddenly, she glanced across the house, and saw Wyant looking at her.

He sat rather far back, in one of the side rows just beneath the balcony, so that his face was partly shaded. But even in the shadow it frightened her. She had been prepared for a change, but not for this ghastly deterioration. And he continued to look at her.

She began to be afraid that he would do something dreadful—point at her, or stand up in his seat. She thought he looked half-mad—or was it her own hallucination that made him appear so? She and Mrs. Ansell were alone in the box for the moment, and she started up uncontrollably, pushing back her chair. . . .

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Mrs. Ansell leaned forward. "What is it?"

"Nothing—the heat—I'll sit back for a moment."

But as she withdrew into the back of the box, she was seized by a new fear. If he was still watching her, might he not come to the door of the box and try to speak to her? Her only safety lay in remaining in full view of the audience; and she returned to Mrs. Ansell's side.

The other members of the party came back—the bell rang, the foot-lights blazed, the curtain rose. She lost herself in the mazes of the play. She sat so motionless, her face so intently turned toward the stage, that the muscles at the back of her neck began to stiffen. And then, quite suddenly, toward the middle of the act, she felt an undefinable sense of relief. She could not tell what caused it—but slowly, cautiously, while the eyes of the others were intent upon the stage, she turned her head and looked toward Wyant's seat. It was empty.

Her first thought was that he had gone to wait for her outside. But no—there were two more acts: why should he stand at the door for half the evening?

At last the act ended; the entr'acte elapsed; the play went on again—and still the seat was empty. Gradually she persuaded herself that she had been mistaken in thinking that the man who had occupied it was Wyant. Her self-command returned, she began to think and talk naturally, to follow the dialogue on the stage—and when the evening was over, and Mrs. Ansell set her down at her door, she had almost forgotten her fears.

The next morning she felt calmer than for many days. She was sure now that if Wyant had wished to speak to her he would have waited at the door of the theatre; and the recollection of his miserable face made apprehension yield to pity. She began to feel that she had treated him coldly, uncharitably. They had been friends once, as well as fellow-workers; but she had been false even to the comradeship of the hospital. She should have sought him out and given him sympathy as well as money; had she shown some sign of human kindness, his last letter might never have been written.

In the course of the morning, Amherst telegraphed that he hoped to settle his business in time to catch the two o'clock express, but that his plans were still uncertain. Justine and Cicely lunched alone, and after luncheon the little girl was despatched to her dancing-class. Justine herself meant to go out when the brougham returned. She went up to her room to dress, planning to drive in the park, and to drop in on Mrs. Ansell before she called for Cicely; but on the way downstairs she saw the servant opening the door to a visitor. It was too late to draw back; and descending the last steps, she found herself face to face with Wyant.

They looked at each other a moment in silence; then Justine murmured a word of greeting, and led the way to the drawing-room.

It was a snowy afternoon, and in the raw ash-coloured light she thought he looked more changed than at the theatre. She remarked, too, that his clothes were worn and untidy, his gloveless hands soiled and tremulous. None of the degrading signs of his infirmity were lacking; and she saw at once that, while in the early days of the habit he had probably mixed his drugs, so that the conflicting symptoms neutralized each other, he had now sunk into open morphia-taking. She felt profoundly sorry for him; yet as he followed her into the room physical repulsion again mastered the sense of pity.

But where action was possible she was always self-controlled, and she turned to him quietly as they seated themselves.

"I have been wishing to see you," she said, looking at him. "I have felt that I ought to have done so sooner—to have told you how sorry I am for your bad luck."

He returned her glance with surprise: they were evidently the last words he had expected.

"You're very kind," he said in a low embarrassed voice. He had kept on his shabby over-coat, and he twirled his hat in his hands as he spoke.

"I have felt," Justine continued, "that perhaps a talk with you might be of more use——"

He raised his head, fixing her with bright narrowed eyes. "I have felt so too: that's my reason for coming. You sent me a generous present some weeks ago—but I don't want to go on living on charity."

"I understand that," she answered. "But why have you had to do so? Won't you tell me just what has happened?"

She felt the words to be almost a mock-

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ery; yet she could not say "I read your history at a glance"; and she hoped that her question might draw out his wretched secret, and thus give her the chance to speak frankly.

He gave a nervous laugh. "Just what has happened? It's a long story—and some of the details are not particularly pretty." He broke off, moving his hat more rapidly through his trembling hands.

"Never mind: tell me."

"Well—after you all left Lynbrook I had rather a bad break-down—the strain of Mrs. Amherst's case, I suppose. You remember Bramble, the Clifton grocer? Miss Bramble nursed me—I daresay you remember her too. When I recovered I married her—and after that things didn't go well."

He paused, breathing quickly, and looking about the room with odd, furtive glances. "I was only half-well, anyhow—I couldn't attend to my patients properly—and after a few months we decided to leave Clifton, and I bought a practice in New Jersey. But my wife was ill there, and things went wrong again—damnably. I suppose you've guessed that my marriage was a mistake. She had an idea that we should do better in New York—so we came here a few months ago, and we've done decidedly worse."

Justine listened with a sense of discouragement. She saw now that he did not mean to acknowledge his failing, and knowing the secretiveness of the drug-taker she decided that he was deluded enough to think he could still deceive her.

"Well," he began again, with an attempt at jauntiness, "I've found out that in my profession it's a hard struggle to get on your feet again, after illness or—or any bad setback. That's the reason I asked you to say a word for me. It's not only the money, though I need that badly—I want to get back my self-respect. With my record I oughtn't to be where I am—and you can speak for me better than any one."

"Why better than the doctors you've worked with?" Justine put the question abruptly, looking him straight in the eyes.

His glance dropped, and an unpleasant flush rose to his thin cheeks.

"Well—as it happens, you're better situated than any one to help me to the particular thing I want."

"The particular thing——?"

"Yes. I understand that Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell are both interested in the new wing for paying patients at Saint Christopher's. I want the position of house-physician there, and I know you can get it for me."

His tone changed as he spoke, till with the last words it became rough and almost menacing.

Justine felt her colour rise, and her heart began to beat confusedly. Here was the truth, then: she could no longer be the dupe of her own compassion. The man knew his power and meant to use it. But at the thought her courage was in arms.

"I'm sorry—but it's impossible," she said.

His face darkened. "Impossible—why?"

She continued to look at him steadily. "You said just now that you wished to regain your self-respect. Well, you must regain it before you can ask me—or any one else—to recommend you to a position of trust."

Wyant half-rose, with an angry murmur. "My self-respect? What do you mean? *I* meant that I'd lost courage—through ill-luck——"

"Yes; and your ill-luck has come through your own fault. Till you cure yourself you're not fit to cure others."

He sank back into his seat, glowering at her under sullen brows; then his expression gradually changed to half-sneering admiration. "You're a plucky one!" he said.

Justine repressed a movement of disgust. "I am very sorry for you," she said gravely. "I saw this trouble coming on you long ago—and if there is any other way in which I can help you——"

"Thanks," he returned, still sneering. "Your sympathy is very precious—there was a time when I would have given my soul for it. But that's over, and I'm here to talk business. You say you saw my trouble coming on—did it ever occur to you that you were the cause of it?"

Justine glanced at him with frank contempt. "No—for I was not," she replied.

"That's an easy way out of it. But you took everything from me—first my hope of marrying you; then my chance of a big success in my career; and I was desperate—weak, if you like—and tried to deaden my feelings in order to keep up my pluck."

Justine rose to her feet with a movement of impatience. "Every word you say proves

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how unfit you are to assume any responsibility—to do anything but try to recover your health. If I can help you to that, I am still willing to do so."

Wyant rose also, moving a step nearer. "Well, get me that place, then—I'll see to the rest: I'll keep straight."

"No—it's impossible."

"You won't?"

"I can't," she repeated firmly.

"And you expect to put me off with that answer?"

She hesitated. "Yes—if there's no other help you'll accept."

He laughed again—his feeble sneering laugh was disgusting. "Oh, I don't say that. I'd like to earn my living honestly—funny preference—but if you cut me off from that, I suppose it's only fair to let you make up for it. My wife and child have got to live."

"You choose a strange way of helping them; but I will do what I can if you will go for a while to some institution——"

He broke in furiously. "Institution be damned! You can't shuffle me out of the way like that. I'm all right—good food is what I need. You think I've got morphia in me—why, it's hunger!"

Justine heard him with a renewal of pity. "Oh, I'm sorry for you—very sorry. Why do you try to deceive me?"

"Why do you deceive *me?*" You know what I want and you know you've got to let me have it. If you won't give me a line to one of your friends at Saint Christopher's you'll have to give me another cheque—that's the size of it."

As they faced each other in silence Justine's pity gave way to a sudden hatred for the poor creature who stood shivering and sneering before her.

"You choose the wrong tone—and I think our talk has lasted long enough," she said, stretching her hand to the bell.

Wyant did not move. "Don't ring—unless you want me to write to your husband," he rejoined.

A sick feeling of helplessness overcame her; but she turned on him bravely. "I pardoned you once for that threat!"

"Yes—and you sent me a cheque the next day."

"I was mistaken enough to think that, in your distress, you had not realized what you wrote. But if you're a systematic blackmailer——"

"Gently—gently.. Bad names don't frighten me—it's hunger and debt I'm afraid of."

Justine felt a last tremor of compassion. He was abominable—but he was pitiable too.

"I will really help you—I will see your wife and do what I can—but I can give you no money today."

"Why not?"

"Because I have none. I am not as rich as you think."

He smiled incredulously. "Give me a line to Mr. Langhope, then."

"No."

He sat down once more, leaning back with a weak assumption of ease. "Perhaps Mr. Amherst will think differently."

She whitened, but said steadily: "Mr. Amherst is away."

"Very well—I can write."

For the last five minutes Justine had foreseen this threat, and had tried to force her mind to face dispassionately the contingencies involved in it. After all, why not let him write to Amherst? The very vileness of the deed would rouse an indignation which would be all in her favour, would inevitably dispose her husband to readier sympathy with the motive of her act, as contrasted with the base insinuations of the creature who sought to profit by it. It seemed impossible that Amherst should condemn her when his condemnation involved the fulfilling of Wyant's calculations: a reaction of scorn would throw him into unhesitating championship of her conduct. All this was so clear that, had she been counselling any one else, her confidence in the course to be taken might have strengthened the feeblest will; but with the question lying between herself and Amherst—with the vision of those soiled hands literally laid, as it were, on the spotless fabric of her happiness, judgment wavered, foresight was obscured—she felt tremulously unable to face the intermediate steps between exposure and vindication. Her final conclusion was that she must, at any rate, gain time: buy off Wyant till she had been able to tell her story in her own way, and at her own hour, and then defy him when he returned to the assault. The idea that whatever concession she made would be only provisional, helped to extenuate the weakness of making it, and enabled her at last, without too painful a sense of falling below her own standards, to



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reply in a low voice: "If you will go now, I will send you something next week."

But Wyant did not respond as readily as she had expected. He merely asked, without altering his insolently easy attitude: "How much? Unless it's a good deal, I prefer the letter."

Oh, why could she not cry out: "Leave the house at once—your vulgar threats are nothing to me"—? Why could she not even say in her own heart: *I will tell my husband tonight?*

"You're afraid," said Wyant, as if answering her thought. "What's the use of being afraid when you can make yourself comfortable so easily? You called me a systematic blackmailer—well, I'm not that yet. Give me a thousand and you'll see the last of me—on what used to be my honour."

Justine's heart sank. She had reached the point of being ready to appeal again to Amherst—but on what pretext could she ask for such a sum?

In a lifeless voice she said: "I could not possibly get more than one or two hundred. . . ."

Wyant scrutinized her a moment: her despair must have rung true to him. "Well, you must have something of your own—I saw your jewelry last night at the theatre," he said.

So it had been he—and he had sat there appraising her value like a murderer!

"Jewelry—?" she faltered.

"You had a thumping big sapphire—wasn't it?—with diamonds round it."

It was her only jewel—Amherst's marriage gift. She would have preferred a less valuable present, but his mother had prevailed on her to accept it, saying that it was the bride's duty to adorn herself for the bridegroom.

"I will give you nothing—" she was about to exclaim; when suddenly her eyes rested on the clock. If Amherst had caught the two o'clock express he would be at the house within the hour; and the only thing that seemed of consequence now, was that he should not meet Wyant. Supposing she still found courage to refuse—there was no knowing how long the humiliating scene might be prolonged; and she must be rid of the creature at any cost. After all, she seldom wore the sapphire—months might pass without its absence being noted by Amherst's careless eye; and if it should be pawned, she might somehow save money to buy it back before he missed it. She went through these calculations with feverish rapidity; then she turned again to Wyant.

"You won't come back—ever?"

"I swear I won't," he said.

He moved away toward the window, as if to spare her; and she turned and slowly left the room.

She never forgot the moments that followed. Once outside the door, she was in such haste that she stumbled on the stairs, and had to pause on the landing to regain her breath. In her room she found one of the housemaids busy, and at first could think of no pretext for dismissing her. Then she bade the woman go down and send the brougham away, telling the coachman to call for Miss Cicely at six.

Left alone, she bolted the door, and as if with a thief's hand, opened her wardrobe, unlocked her jewel-box, and drew out the sapphire in its flat morocco case. She restored the box to its place, the key to its ring—then she opened the case and looked at the sapphire. As she did so, a little tremor ran over her neck and throat, and closing her eyes she felt her husband's kiss, and the touch of his hands as he fastened on the jewel.

She unbolted the door, listened intently on the landing, and then went slowly down the stairs. None of the servants were in sight, yet as she reached the lower hall she was conscious that the air had grown suddenly colder, as though the outer door had just been opened. She paused, and listened again. There was a sound of talking in the drawing-room. Could it be that in her absence a visitor had been admitted? The possibility frightened her at first—then she welcomed it as an unexpected means of ridding herself of her tormentor.

She opened the drawing-room door, and saw her husband talking with Wyant.

(To be continued.)

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

THAT gigantesque species of journalism which plays with Behemoth as with a bird still receives unaccountably solemn attention. Here is Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, frankly recounting his impressions of America in the course of a six weeks' visit, and from one end of the country to the other, to judge from the newspaper comments, readers are asking if he is fair and accurate and properly equipped for his task. Many of them praise his "philosophic insight," though how they know he has it is by no means clear.

When Continents Are Surmised

Some condemn him as "superficial," as if any human being in the circumstances could be otherwise; and some actually complain that he is "inconclusive"—fancy having to be conclusive about America in six weeks. It is an odd attitude toward so whimsical a book as "The Future in America" and must embarrass the modest author, who has not in the least the air of a Daniel come to the nation's judgment but of a writer in search of literary incentives. As well apply astronomical tests to verses to the moon. We are still given over to a dreary literalness in these matters and cannot permit any harmless light literary character to record his ferry-boat emotions without harassing ourselves about the truth. Now, for aught I know, Mr. Wells, Professor Münsterberg, Kipling, Max O'Rell and all the other recent nation-tasters may be profoundly and enormously right. I am no connoisseur of hemispheres. The man who stoutly tells me what the matter is with Asia to-day, how Europe is feeling, and whether America ever can be cured always has me under his thumb. Not being stationed on a sign of the Zodiac, I am in no position to reply. And why should one wish to deny by logic, comparative statistics, ethnology, political science, or indeed drag the intellect into the thing at all? Is it not pleasant to sit humbly by and see the populations of the earth "sized up" and hear Europe talking to America as man to man and learn the crisp truth about the Tropic of Capricorn, or the century, or modern society, or Man? Need we be forever asking how he got his certitudes and if it was the real America that met him in his boarding-house and if he surely grasped the negro problem while talking to those two colored men? Literary travel is not in search of fact but of fluency, and the route always lies away from a land of many things to the land where one swallow makes a summer. Travel refreshes the faith in types. It is a rule of present-day belles-lettres that every country shall be peopled with types. At home men will not stay long in types, splitting up on acquaintance into mere personal and miscellaneous Browns and Robinsons, of small use for the larger literary purposes and refusing absolutely to typify Mankind. As to Woman in General, that great literary science is often rudely shattered by sheer knowledge of one's wife. So off for a new land where everybody is an allegory. It may be safe for philosophers to stay and scrutinize, but for these brave, vivacious international certainties the land must be skimmed and the people merely squinted at; or they, too, will resolve into Browns and Robinsons to the spoiling of good phrases and the blurring of birdseye views. The typical American is seen at once or never. There is no hope for any gigantesque journalist who does not find him on the pier.

It is to get rid of facts, not find them, that they come, and to escape from second thoughts, those sad disturbers of literary traffic. It is not to see a new kind of man but to see the same kind newly. Matthew Arnold writing a generation ago on the evils of English industrialism refers to one of England's "representative industrial men (something in the bottle way)." He sighs at "his ignorance of the situation; his ignorance of what makes nations great, his ignorance of what makes life worth living, his ignorance of everything except bottles—those infernal bottles!" Mr. Wells finds an Oneida man, a maker of chains and spoons, who, he says, "illuminated much to me that had been dark in the American character." "Making a



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new world was, he thought, a rhetorical flourish about futile and troublesome activities, and politicians merely a disreputable sort of parasite upon honorable people who make chains and plated spoons." The way to find new types is to forget the old. Then there is progress—how write brightly of the stale old subjects of buzz and boom without the tonic of a change of scene? Seen at home it is even rather dispiriting. "What are you so low about, my man?" asked Mr. Hare of a charming old person, and the reply is still worth quoting: "Why, what wi' faith, and gas, and balloons, and steam ingines a-booming and a-fizzling through t' warld, and what wi' t' arth a-going round once in twenty-four hours I'm fairly muzzled and stagnated." But by crossing the seas even progress may become quite readable. Certainly it is so in this book and so are many other things whether true of Americans or of everybody or of nobody but Mr. Wells.

National Hymnology

THE question of our national anthem has again come upon the order of the day. During the Civil War, and while "America," "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were already available, a number of patriotic New York merchants undertook to meet, on business principles, the new-felt want for a new national anthem. They advertised for it; words and music both to be considered, a jury of experts in each kind to be consulted, and handsome prizes to be conferred upon the winner. But the well-meant competition was infertile, and the literary and musical cognoscenti had their fun with the products of it.

It seems that the national hymn is not made to order. Like Topsy it "jes grows." The only ordered anthem which has kept its place is the Austrian Hymn of the good Papa Haydn, and the tune, though excellent as the basis for variations on a string quartette, has nothing of Tyrtæan. *Qua* tune, the Russian Hymn is one of the best, but the musical dictionaries are silent as to the name of its composer. Possibly the name of some composer goes with the Italian "Royal March," but none with "Garibaldi's Hymn," to which the New Italy marches more enthusiastically; as Germany more enthusiastically to "Die Wacht am Rhein" than to the official "Heil dir im Siegeskranz." This latter indeed is the tune, "made in England," which serves not only its native land and Germany, but also, under the name of "America," helps to voice the patriotism at least of New England, to which its words exclusively relate. "I must show the English," remarked Beethoven, "what a treasure they have in their 'God Save the King.'" He did not show them; the "Wellington's Victory," which embodied the attempt, being that one of his mature compositions which his worshippers are most willing to let die. As to the English words, they are of course not for export, postulating, as they do, a British tribal God, with their cheerful assumption that the tricks of the enemy are necessarily "knavish" and his politics necessarily worthy of confusion, though indeed the postulation is no plainer than in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." And one may recur to Mr. Kipling to characterize the words of "God Save the King,"—"they're so blame British."

It seems that the true national anthem must be an "occasional" poem. Allegorical abstractions will not do. France has had several national hymns since the Marseillaise marched up to Paris. But she still marches to the strains of what Carlyle calls "the luckiest musical composition ever promulgated." Perhaps Rouget de l'Isle's inspiration was as much poetical as musical, and the lesson of his unparalleled vogue seems at any rate to be that it is an event and not an abstraction that fills the requirements of a national anthem. Forceythe Willson "abstracted," and quite in the grand manner, the essence of our Civil War. And yet you cannot precisely see musicians "setting" the abstractions, much less multitudes singing the same. The "Star Spangled Banner," on the other hand, celebrates an event, and an event which the patriotic muse could hardly have been expected to celebrate, being an episode of about the most inglorious campaign in which the American arms were ever engaged. And the "Star Spangled Banner" has just become "actual," by the assumption of certain educators to eliminate those of its words which seem to be incompatible with the present Anglo-American "understanding." These educators considered that British susceptibilities might be touched by the statement that

> No refuge could save the hireling and slave
> From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

although neither of those fates was exactly that of the British force which captured Washington, what time the American "politics"

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were in fact confounded, and American tricks, knavish or otherwise, were in fact frustrated. But militant Americanism has arisen in its might, insisting that hireling and slave shall not be deleted, and that the attempt to delete them is Anglomaniacal. The attempt does at least look rather puerile. It was really not an occasion for the American bard to profess admiration for the motives of the invaders, and to apostrophize them in the language of Mr. George Sampson to Mrs. Wilfer: "Demon—with the highest respect for you—behold your work." It is a more serious trouble with the "Star Spangled Banner," considered as a national anthem, that the average American can neither remember the words nor manage the tune. A musician has made a well meant, but thus far futile, attempt to remedy this last defect by lowering the top notes so as to bring them within the compass of the ordinary voice. But, all the same, when the first strain of it is sounded by a military band we all stand up and rejoice, and it is in no danger of being supplanted.

# THE FIELD OF ART

*THE FOUNDING OF A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ART IN WASHINGTON.*

WITHIN a year two events of importance to the art of painting in this country have happened by the choice of our National Capital as the final resting place of two notable collections of pictures by American artists. With the collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer, whose gift is posterior to the limit of the donor's life, this paper need not deal, but fifty odd paintings donated by Mr. William T. Evans have been temporarily placed in the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, where, awaiting the erection of a building for a National Museum of Art, foreshadowed in a letter from the President of the United States in accepting Mr. Evans's gift for the nation, they may be considered as having entered upon their beneficent task of informing our people of the state of the arts of our country.

There is ample reason in the choice of Washington as the site for a National Museum of Art. The wise latitude established by the founders of the Republic, which fosters material and political evolution throughout our vast territory, is here circumscribed by the absence of suffrage; creating a zone of calm, propitious as a middle ground where sectional or local interests are forgotten and science or art may assert their claims. Science, indeed, has long enjoyed these privileges and the Smithsonian Institution, under whose protection the newer Museum of Art is expected to grow, is known throughout the land. It is typical of the way we do things in this country that a National Museum of Art should be entrusted to individual effort, thus avoiding any paternal interest by the Government proper in the protection or encouragement of art as a national asset. Thus have grown by individual gifts the already considerable collections of our Metropolitan Museum in New York City, and so quickly do our people accept the guardianship of public property that not one in a hundred realizes that, while the buildings to hold and the current maintenance of these treasures are at the public charge, not one penny of public money has been spent in their acquisition.

Evidently this is the method which will be followed in Washington; a method that may count upon extensive contributions now that the initiative has been taken, but which has the obvious defect of the difficulty of choice and the wise control of generous but injudicious gifts. The method employed in France at once asserts itself as the most logical to effect a truly representative showing of the art of a country, but it has for us the inherent difficulty that there all works become, through purchase by public funds, the property of the Government. Thus the various commissions appointed to control the national collections have a free hand. Those of the works purchased annually which are at first considered to be of sufficient merit are placed in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris, minor works being distributed among the various provincial museums. Even during the lifetime of the

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artists, works found to have outworn their welcome in the Luxembourg gallery may be relegated to less important State collections, until, ten years after the death of the artist, a final revision is made and the paintings or sculptures that in face of changing appreciation are found worthy, find their final resting place in the Louvre. This, however, is a method devised and applied by a country that is old in the arts, and is of far too sophisticated a character to be followed here, as it would presuppose the existence of a tried body of men widely conversant with the art productions of the world, free from personal bias, and catholic in their appreciation, from which to form a proper commission for an authoritative and final judgment. Imagination staggers at the thought of our law makers in Washington in the throes of endeavor to form such a commission from the choice of men likely to be known to them, though, to be just, in widely scattered localities, sometimes in the most unexpected places, men of the character outlined above could be found in this country.

To take another instance in a country where the conditions of art more nearly approach our own than those of France, the writer recalls an interesting afternoon passed with Mr. Henry Tate in his house and gallery at Streatham, a suburb of London, soon after the presentation of his collection to the English nation. Sir Henry Tate, who for this gift was shortly after knighted, was a man of large fortune acquired in the sugar trade, who for many years in the succeeding exhibitions of the Royal Academy had purchased some of the principal pictures of the year. To these he had added notable examples of paintings produced in the Victorian era, restricting his selection to English work exclusively. When this collection had grown to considerable proportions he offered it to the nation. The acceptance was but partial, the donor being informed, in effect, that if he would build at his own expense a suitable gallery upon a site which the nation would provide, a choice from his pictures, to be determined by an appointed commission, would be accepted. As we walked around the gallery adjoining his home that afternoon, Mr. Tate informed me of these details and there was a certain pathos in his voice as he would stop before certain pictures with the reiterated query: "Don't you think that a nice picture? Well the Commission will not accept it." Further, he explained, that as the National Gallery was closed to the work of living artists it had been his ambition to found a gallery like that of the Luxembourg "where the middle-class to which I belong," he added, not without pride, could become familiar with the work of English artists. The fine gallery at Milbank, where, in addition to the Tate pictures, those purchased by the Royal Academy from the Chantry bequest are now shown, is the outcome of this generous gift and its grudging, but who shall say unwise, acceptance.

For the private collector is fallible, the very task of collection makes him, must make him, a partisan, and his education to the end of his career is, so to speak, incomplete. Not infrequently, and to his credit, this partiality of the collector has preserved for a future generation and a reversal of artistic judgment the work of men unappreciated during their years of production, but in other cases collections, highly cherished and extravagantly lauded, have not withstood the test of years. It is an obvious duty, therefore, if we are to have a national Museum of Art in Washington, to precede the erection of a monumental building by the creation of an authoritative committee in which not only the amateur collectors of art should be represented, but the producing painters and sculptors; for in this country, so far, the truest and surest appreciation of the artist's endeavor has come from his fellows. This could be easily demonstrated by citation of special instances where long neglect, by both public and collectors, has given some of our men for sole encouragement the esteem and support of their fellow practitioners and has enabled them to find in such professional status courage to continue their work, until—in the more fortunate cases only has this happened in the lifetime of the artist—wider recognition has been achieved. Such a committee endowed with power to accept or reject will alone make of the projected museum a worthy national institution, and to this end its selection should be free from every local or sectional choice.

Up to the present time, despite the aggregation of leisured wealth and general culture which has been attracted to Washington as a place of residence in the past few years, despite Mr. Corcoran's generous gift to the city embodied in its handsome gallery and comprehensive collection, despite the learned scientific colony which the Smithsonian has drawn thither, and the presence of the chief

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officers of our Government, there has been a deplorable lack of interest in art in our National Capital.

Washington has, however, this year inaugurated a bi-annual exhibition of contemporary painting under the auspices of the Corcoran Gallery of Art which was largely attended, where the pictures shown were of good quality and where, an important factor from the point of view of the artist-contributors, the sales were encouraging. But though it would be well to have a contemporaneous exhibition in the same city as the projected museum, there should be no local control of what should be in every sense national, and representation upon the controlling committee should only be given to Washington in common with every city from Maine to California which has shown enough interest in art to provide a public gallery.

These general considerations sound ungracious in the presence of gifts like those of Mr. Freer and Mr. Evans, but they are made in no such spirit, nor indeed would they be written, at least by me, did they apply to the character of works thus far offered as the nucleus of a national collection.

Mr. William T. Evans has long been known as a collector of American paintings. Beginning about twenty-five years ago with a sincere and generous love of art, his first collection was of a mixed character. We may assume that, like many others, he knew only what pleased him, and in this way, without any general direction, a number of foreign works were purchased by him. Within a very short time, however, the possibilities of a collection exclusively American appealed alike to his judgment and to his patriotism, and his foreign pictures were dispersed at auction. Mr. Evans's determination to collect only native work, taken at the time he made it, was directly beneficial to the progress of our art, for in those days they were few indeed who would look with approval upon indigenous effort. During the Civil War, and in the few years following, our nascent art had met with substantial reward, but, when the time of financial stress followed, pictures which had been acquired at large prices were sold at great loss, and for many years American art, considered as an investment, was not in favor. A work of art should be primarily purchased for intrinsic reasons, but, as a self-respecting artist speaking as representative of his fellows, nothing is of more importance to these men as citizens who accept the common lot and, as the phrase goes, pay their way, than the fact that in the dispersal of the two prominent collections made of the work of American artists by Thomas B. Clarke and William T. Evans, a handsome profit was realized on the original investment. Instances are numerous enough —and more's the pity—where men find scant reward and little demand for their work during their lifetime—we all remember the difference in value between a Homer Martin then and now—but even to these ill-starred ones production is made easier and their life more hopeful if their fellows' effort finds recompense.

Therefore, Mr. Evans was wiser than some of his contemporaries knew, when in the early eighties he began to form his first collection of American pictures, and hearty recognition is due him as an important factor in the growth of our art. When in the course of time his gallery was filled to overflowing, he was in a measure forced to have recourse to a sale, which, as above noted, had a not only immediately gratifying result, but gave heart of grace to many others who then, or soon after, began collections of like character.

The present donation to the nation is possibly in part due to an approaching plethora of this character, but it is with characteristic generosity that the selection from the works at his house in Montclair has been made by Mr. Evans. The collection given bears strong testimony to one of the notable effects which followed the dispersal of the first collection, where the landscape work of our painters found by far the most hearty support of the public. Of about fifty pictures now shown, though others are to be added, thirty-eight are landscapes. It is necessary to visit the adjoining Congressional Library and the decorations therein to learn that we have a large and active number of painters who depict the human figure, and in this respect the nucleus of the national collection that is to be differs greatly from the Luxembourg collection, or that of the Tate gallery.

Landscape is, however, a comparatively modern art; they didn't know everything down in Tuscany, and before a picture like that of Homer Martin in this collection, with its simple juxtaposition of three or four tones, an undulating hill, a tottering windmill, and a great expanse of sky one must be a more indoctrinated figure painter than the

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present writer to refuse hearty admiration. It is a canvas before and almost within which one can breathe, and the magic by which such effects are obtained hardly antedates 1830. Before the largest of the Inness pictures, the sense of the heavy atmosphere and the latent light of a clouded summer afternoon is rendered with an opulence of color which ranks this picture among the best of this great uneven painter, whose "Niagara" also here suffers somewhat by contrast with the precision of form and the on-rush of the water in Church's well-known picture of the same subject, shown in the permanent collection of the Corcoran gallery. The rush of water is otherwise and quite as forcibly expressed by Winslow Homer in the "High-Cliff-Coast of Maine," one of the series in which this master-painter depicts the sea since his desertion of the figure subjects; of which a collection would give to the future an accurate idea of our country in its camping grounds of the Civil War, its cotton fields, its mill towns, its Adirondack camp-life, its suburban life in the days when croquet was in favor and Coney Island was semi-deserted, and finally its coasting and fishing vessels, with tarpaulined crew hand-to-hand with the elements; to say nothing of the long list of water colors with English fisherwomen and Bermuda negroes as subjects. All of these, redolent of our soil, painted in the years when a few painters alone saluted Homer as a master, have not only the value of their keen rendition of phases of our life, vanished or vanishing, but one and all are virile works of art, now dispersed in many directions, but all, it is to be hoped, to be brought together some day when the present high appreciation which this painter's work has attained, while he is still in full vigor of production, will be heightened by many degrees —meanwhile, as an excuse for this digression, it is pleasant to find one of the earliest of these works here, "A Visit to the Mistress" in *ante-bellum* days. A notable, perhaps the most notable, picture here is the "Visit of Nicodemus to Christ," an easel replica of the subject painted on the wall of Trinity Church, Boston, by John La Farge. Since this painter's work has embellished the walls of so many of our buildings and made their stained glass windows glorious, pictures by his hand have become rare and Mr. Evans was fortunate, as the national collection will be in the future, in the possession of this grave and dignified work. No less than four pictures by Wyant, each in its way reflecting a phase of the talent of this interesting painter, must close this list; for of more immediate contemporaries in the field of art it is not my desire to speak, save to enregister the generally high character of their productions included in this collection, of which indeed this paper has not the pretension to be a review. Undoubtedly, from time to time, its indefatigable founder will feel obliged to add to it, and it thus will take on an even more representative character than it now possesses. A more worthy outlet for the energies of a convinced collector can hardly be imagined, and in each work given Mr. Evans not only amplifies a notable monument to his active participation in the growth of our art, but by his action dignifies the artist represented and our painting as a whole.

WILL H. LOW.

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*Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.*

An Alarm.

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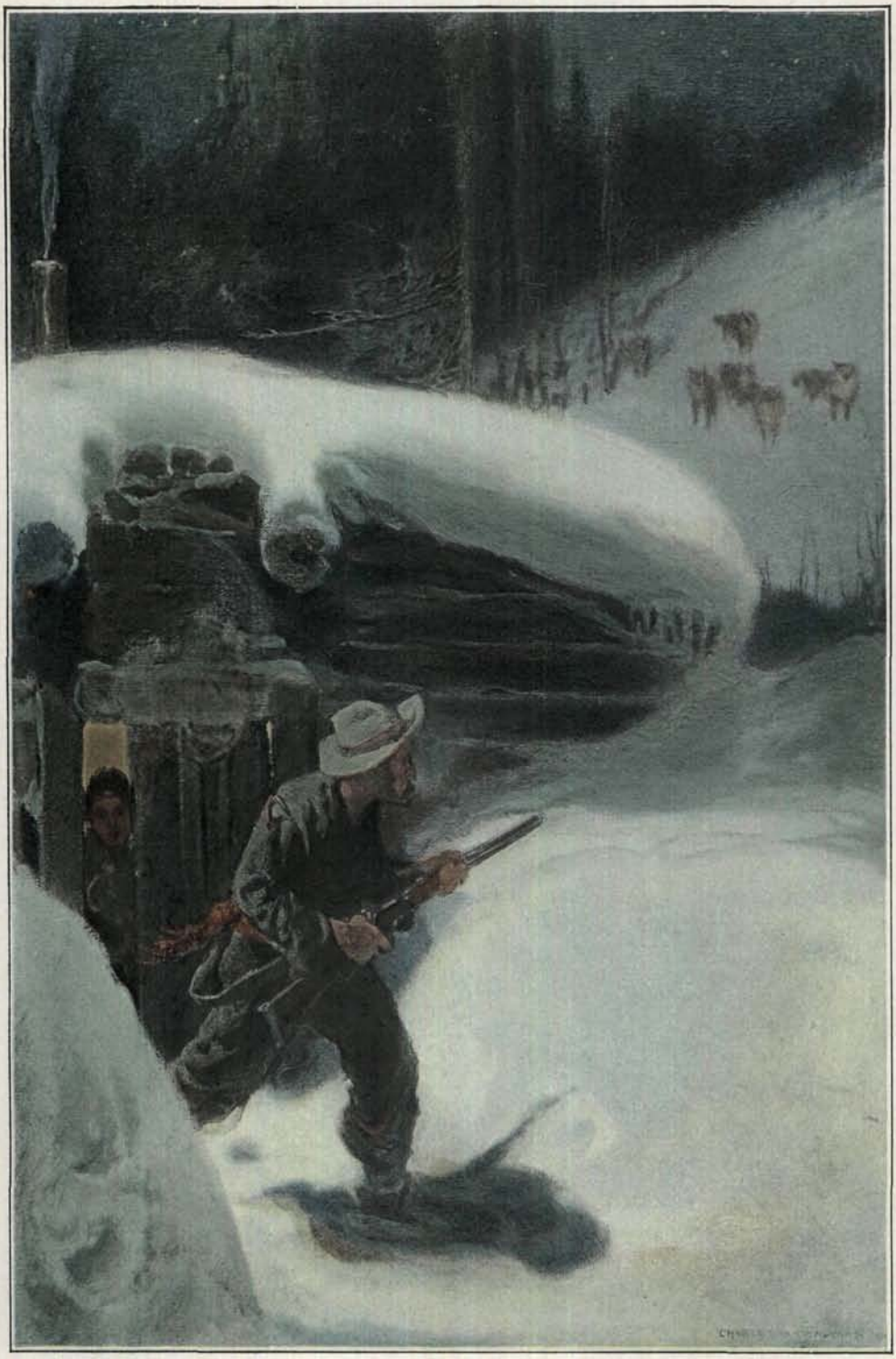

*Drawn by C. S. Chapman.*

Then again that piercing cry.—Page 305.

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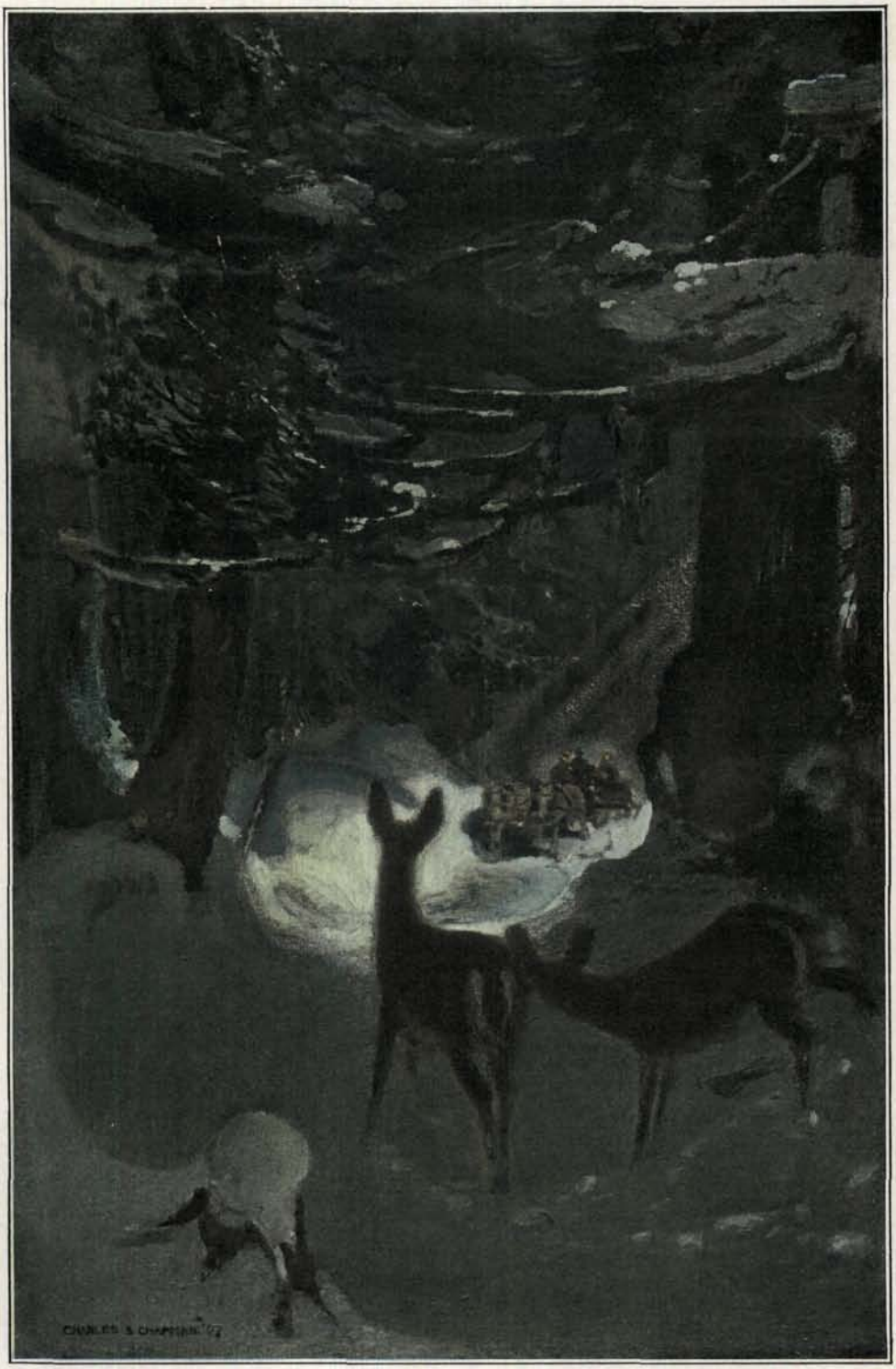

*Drawn by C. S. Chapman.*

Two deer stand, fascinated by the bells.—Page 306.

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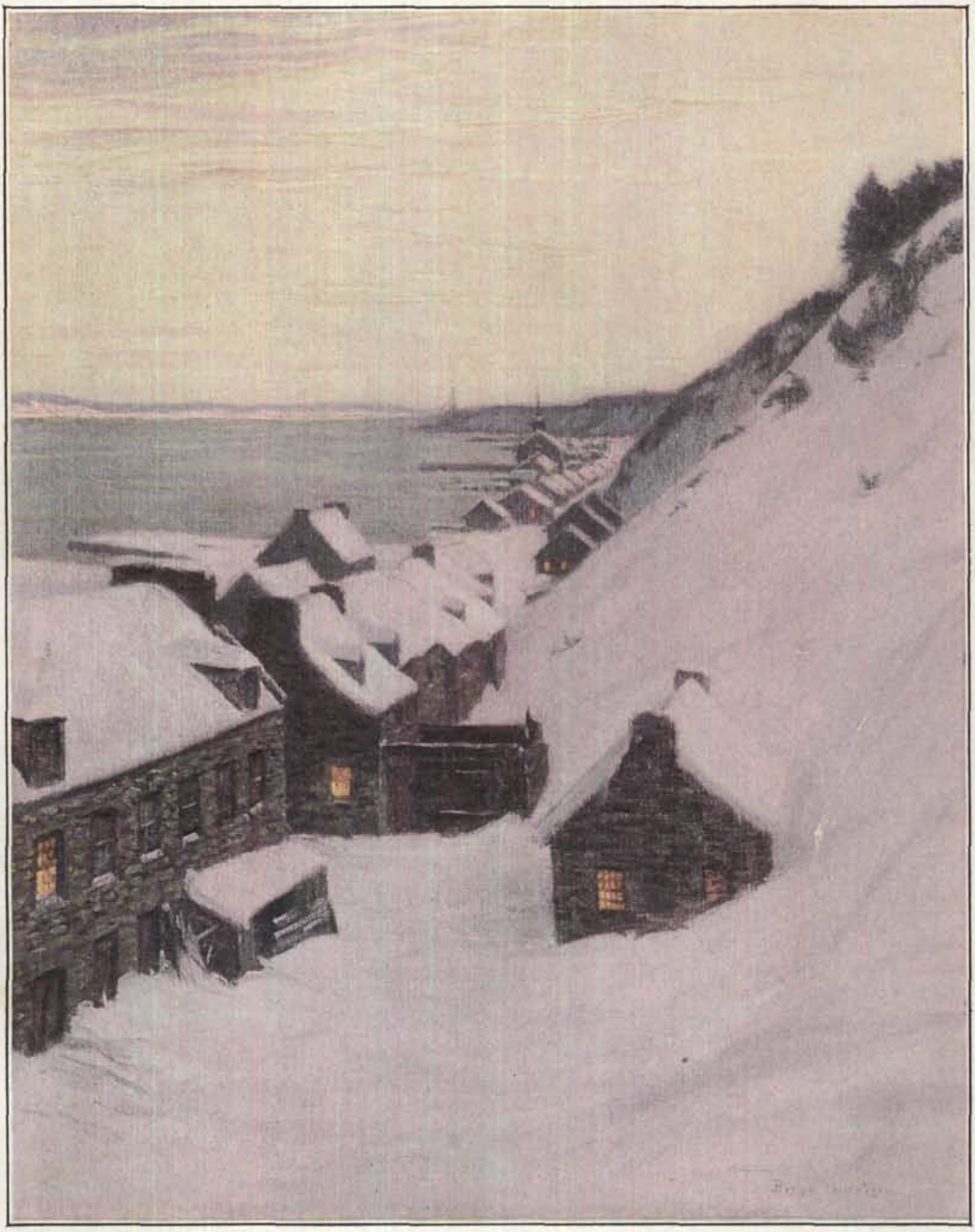

*From a painting by Birge Harrison.*

A glimpse of the St. Lawrence.

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*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.*

THE SILENT FISHERMAN.

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